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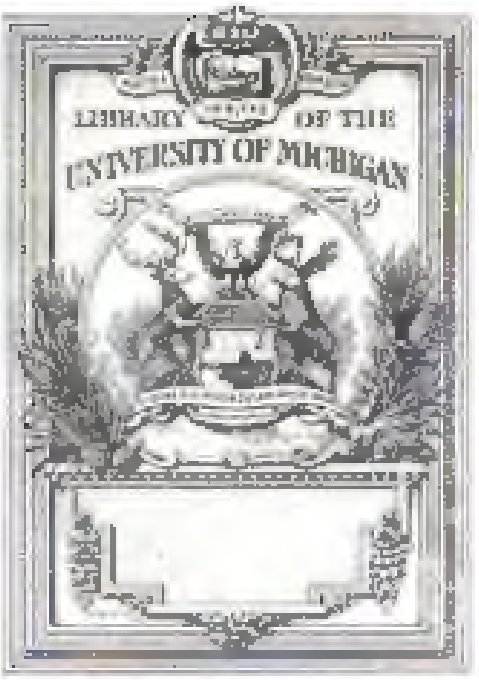

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY—MARCH 1904

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," "The Author of 'An Englishman in Paris,'" and the contributors of "The Loss of the Cobra," "The Veil of the Temple," "Reviews of Unwritten Books," and "Lord Salisbury," besides the writers who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books "On the Line."

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Sept. 1901 THE ALLEGED ECONOMIC DECAY OF GREAT BRITAIN —W. H. Mallock

Nov. 1901 GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY—Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.

Dec. 1901 SHIPPING SUBSIDIES—Benjamin Taylor

Jan. 1902 BRITISH COMMERCE, 1881–1900—J. Holt Schooling

June 1902 THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE —J. B. C. Kershaw

Aug. 1902 THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE —Hon. R. H. Brand

July 1903 MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS—Viscount Goschen

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Aug. 1903 THE POSITION OF UNIONIST FREE-TRADERS—Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse, M.P.

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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FOREIGN TRADE AND THE MONEY MARKET

A QUESTION is suddenly brought before us for decision, which, rightly or wrongly, may involve a complete reversal of all the traditions under which the last two generations have been brought up. I hold that we should judge it entirely on its own merits; we must, as far as we can, rid ourselves of anything like prejudice or preconceived ideas, or submission of our own judgment to that of others with whom on questions of politics we may have been associated.

As to Necessity for Inquiry.

We are told that there has been an inquiry. The only official evidence produced by that inquiry has been presented in a most admirable Blue Book, which is deserving of the closest study, but which is confined mainly to statistics, most valuable, no doubt, but which, like all statistics, are open to various interpretations, unless they are considered in conjunction with all the causes and conditions of which the figures are the outcome. Beyond this we know nothing of an official inquiry; we have had pamphlets and speeches innumerable, some of them of great ability, and containing much valuable information. These have, however, for the most part, to be regarded as the pleadings of advocates; and not as the summing up by an impartial judge; yet the jury are to be

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asked for their verdict. Who is to be that impartial judge; and is there one to be found? Do you think that this is a question which ought to be made the battle-cry between various political parties? Is it too late even now for men of business to make an endeavour to have this question removed from the political arena, and without reference to party? To have this problem decided at the hustings without further inquiry appears to me as if a great question of law, involving the very highest considerations, were to be decided, not by the Lord Chancellor, but at the polling-booths; yet the consequences of a mistaken judgment must be far-reaching indeed. We have had, and we have, Royal Commissions on a number of different subjects—I believe there are over a dozen of them now sitting—and amongst them several, such as that on the Food-supply in time of War and on the Coal-supply, which are very closely connected with the Fiscal Problem; and yet there has been no Royal Commission on this, the gravest and most complicated of them all. It has been said that no men of unbiased minds and who have not already formed their opinions could be found to serve on such a Commission; I do not believe it. There are many who will be only too glad to have all the evidence placed before them, and to judge accordingly. No one, however strong his convictions may be, could possibly object to have his case thoroughly examined in all its bearings; in fact, the stronger your convictions are, the readier you must be to submit your case to an impartial tribunal of experts: and not only has there been no Royal Commission, the subject has not even been debated in Parliament, and yet an appeal to the country is looked upon as imminent in many quarters. Though the question may be primarily regarded as a matter of business, it involves, of course, even higher considerations. The unity of the Empire is, we are told, dependent on it; but if that unity is to be brought about and based on business considerations, the question must be dealt with on business lines and in such a way as to produce, not conflict, but harmony. I venture to say that the Imperial sentiment is

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nowhere stronger than it is in the City of London, and that nowhere is the business community more ready to make sacrifices in order to promote the unity of the Empire; but it is strange that, so far as I have seen, in all the arguments that have been used on both sides, the interests of this great City of London have hardly been touched upon; yet it can rightly claim that the services it renders to the nation, both as regards its contribution to the general prosperity and the employment it finds for millions of workers, are equal, if not superior to those of any other centre of industry, and these surely ought to be taken into consideration in a general inquiry. We are, it is admitted, the financial centre of the world; this is more than a phrase, it is a fact. Our position has indeed been assailed, but so far without effect. I wonder how many politicians realise what it means; I wonder whether even we, here in the City of London, fully realise it. I need not give banking statistics, but I append a table (p. 88) showing the growth of the banking deposits in the United Kingdom, which indicates the truly marvellous progress that has been made during the last fifty years, a progress which not only shows increasing prosperity throughout the country, but which itself must have been of immeasurable benefit to all our industries; yet this progress of banking, and the benefits it brings to the nation, like the progress of, and benefits derived from, the other of the great commercial assets of the United Kingdom—our great merchant fleet and all that it means—are left entirely out of sight. They do not appear in the tables of imports and exports, on which so many arguments are based. These interests and many allied to them are those which do not manufacture, but they are productive, they render services, and thus contribute to what are termed "invisible exports"; a term on which something will have to be said in connection with our balance of trade. I should like to see a history written of the trade of London, and to many of us it would be a revelation. The total shipping that now enters the Port of London amounts to over one-fifth part of the total shipping

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of the United Kingdom; the value of the commodities imported into the Port of London amounts to about one-third of the total value of our imports; the value of the exports is over one-fourth of the total value of the exports of the United Kingdom. Think of the vastness of the carrying and distributing trade that these figures imply, and of the employment of our working population that must follow in its train. This brings me, after an unduly long preface, to the real subject-matter of my paper, Foreign Trade and the Money Market.

London, the Financial Centre of the World.

The fact of London being the recognised financial centre of the world is beyond doubt. That this is so is a matter of the very greatest moment, for it will be admitted that the prosperity of the whole of the United Kingdom must, in a great measure, depend on our being able to maintain that position. A bill of exchange on London is the recognised medium of settling international transactions, which is made use of in all parts of the world. I really think you must have lived, or at least travelled, in foreign countries, to realise to what extent this bill on London enters into daily commercial life in all foreign countries. Not only in the banks abroad but in the offices of most leading merchants, the dealing in such bills is of constant occurrence; and the names of London bankers and merchants are as well known in the important commercial towns all over the world as amongst ourselves. It is quite true that a certain number of bills are drawn on Germany, or France, or Belgium, for goods shipped there from transatlantic countries, but the number of such bills is comparatively small, and they are only used in connection with trade between those respective countries, and not as international mediums of exchange. As regards shipments of goods to the United Kingdom, the shipper almost invariably obtains payment for those goods by selling his bill on London to the local bank; but not only that, in most cases he would

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prefer, when he sends goods to any part of the Continent of Europe, or to the United States, to draw a bill on London against them, leaving the purchaser to settle with the London banker. In using the term banker, I include, of course, the large number of so-called merchant bankers who make a speciality of this kind of business. Thus the China merchant who sells tea to Russia or Germany, or silks to the United States, will probably obtain payment through the medium of the London Money Market, and equally the German merchant who sends his goods out to China. It is needless to multiply instances; they may be found amongst almost every article of trade; the coffee that is shipped from Brazil into France or Italy, the cotton from New Orleans to Poland, sulphur from Sicily to the United States, and agricultural machinery from the United States to the River Plate, all these trades find their Clearing House in Lombard Street. This applies not only to goods, but to securities also. If a Dutch capitalist invests his money in an American railway, he will probably complete the purchase by a payment in London; and when the United States paid Spain for Cuba, it was through London that the transaction was settled, and the same, of course, applies to the Chinese payment to Japan at the close of the war. The fact of our being the only free market for gold, and also the credit and high standing of our bankers and merchants, have contributed largely to our attaining and keeping our position as the financial centre of the world. But this cannot be the only reason, nor even the main reason, for this position. The banker who buys a bill on London, say, in Valparaiso, does not buy it because he wants the gold; but he knows that, if he has no other use for the bill, he can obtain gold for it, though probably at a small loss to himself; he buys it because he knows he always finds a ready market for it, he can always sell it to a merchant, in his own place or in some other country, who requires it, in order to pay for goods or services rendered to him here, or to some Government that has to remit it for payment of interest. There is an absolutely free market,

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because there is always a supply, and there is always a demand, and that really in every part of the world. For as the seller of foreign goods to Great Britain obtains payment by means of this bill on London, so the purchaser of British goods abroad settles his indebtedness by the same means.

But it is owing to our having first established a trade with all these countries, a trade more important than each carries on with other countries, that ours has become the supreme Money Market. It has been said that trade follows the flag, but more surely can it be said that banking follows trade, and if our trade for any reason whatsoever were to be restricted, were to be confined within narrower channels, then with absolute certainty others to whom this trade would fall would also oust us from our supreme position in the International Money Market. What a disturbance of that position would mean it is almost impossible to conceive; but in bringing this point forward and asserting for it a paramount claim in the consideration of the fiscal question, I am sure all will agree that I am not pleading in the interests of a special class; for I feel sure that all of us bankers would put the great interests of the country before our own; but as our prosperity is dependent on that of the nation, so again every one of our industries, and our whole trade, and the employment of our working population, is, in the United Kingom more than any other country, dependent on the unimpaired maintenance of our banking system, and that again is largely dependent on our position as the bankers of the world.

It is indeed a great responsibility we carry on our shoulders; it is not beyond the mark to say that on the greatness of our banking resources, the greatness and development of our industries must depend. That the present system of unrestricted trade must increase these resources, as it must also increase the national income through our shipping trade, is, to my mind, beyond question. The part played by this bill on London in maintaining stability in our Money Market, the part it has played, and is still playing, in settling the vast expenditure of

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the war, is known to all bankers, but I doubt if it is at all realised throughout the country. London bankers hardly ever invest in bills on foreign centres; the rate of discount may be 3 per cent. here, and 4 per cent. in Berlin, yet it does not occur to us to invest our money in bills on Berlin; but take the opposite case: you have money here at 4 per cent. and 3 per cent. in Berlin or Paris, you at once have a flow of investment into those bills, it is the Berlin banker who discounts, as it were, instead of the London banker, and hence the demand on our market is lessened. It is only when our rate recedes again below that of the market where the bill is held that it will come over here for discount. Thus this bill on London, this bill, the origin of which is based in most cases on purely commercial transactions, performs a most important function in equalising the value of money prevailing in the various centres, and preventing large demands for export of gold. I will not attempt an estimate of the amount of the bills so held abroad at the present moment; the figure has been estimated at anything from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 sterling. In any case it is a very large figure, and means temporary indebtedness to other nations which has prevented calls on our gold reserves, and in consequence higher rates for money and disturbance of trade.

But in addition to the amount of foreign money thus employed in these bills of exchange, our vast foreign trade must result in the temporary employment here of the proceeds either of these bills or of goods sold in our market, to be used in the purchase of goods here, or for investment, or for safe-keeping in time of trouble, and must greatly add to our available resources. So great are the banking operations consequent on this trade that hardly a year passes without one or more of the foreign banks establishing their own agencies in our midst, not always to the unmixed delight of their older-established competitors, but yet I believe for the common good; for they bring as much as they take; they are evidence that we are supreme in the banking world; they play an

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important part in the adjustment of the Money Market, and also, I believe, in promoting that friendly and harmonious understanding amongst the nations, which always follows more intimate commercial intercourse.

It is quite clear to my mind that the effect of our large foreign trade has been distinctly in the direction of lowering the value of money in our market, and consequently an undoubted aid to our industries. In fact, I believe that to it is, in a great measure, due the fact that until quite recently it may be said that our Money Market has been the cheapest in the world, though, of course, other causes have contributed. I need hardly insist on the very great importance to the whole of our commerce of low rates for money. Cheap capital, indeed, is an absolutely essential element in every industry, perhaps the most essential; that is universally recognised, but I do not think it is realised to what extent ability to supply capital must help our export trade. So long as our Money Market remains the cheapest in the world—I look upon the present abnormal condition as merely temporary—so long shall we be able to take from foreign nations and our own Colonies the loans they may have to place for the development of their own countries; and the development of our export trade to these countries will follow as a natural result. When the railways of the United States and of Argentina were built, mostly with British capital, we also sent the material to build them with. When the Japanese indemnity was paid over here, the proceeds went to Japan in the shape of warships, built in our yards.

Balance of Trade.

The importance of our remaining the principal market for foreign investments of all kinds cannot be overrated, and I shall refer to this point again when we come to consider the question of balance of trade, perhaps the most difficult question we have to deal with, and one of the most important, in

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considering Foreign Trade and the Money Market. For it is only through the action of the Money Market that this balance of trade adjusts itself. I must admit that I have, for some years past, looked upon the rapidly-growing adverse balance with a certain feeling of uneasiness. I subjoin a table taken from the official figures, showing the movement of trade, sub-divided under various headings (starting from 1885, because the income from foreign investments before that year was made out on a different system).

It will be seen that the excess of imports of merchandise over exports has risen from £100,000,000 in 1885, and only £80,000,000 in 1886; to £179,000,000 in 1902. I cannot absolutely subscribe to the theory that every import of goods must of necessity imply an export of goods. It must imply an export of something, which may be an export of earning-power, either by the sale of foreign investments hitherto held here, or by foreign capital being invested in our home securities. About such processes there are absolutely no statistics, and we can only judge from observation of the facts that come before us. It has been asserted by some that if paid for by sales of investments, part of the excess of imports has been paid for out of capital; but this theory is entirely misleading. For the proceeds of such sales of investments, if not reinvested abroad, or of foreign capital invested here, are employed at home, and become, perhaps not immediately, but eventually, productive; the capital does not disappear, but the interest on that capital, instead of coming to us from abroad, accrues at home, and to that extent there is a diminution of what are termed "invisible" exports, though not of capital. I do not say that this process has already become effective; in fact, the official figures point to an opposite conclusion; but there is a possibility of it, and the point requires constant attention. The other modes of payment for the excess of imports are, of course, well known. In the first place, the difference is much greater in appearance than in reality, because of the difference in values, the imports being charged at their value

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Years.	Total Imports.* Millions £	Imports of Manufactures. Millions £	Imports of Food and Drink. Millions £	Total Exports.* Millions £	Exports of Manufactures. Millions £	Excess of Imports over Exports. Millions £	Imports of Silver. Millions £	Exports of Silver. Millions £	Excess or Deficit of Silver Imported. Millions £	Imports of Gold. Millions £	Exports of Gold. Millions £	Excess or Deficit of Gold Imported. Millions £	Excess of Gold and Silver Bullion and Specie Imported. Millions £	Interest from Foreign Investments. Millions £	Total of Foreign Merchandise transhipped in Bond Millions £
	Increase 42 °/₀	Increase 79 °/₀	Increase 38 °/₀	Increase 28 °/₀	Increase 20 °/₀	Increase 79 °/₀							Average 4	Increase 59 °/₀	
1885	371	83	158	271	188	100	9	10	– 1	13	12	+ 1	—	39	11
1886	350	81	143	270	188	80	7	7	—	13	14	– 1	– 1	44	11
1887	362	82	149	281	196	81	8	8	—	10	9	+ 1	1	47	10
1888	388	93	157	299	206	89	6	8	– 2	16	15	+ 1	1	50	11
1889	428	101	171	316	218	112	9	11	– 2	18	14	+ 4	2	52	10
1890	421	98	174	328	228	93	10	11	– 1	24	14	+ 10	9	55	10
1891	435	97	185	309	213	126	10	13	– 3	30	24	+ 6	3	55	10
1892	424	99	185	292	195	132	11	14	– 3	21	15	+ 6	3	55	11
1893	405	98	175	277	189	128	12	13	– 1	25	20	+ 5	4	55	12
1894	408	102	172	274	184	134	11	12	– 1	28	16	+ 12	11	53	10
1895	417	108	174	286	195	131	10	10	—	36	21	+ 15	15	55	11
1896	442	117	182	296	209	146	14	15	– 1	25	30	– 5	– 6	56	10
1897	451	124	189	294	200	157	18	19	– 1	31	31	—	– 1	57	11
1898	471	125	204	294	198	177	15	16	– 1	44	37	+ 7	6	60	10
1899	485	136	205	330	214	155	13	14	– 1	33	22	+ 11	10	60	11
1900	523	145	215	354	225	169	13	13	—	26	18	+ 8	8	60	11
1901	522	143	220	348	221	174	11	12	– 1	21	14	+ 7	6	63	13
1902	528	149	218	349	227	179	9	11	– 2	22	15	+ 7	5	62	14

* Excluding Bullion and Specie.

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on arrival here, while the exports represent their value here, not the price at which the goods are eventually sold—the stated values are net—and the profits of our merchants should be deducted from the value of the imports, and added to that of our exports respectively.

Then there are the earnings of our carrying trade, shipowners and underwriters, and, as pointed out in the Blue Book, not only on the carriage of our own imports and exports, but also on the carriage of goods between foreign countries, or between British Colonies; and, again, there is the income from foreign investments, both of which are included in the term "invisible exports" or services rendered, of which there are a great number not mentioned in the Blue Book, and regarding the extent of which no statistics are to be obtained. The income accruing from these services, such as banking and trading commissions, insurance premiums, and all the profits of our indirect trade, viz., trade not touching our shores at all, must amount to very large figures indeed. *I think the excess of imports over exports may be taken to be the measure of our prosperity, so long as our earning power through invisible exports is not decreased thereby.*

But we must not assume simply because we do not send gold out of the country that imports of goods are, of necessity paid for by goods. Exports of gold are prevented through the action of the Money Market, and, through such action, eventually, the balance must be adjusted. The process is somewhat complicated, and it shows how the actions of a great number of individuals are governed by a universal law. The days are gone when a merchant adventurer sent out his ships laden with merchandise, which were to bring home to him the produce of distant lands. There are, of course, a number of merchants who, having their own establishments in foreign parts, do both an import and export business, balancing their own transactions without many bills of exchange passing; but, on the whole, trade is now much more specialised, there are importers and exporters, and their transactions are entirely

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independent of each other. The merchant abroad who sells his goods here does not know, nor does he care, whether any goods go out in exchange; he obtains payment, as we have seen, in a bill of exchange, which does not necessarily imply an export of gold, but which gives the holder of such bills the power of withdrawing gold from here if he so chooses. Thus we have, at certain seasons such as the present, withdrawals of gold, which can be directly traced to our imports of wheat and cotton from the United States or Egypt, or the Argentine Republic. Such exports of gold may necessitate the raising of our money rates to a level above that of other countries in order not to further deplete our stock of the precious metal; thus foreign money is attracted until such time when we can lower our rates again, through having in our turn received payment in gold for goods shipped to other countries, or for services rendered them. A prolonged period of rates prevailing here at a higher level than in other centres has an additional effect; investment stocks go down; in countries that have taken the gold from us, or have the power to take gold, the opposite takes place, money becomes cheaper and investment stocks rise, the consequence is that the home investor in, say, American railway bonds, finds the return to him is less than the return on a home investment, and he will be induced to sell; and that is exactly what has taken place with regard to the United States, and, to a very large extent, a few years ago. It is only now that there are symptoms of a reversal of that tendency. It is quite clear that the amount of interest we have now to receive from the United States must be considerably reduced as compared with, say, fifteen years ago. But it is most satisfactory to find from the returns that our investments in other foreign parts must have increased to an even greater extent.

The Blue Book gives us an approximate balance-sheet. It estimates the annual excess value of imports over exports (decennial average) at 161 millions, from which has to be deducted the excess of bullion, six millions, total 155 millions.

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It makes up this amount by an estimated earning power of our carrying trade at 90 millions, and of interest on foreign investments of 62½ millions; the latter amount, however, is only that apparent from the official returns, and is in all probability very considerably larger, having been estimated by Sir Robert Giffen as coming up to fully 90 millions, so that the adverse balance is more than made up. There is some doubt as to the figure of 90 millions due to us for freight; this is one of the points which only a Royal Commission could clear up. On the other hand, profits on the purchase and sale of goods which do not touch our shores at all, of the large fire and life insurance business which our companies carry on abroad, and other similar services, are not included in the return of exports and imports; these items must reach a very large total. The Liverpool cotton merchant, who buys his cotton in New Orleans and sells it, say, at Havre or Bremen, the Mincing Lane merchant, who sends coffee from Brazil to Italy, supplies no statistics of such transactions, which form a very large proportion of our general trade, and the profits on which must be added to our invisible exports. Then there are the earnings of all the banks which have branches either in the Colonies or in foreign countries, and not only the dividends they pay, but also the interest they allow to their customers on deposits taken here. These banks are registered as English banks, and their income swells the general income-tax returns, although, strictly speaking, it is interest on foreign investments. On the other side, income receivable by foreigners from capital invested in the United Kingdom should really be added to our imports; but the total cannot as yet be very large. It must also be remembered, in considering our income-tax returns, that foreigners are charged income tax on their investments in home securities; such interest appears to swell our national income, although it is really a charge on it.

In addition to these items, which by inquiry could possibly be ascertained, there are the transactions of private firms who may transfer capital from one country to another, and about

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these no information can ever be obtained. The only outward indication we can have whether there is an undue excess of imports must be in the foreign exchanges, and if these are constantly adverse, without special reasons, and the value of money were to become permanently higher here than in other centres, then there would be reason to fear that our invisible exports are not sufficient. What would follow then? Either we should be gradually turning from a creditor country into a debtor country, and the official publications certainly do not warrant such an assumption at the present moment, or the higher value of money would act detrimentally on all our industries and trade generally, our purchasing power would decrease, which would directly lead to a reduction of imports, the home demand would slacken, and wages and prices generally would fall, and the surplus production of our factories, failing a market at home, would have to be exported. Thus, through the pressure of hard times, the balance would gradually be restored. This is the process, though by no means a desirable one, by which an excess of imports, if really undue, must right itself; but it would mean hard times and much distress. To arrive, however, at the conclusion that such a situation has already arisen, or appears likely to arise, does not seem in the least warranted by any evidence as yet before us. What does seem evident is that of late years the margin is not so large as it was in former years, or in other words, that we are not at the present moment in the position of placing as much capital for investment abroad as was the case previously. The importance of such investments, as already mentioned, cannot be overrated. It has been stated in some public speeches, that the working man cannot live on foreign investments, but the fact is that our having them enables him to buy his food and other necessaries at a very much lower cost; and, as shown before, we pay for such investments by exports, and they thus directly contribute to provide employment. The very fact of our Money Market during the last few years not having been conducive to the issuing of foreign loans seems to me in a great

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measure to account for the growth of our exports not being equal in proportion to that of our imports. That the exports have grown most satisfactorily is undeniable, for, taking even the year 1872, about which so much has been said, as a basis, we find the total exports of that year 315 millions, of 1902, 349 millions; but according to 1872 prices, as shown by Sauerbeck's index numbers, the value of 1902 exports would amount to 551 millions instead of 349 millions, showing an increase of 75 per cent. against an increase in the population of 31 per cent. I mention this to prove that exports have grown, though imports have grown in much greater proportion. I think every one will agree that it is most desirable that there should be greater elasticity and expansion in our exports; the difficulty is to find the true reason for this comparative lack of expansion and the true remedy for improving it.

Special Causes affecting the Direction of Trade.

The history of the past few years will, I think, show that there have been very special reasons why exports should have fallen off, and why imports should have risen. As stated above, foreign exchanges are the only indication we have whether there is an undue excess of imports; the tendency of the foreign exchanges finds its best expression in the average market rates of discount; so long as that rate is lower here than in other monetary centres, it is clear that the foreign exchanges have not been against us. The following is a table showing the average market rate in London, Paris, and Berlin, since 1885, and the imports of gold from South Africa:—

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	Average Market Rate of Discount.			Gold Bullion and Specie Imported from British South Africa. 000's omitted. £
	London.	Paris.	Berlin.	
1885	2·04	2·46	2·91	543
1886	2·05	2·23	2·15	271
1887	2·36	2·42	2·32	231
1888	2·38	2·75	2·12	847
1889	2·70	2·65	2·70	1,442
1890	3.68	2·64	3·75	1,877
1891	2·50	2·58	3·00	2,490
1892	1·47	1·83	1·78	4,300
1893	2·10	2·22	3·18	5,825
1894	0·97	1·77	1·78	7,364
1895	0·80	1·59	2·01	8,354
1896	0·80	1·75	3·05	8,003
1897	1·79	1·81	3·09	13,621
1898	2·59	2·07	3·57	16,769
1899	3·25	2·71	4·47	15,015
1900	3·66	3·13	4·56	379
1901	3·16	2·44	3·04	1,962
1902	2·97	2·37	2·19	7,947

It will be seen that with the exception of the year 1890, the year of the Baring crisis, it was not till 1898 that our rate was above that of Paris, and not till 1901 that our rate was above that of Berlin. Until 1898 our rate was very materially below that of both places.

The year 1885 was a year of very great commercial depression and of stagnant trade; the year was chiefly remarkable because it is the first during which South African gold came to be shipped in appreciable amounts. Depression continued during 1886, when there were "unemployed" riots in London. It is curious to observe that this lack of employment became manifest during the year when the imports amounted only to £50,000,000, the lowest figure since 1871, the year of the Franco-German War. Towards the end of the year confidence began to return. In 1887 there was renewed activity, and a slight rise in prices. This improvement continued in 1888, when foreign Governments, especially South American, borrowed largely. Our exports in that year rose £10,000,000. There was still greater activity in 1889, and the total of new

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capital issues, which had amounted to £78,000,000 in 1885, rose from £160,000,000 in 1888 to £207,000,000, nearly all for colonial or foreign railways and undertakings. That year is also memorable because of the conversion of the National Debt. Exports, which had been £188,000,000 in 1885, rose to £218,000,000, and to £228,000,000 in 1890, the year of the Baring collapse, from which date a remarkable reaction naturally took place. In 1891 financial troubles in South America brought about a total change of feeling with regard to foreign investments, and the new capital issues fell to £105,000,000 in that year, to £81,000,000 in 1892, to £49,000,000 in 1893. From 1891 onwards there is a rapid and material fall in our exports, which continued till 1895; during that period, which we bankers remember so well as one of excessively cheap money, when all foreign enterprise was under a cloud, the seeds were sown for the very large municipal borrowings which at present give rise to so much serious reflection. The indebtedness of local authorities in the United Kingdom rose from £265,000,000 in 1894 to £376,000,000 in 1901, an increase in seven years of £111,000,000. The distrust of investors in foreign securities was increased in 1893 by the Australian banking crisis, and in subsequent years by the currency troubles in the United States. American capitalists sent money over here to keep it safe on a gold basis, and it is not surprising that a considerable advance took place in gilt-edged securities, and great activity in South African mining shares, in which a good deal of capital was invested. In 1895 peace was concluded between China and Japan, and the large war indemnity was paid to the Bank of England, raising the stock of gold to unprecedented figures. The demand for home securities increased, and record prices were reached. In 1896 new capital applied for again rose to £158,000,000. The demand was not so much for foreign or colonial securities, but mainly for home investments and industrial undertakings of all sorts. The company promoter was hard at work, and in many cases not for the benefit of the community at large or of the industries which he took in hand. We have thus a distinct change

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in the channels of investment; we deliberately turned away from foreign and colonial enterprises, in favour of investments in the home markets, and to that may be directly due part of the lack of expansion in our exports, which would have followed naturally had we placed the capital abroad, and also the increase in our imports for the home industries, which receive much of their material from abroad.

Towards the end of 1896 the memorable Presidential election in the United States took place, when that nation decided in favour of a gold standard; the harvests in that country had been abundant, while there had been partial failures in Australasia, Russia, and the Argentine. These circumstances are of importance to our inquiry, for they explain the partial stagnation of exports to these last-named countries; as regards the United States, the desire to settle their currency troubles led to immediate exports of gold from here, and from that time also dates the important movement, which has since taken place, of Americans buying back their securities from European markets, a movement partly caused by distrust on our side in consequence of these currency troubles, but principally by returning confidence in the United States and the remarkable revival of their industrial and commercial development, assisted by a continuous series of abundant harvests. It was assisted also, no doubt, by the new Dingley Tariff, introduced in 1897, which certainly caused a diminution in our exports to the United States, whereas at the same time a variety of other causes, such as the plague and famine in India, the disturbed condition of China, drought in Australia, rinderpest in South Africa, added to the political unrest there, and the consequent unsatisfactory condition of the gold-mining industry, political disturbances in the South American States, and war between Turkey and Greece, contributed to closing some of our best markets, or at least greatly affected our exports to them.

The year 1898 brought a revival, which showed itself in the returns for 1899 marking a rise in our exports from £294,000,000 to £380,000,000. In those years the output of every branch of

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the engineering and shipbuilding trades, and iron and steel manufactures, exceeded all records, but unfortunately the engineering, and subsequently the dock strike, lost us a great deal of business which would otherwise have come here. The year 1899 promised better still, and was a year of all-round activity and prosperity; the output of the above-mentioned trades and others again surpassed previous records, and our exports for 1900 show a further increase of £24,000,000, raising them to £854,000,000. It must be observed that the result of great activity often only shows itself in the returns for the following year. But the end of 1899 is the date of the outbreak of the South African War, and that war must naturally have had such a disturbing effect on the whole of our trade that no conclusion can possibly be drawn from the variations taking place since that period. It is evident that the purchase of war material of all sorts must have swelled our imports to a very large degree, that Government purchases abroad of food-stuffs, animals, and a variety of articles which were shipped direct to South Africa without appearing in our trade returns, must have naturally turned all the exchanges against us, and that all this vast expenditure resulted in keeping the value of money at a higher level here than in other centres. Until the outbreak of the war, there is nothing in the indications of the exchanges to warrant the assumption that our commercial condition had resulted in affecting our position as the cheapest Money Market, which is so essential for the maintenance of our supremacy as the bankers of the world. But I think the above-mentioned facts show that special and exceptional reasons closed our most important markets, or at least greatly impeded our exports to them. We declined to lend our money to foreign countries, and thus prevented their purchases from us; by far the greatest part of our savings were invested at home, mostly in loans to local authorities, and that in itself led to a very important increase in our imports; it stimulated the building trade, the development of electrical works and undertakings, and a great deal of the material had to be imported, if only for the reason

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that our factories at home were not in a position to supply the demand. Again and again one heard in those days of large and important orders for railway material, for engines, waggons, bridges, having had to be declined, and having to be placed abroad, simply because our manufacturers required a period of two years or more before they could execute them. If any one in those days remarked, as I confess I did myself, that our exports were not as expansive as they might be, and that a great part of the business which then went to foreign countries might as well have been supplied at home, the invariable answer was that our manufacturers were so full of orders that they did not know where to turn. This applies mainly to the iron industry, but the textile industry also shows continuous progress from 1897 till 1901, in spite of the above-mentioned adverse circumstances.

The present year so far already indicates a distinct improvement, the first eleven months showing an increase in exports of £7,000,000, and that in spite of the Money Market still being under the influence of our huge war debt, a great part of which has not been funded, but remains as a floating debt largely held by foreigners. Considering the absence of the shipments of gold from South Africa, which before the war had reached nearly 17,000,000, and which even now are only about half that amount, it is only surprising that the value of money was not more affected; but even now it can, I think, be said that on the whole our investments in foreign securities are again increasing and not decreasing. The condition of South Africa, which as yet is far from satisfactory, must gradually improve.

A large amount of capital invested there is still unproductive; when this state of affairs comes to an end, as it must before so very long, a new stimulus will be given to trade, and the Blue Book just published, containing Mr. Birchenough's Report on the Prospects of British Trade in South Africa, affords ample proof of the possibilities and opportunities for such trade, if only we know how to avail ourselves of them.

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This short history will, I hope, to some extent account for the variations in our trade, and give the reasons why our export trade of late has not been so expansive; and I hope I have proved that we are the financial centre of the world because we are the centre of its commerce, though it is impossible to enumerate the great variety of commodities to which this term applies, nor is there time to refer in detail to our great entrepôt trade; the last column in the table on page 10, which refers only to goods transhipped in bond, shows how this has grown, a trade which is entirely due to our open ports and absence of restrictions; for not only the actual duties that are payable but also all the formalities and delays connected with Custom Houses are instrumental in turning trade away. I hope I have further shown that imports, far from taking away employment, are the means of providing employment for large numbers, and that the fewer the restrictions the larger our general commerce, and the greater our prosperity must be.

Gold Reserves.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I must briefly refer to one intimately connected with it, viz., the sudden demands on our small gold reserves which our enormous trade may bring about, a point to which, as you are aware, I have been constantly calling attention for a number of years, beginning at a time when the reserve at the Bank of England was nearly twice as large as it is now. It seems to me almost an absurd position that the export of a comparatively small amount of gold, say £500,000, should put our whole Money Market into a tremor. We ought to be able to spare at least £5,000,000 without influencing money rates very much. To go more fully into this question would be outside the scope of this paper, although it forms part of the question of Foreign Trade and the Money Market; but I think that the time has come when a conclusion will have to be arrived at, on whom the responsibility is to be laid for keeping the gold reserve in the country

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at an adequate level. I do not think we bankers ought to be called upon alone to assume that responsibility, but we should co-operate with the Bank of England towards that end. But even the Bank of England has, at present, no such specific duty imposed upon it, although it is the Bank of the Government, endowed with special privileges. But, as I said nearly three years ago, "the time cannot be far distant when a revision of Peel's Act will become necessary," and it implies no disrespect to the framers of that Act which, on the whole, has worked so well, or to those who have administered it so efficiently and conscientiously, to maintain that new conditions have arisen, to which our system should be adapted.

Preferential Treatment: Protection.

From the many attacks which, somewhat unexpectedly, have been directed against our whole commercial system during the last few months, three distinct policies have emerged, viz.: (1) Preferential treatment; (2) Retaliation; (3) Protection. To go into these fully in this paper is not my intention, and I am anxious to avoid anything like political controversy; yet there are various points which have material bearing on the subject-matter of this paper. It appears to me that in considering the question we must keep certain recognised facts, facts admitted by all sides, constantly before us. No matter what our opinions may be of the results of the policy decided upon sixty years ago, we have to deal with present conditions; we have a large and growing population which is, and must be, dependent on a large proportion of its food-supplies and the raw materials for its manufactures, having to be imported from abroad. A comparison with a country like, say, the United States, which produces both its food and raw materials at home, must be therefore entirely misleading; the problems to be solved are of a different nature altogether. We are compelled to import in order to find for our population both subsistence and employment; to pay for such

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imports we have to render services to foreign countries, either by sending them our own goods, or by finding them capital or means of transport, or in such other ways as our position as the central clearing house may induce them to require work done for them here.

As countries advance in civilisation, they advance gradually from the purely agricultural to the manufacturing and commercial stage of development; we cannot expect countries like Germany or the United States to allow their own natural resources to remain undeveloped. Competition was therefore bound to arise when, after the Civil War in the United States and the Franco-German War, these countries had consolidated their national existence. That competition we have to meet, not only in the countries mentioned, but in all countries where we meet them on equal terms; to meet such competition we must be able to produce more cheaply and a better article than others do, and we must safeguard our position as the world's bankers and carriers, as well as the position of our manufacturers. These seem the aims towards which we must work if we wish to keep our population fully employed and raise their standard of living. Whether any of the above-mentioned policies, the three new policies, or a system of trade with the fewest possible restrictions, is best calculated to bring about that end is the great problem that has to be solved.

The three policies are often mentioned together as if they could be carried on simultaneously; in reality they appear to be inconsistent with, in fact antagonistic to, one another. The duties to be imposed which are best adapted to a preferential tariff are not suitable to retaliation; and Preferential Treatment and Protection cannot, in the end, work together. Our imports from the Colonies being mainly either raw materials which it is not suggested should be subject to duties, or foodstuffs, preferential treatment must mean a tax on food, and food must become dearer, for this is the very essence of the scheme; if it did not, the Colonies could not derive any possible advantage from it. On the first introduction of such

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a scheme, the home producer would unquestionably benefit by the rise in price, until the Colonies are enabled to increase their production through the acquired stimulus, when they would begin to gain, and if the scheme is successful in bringing about what is claimed for it, viz., the diversion of trade now carried on with foreign countries to our Colonies, then the home producer must again lose what the latter gain; in fact, in the end he will be worse off, because all the incidental expenditure, and the plant and machinery acquired under the temporary stimulus of higher prices, will be wasted when colonial imports attain such proportions as will secure the Colonies a benefit. Another consideration is suggested, viz., that the foreign producer will pay the duty that may be imposed: this is a consideration which, at this late stage of the controversy, I need only mention in order to dismiss. Men of business know only too well how much any charge, however slight, must ultimately raise the cost of the article to the consumer.

But what would follow from the carrying out of such a scheme is, that whereas we have now competition between a number of various sources of supply which keeps prices down, the inevitable consequence of a preferential tariff on foodstuffs would be the absence of all competition, our being restricted to one market only, and it is to be expected that prices would consequently rise to an extent greater than the duty to be imposed. What the dangers would be if our food-supplies were to be derived from one source only must be apparent to all business men. It is manifest how such a market would lend itself to manipulation, and, worse still, what would happen if bad seasons should occur. We have an object-lesson before us now in the shortage of the cotton crop in the United States, which may have a most serious influence on our cotton industries. What then would happen if a shortage in the crops were to occur in Canada? We could not then rapidly fall back on the various foreign markets which now supply us, for all the machinery of trade, shipping,

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and other matters, are easily destroyed, but are not quickly regained. What would happen in time of war if we had only one colonial source of supply? These are matters on which our naval experts will also have a word to say, quite apart from the question of price.

The more you restrict your markets, the more rapid must be the fluctuation in price, but, in any case, it is an essential part of the scheme that the price of food must rise; if our working population is to be enabled to maintain their standard of living, wages must rise; although I am more than doubtful whether eventually this will happen. If wages rise the cost of all our productions must rise, especially if, as is suggested, part of the scheme is taxation of foreign manufactures, which will further raise their price and increase the cost of living to our wage-earners and to the whole of our population. If then the cost of our manufactures is increased, our exports to neutral markets must decrease, and our Colonies would derive no benefit from the scheme because they would have to pay more for our manufactures than at present; their own protectionist system would only be further stimulated to the further exclusion of our goods; thus our exports to colonial markets would also not be likely to increase; I cannot therefore perceive any advantage from the scheme, either for the Colonies or for ourselves, but only greater cost of living and fewer chances of employment. Is not the best we can do for the Colonies, the maintenance of our pre-eminent position as the centre of the world's commerce, and, as the clearing house of the world, of our ability to supply them with cheap capital, cheap manufactures, rapid and economical means of communication? To be of benefit to them it is essential we should retain our own strength; which consists in carrying on a world-wide trade with the fewest possible restrictions, and our efforts must be mainly directed, while maintaining our ports open, to do our utmost to increase our exports. Can we afford to risk our trade with foreign countries, which still amounts to 75 per cent. of the whole? Can we afford to restrict our trade within

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narrower channels, having regard to our great shipping industry, which carries so much of the trade of the world? Our shipping would indeed be doubly hit; through taxes which would raise the cost of living the cost of shipbuilding would be materially increased, and, owing to protective tariffs, there would be fewer goods to carry. It must be remembered that foreign countries are still our best customers, and I found it to be a surprise to many that, according to the figures of the Blue Book, our exports of manufactures to Germany last year still exceeded our imports from that country by £1,000,000.

Are the Colonies willing, are they in a position to give us as wide a market as we have now, and as we can hope to attain, if only a proper effort be made, in the many markets that are open to us on equal terms with other nations? I can only refer incidentally to the difficulties of putting the preferential scheme into operation—American corn is shipped *vid* Canada during certain seasons of the year, and Canadian corn is shipped through the United States when Canadian ports are closed—and also to the loss of freedom it would cause in making commercial treaties, both to the Colonies themselves and to the United Kingdom, as well as to the difficulty in differentiating between the various Colonies and treating them all fairly. Is it not possible that the Imperial tie would be loosened rather than strengthened through a constant bargaining over duties and tariffs? Then the effect on the British exchequer will also have to be considered, for the effect on the British taxpayer must be greater than the gain to the exchequer, and the more effective the scheme becomes, the smaller the gain to the exchequer.

Our own agricultural interest at home is one with which we must all feel the deepest sympathy, both from the point of view of the economic loss caused by land being absolutely unproductive, and of the population being driven from the land into the towns; but the latter is a symptom which occurs under modern conditions, even in the most protected countries

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and opinions vary greatly amongst agriculturists themselves, whether they would not lose much more than gain under a system of protection. Danish farmers certainly have resisted all attempts to impose a protective system, and have found a solution in co-operation and economy in bringing their produce to the market, a policy under which they appear to be thriving.

The danger of all protective systems, as far as we can learn from experience, is that, once established, it is most difficult to get away from them, and that they have a constant tendency to grow. The result must be to lead to higher prices all round, and consequently to general loss, and higher prices must mean diminution in our exports, which we wish to increase. What Protection means, further, is the bringing in of commercial questions into the political arena, of tariffs and bounties being made the battle-cries of contending parties, of instability and insecurity in all commercial transactions, and rapid fluctations and variations in prices, bringing loss to the many and large gains to the few, of the growth of Kartels, and trusts, of which modern industrial life in protected countries affords so many illustrations. Germany and the United States are pointed out as countries which have prospered under a system of Protection. Go to Germany or to the United States and talk with the best informed and you may hear a different tale; look at the condition of life of the working classes in Germany, and not only of the working classes, but of the vast number of people with moderate incomes, and you will find lower wages, lower salaries, longer hours of work, dearer food, dearer house-rent, and you will then have your explanation of the vast increase in the socialist vote apparent at every election. I hear from a prominent German banker that Germany is watching our discussion over this fiscal question with intentional silence on the part of the Press, but with secret joy, and hope that a change in our fiscal system will take place, and that as soon as we put restrictions and impediments in the way of trade they will secure a large slice of it, and will

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be able to compete with us in neutral markets with all the more success. In Germany there are many who would be only too glad to reduce all these restrictions, and to relieve the people from the burdens they impose; and the same tendency prevails quite as markedly and perhaps even more so in the United States. Some months ago I referred to a conversation I had in 1901 with the late President McKinley, in the course of which he expressed his opinion that his own tariff had done its work, and that gradually but inevitably the American tariff would be reduced. I further stated that this was an opinion which was gaining ground more and more amongst the American people. From the way in which a great part of the American press noticed my remarks, and challenged them, I am led to conclude that there was more ground for them than they desired to admit, and I have since had ample confirmation of the prevalence of this movement from Americans in all stations of life. In the face of these possibilities, of the tendency and desire of protectionist countries to remove obstacles in the way of trade which they know hinder them, is it wise for us, unless absolute proof were given of the necessity for doing so, to reverse a policy, during the continuance of which we have admittedly been prosperous? An American of large business experience summed up the situation in these words: "You are going to hoist the white flag just as relief is in sight."

Need for Scientific and Technical Education, and Improved Methods.

I am not one of those who maintain that all is for the best, that our manufacturers have done as well as they should have done, that our exports are as expansive as they should be, and as they might be; but unless absolute proof to the contrary were given to me, I cannot see that the remedies which I see suggested can bring about the desired result. Is it not our business methods that have to be adapted to modern condi-

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tions? When Germany commenced to expand, and to nurse her industries carefully, the first thing she did was to adopt the gold standard, to create the Imperial Bank, and put it on a basis which enabled it to powerfully assist in the commercial development of the country, and to reform her system of weights and measures; she adopted the metric system, and this step alone assisted her materially in her export trade. Of German scientific methods, as adapted to her industries, I cannot do more than make a passing mention, but it is well known that the applications of science to industry, and not tariffs, enabled her to wrest many trades away from us which we ought to have retained. I might quote the opinions of Sir Henry Roscoe,[1] Lord Kelvin,[2] Sir Norman Lockyer,[3] men prominent in the scientific field on this point. And from other eminent scientific experts I have obtained information which I regret space does not admit of doing justice to on the present occasion, and the clearest evidence that it is not so much due to the lack of means of obtaining the very best scientific training that so many of our industries have fallen behind, but to the unwillingness of employers to avail themselves of the services of scientific experts. The student on leaving college, fully equipped, has the greatest difficulty in obtaining employment in our industrial establishments, where a system of apprenticeship based on the payment of premiums prevails. In the United States and Germany industrial establishments are constantly on the look-out for the most promising students as they leave the university.

The possible and necessary improvements in the methods of carrying on our trade, and making it attractive to those whom we wish to be our customers, might well form the subject of a separate paper, but nothing could be more emphatic on this point than the Blue Book published in 1898, called Foreign Trade Competition, and embodying the opinions of H.M.

[1] Monthly Review for November 1901.

[2] Speech at Cardiff, November 12, 1903.

[3] Presidential Address to the British Association, September 9, 1903.

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Diplomatic and Consular Officers on British trade methods. It is interesting and melancholy reading. I wonder what the circulation of this Report has amounted to, and whether its lessons have gone home. There is also a publication, issued weekly, at the price of one penny, by the Board of Trade called the *Board of Trade Journal*, which gives most useful information about Foreign and Colonial Trade. I am informed, on very good authority, that the demand for this journal from Germany is much greater than the home demand. Space only prevents me from enlarging on this topic, but, from personal experience, I could tell many a tale of trade being positively driven away through mere neglect and carelessness; also, of trade that had been lost, being actually recovered where the need for effort had been recognised and met. The company promoter has much to answer for; for it must be admitted that in many cases where private firms have been turned into limited companies, the personal interest previously taken by the partners, the pride of a business handed down from father to son, has disappeared. Where the personal element disappears, no undertaking is likely to prosper. There has been, during the last decade preceding the years of the war, a desire to grow rich too rapidly, and the slow but sure methods, constant attention and careful watching of opportunities, have, perhaps, been left too much out of sight.

"Dumping": Retaliation.

Two points I have not yet touched upon: dumping and retaliation. Dumping is the sale to a foreign purchaser by the producer in a protected country of an article below the cost of production, which he is enabled to effect by obtaining from the consumer in his own country the enhanced price which Protection makes it possible for him to charge. This is certainly an undesirable and injurious proceeding, injurious principally to the consumers in the protected countries. Some of our own industries are certainly exposed to loss through the sales of these results of over-production, just as

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they are exposed to loss through over-production on the part of home competitors. It is difficult to know how to meet the evil, and it is one which must correct itself, for the total of such sales below cost price can only be a small proportion of the total output; and it will only occur when the producing country is passing through a period of depression, so that the home demand is not equal to the output. Such periods of depression occur, as we all know, from time to time. And it is certain that some of our industries have derived considerable benefit, through being able to procure some of their raw material below the actual cost of production. They have thus often been able even to sell the manufactured article to the very country which has given us better terms than their own countrymen; and the feeling in protected countries against this system is so strong that it does not appear likely that it will be permitted to continue very long. If we were to take steps to prevent these imports, the country determined on dumping would dump their goods elsewhere, that is, on neutral ground, and thus compete with us to an equal extent without our having had at least the incidental advantage of making use of the cheap material so to be obtained. The system is a bad one, but while it lasts we may as well get as much good out of it as circumstances admit. Something, by the way, has also been heard about colonial dumping, which is possible through a system of bounties prevailing in some of them, and I do not know if it has been suggested that this also should be dealt with.

As to retaliation, it is impossible to express any opinion without precise definition of what that term means; it is entirely a matter of application and degree. No Government would be worthy of the name that did not make every legitimate effort to minimise, as far as possible without injury to ourselves, the effect of hostile tariffs; and to negotiate commercial treaties in such a way as to bring about that result. But in making such effort regard must be had to the question whether the injury resulting from any new duties is not greater than any advantage derived from them.

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There are many who hold that our foreign trade might also be improved if our whole consular system was put on a different basis, and brought into closer touch with the diplomatic service. The functions of our consuls at the principal foreign ports appear to consist mainly in their jurisdiction over shipping matters, and the duty of furthering our commercial interests does not seem to be so clearly defined as is the case with some foreign nations. Legislation at home may also often have had the effect of hampering, instead of promoting trade, and such legislation is, we are told, responsible for our having lagged behind somewhat both in the electrical and the motor-car industries.

Minister of Commerce.

This leads me to the last point in my paper. Is it not strange that in this great commercial country there is no special Government Department to watch over the interests of commerce? We have, indeed, the Board of Trade, and it is interesting to note that when the first Committee for Trade was instituted in 1622, amongst the principles laid down for its guidance was "the importance of encouraging the home manufacture of wool by permitting free trade and lowering the Customs." But admirably as this department is carrying on its work, the duties imposed upon it are so varied and so numerous that it is almost impossible they should be dealt with under one roof; it comprises the Commercial, Labour, and Statistical Department, which has to deal with strikes, trade unions, and all labour questions, the Railway Department, the Standards Department, the Marine Department, which is concerned with all matters of shipping, including questions of safety and health, and life-saving, and the Fisheries and Harbour Department, the supervision of electric lighting, gas, water, the Finance and General Department, dealing with patents, trade-marks, life insurance, joint-stock companies, registration, bankruptcies, and so on. Has not

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the time arrived then for a new and important office to be created, which is to deal with all industrial matters and watch over the whole commerce of the nation, and which is to be presided over by a Secretary of State who can keep in close touch with the interests of our great industries, and whose duty it would be to ensure continuity in our commercial policy and keep it as far as possible removed from the political arena? Such a Minister would have great power and influence, and is really urgently needed to represent in the Cabinet and in Parliament the great interests of the commercial community. Such a Minister would, I doubt not, before any changes affecting the commercial policy of the Empire were proposed, seek the advice of experts, and take the country into his confidence and let them know what that advice is and on what evidence it is based.

FELIX SCHUSTER.

BANK DEPOSITS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Year	Amount	Remarks
	£	
1851	250,000,000	Mr. Newmarch's estimate, including capital and note issues.
1874	530,000,000	Mr. John Dun's estimate.
1877	159,256,000	*The Economist.* Deposits of all joint-stock banks publishing accounts.
1883	622,844,000	Mr. Jas. Dick's estimate, including notes.
1888	399,484,625	*The Economist.* Deposits of all joint-stock banks publishing accounts.
1888	470,537,865	Ditto ditto ditto.
1893	633,806,765	*The Economist.* Deposits of all joint-stock and private banks publishing accounts.
1898	781,787,078	Ditto ditto ditto.
1903	834,099,552	Ditto ditto ditto.

Foreign and Colonial Banks having London offices are not included in the above totals.

NOTE.—The above article contains the substance of a paper read before the Institute of Bankers on December 16, 1903.

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THE WAR OFFICE AND SOME OPINIONS

WE have the pleasure of laying before our readers this month, under the title of "Wanted a Scapegoat," some reflections upon the case of the late Secretary for War, by a contributor of high rank and exceptional opportunities for observation. There have also come into our hands at the same moment two books and two speeches dealing with the problem of the War Office: the speeches being by the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill; the books by Lord Wolseley[1] and Mr. L. S. Amery,[2] the editor of "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa." We are thus confronted with five expressions of opinion upon a matter of great national importance, which will come up for discussion within the next two months; and two months is not too long a time to give to the consideration of a question whose essentials the public has always been slow to understand and unwilling to enforce.

We do not propose to repeat or reply to the argument of our distinguished contributor, that Mr. Brodrick has been treated with injustice or made to suffer for the sins of others. If this is so it is only what he must have expected. A War Minister in England is always in case of war bound to find

[1] "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. (Constable, 1903. *32s.* net.)

[2] "The Problem of the Army," by L. S. Amery. (Edward Arnold, 1903. *6s.* net.)

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himself in the position of a lightning conductor; for our wars, it appears, must always bring down a heavy storm of indignation, and neither Cabinet nor Parliament will face it themselves. Lord Wolseley reminds us of the fate of Sir Richard Airey in 1855. "Some newspapers had held him up to public execration as responsible for all our misery, as being useless, ignorant of war and of how to wage it successfully." As for the Cabinet, "to save their own credit they wanted a scapegoat upon whom to shift all responsibility." If Mr. Brodrick has indeed been made a scapegoat, his would appear to be a still harder case than Sir Richard Airey's; for the latter was actually Quartermaster-General in the field, while the late Secretary of State is condemned to suffer partly for the sins of his predecessors, and partly for too hastily promising a disappointed public what they asked for, without waiting to discuss with them the reasonableness or utility of their demands. But hard case or not, it is all according to precedent; and if the holder of one office sometimes pays a penalty he has not deserved, the incompetence of a dozen of his colleagues practically escapes notice altogether. No one has ever maintained that the responsibility of Ministers is in general too heavily pressed by the English public.

For our own part then, we shall not pursue the more personal method in this discussion; and we regret that Lord Wolseley in his book should have allowed himself to do so. As a keen soldier he has strong feelings on the relative position of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War; but it is not upon this position or those who created it, but upon the individual who happens to have last held the office of Secretary that he vents his indignation in a manner which seems to us unworthy of his reputation and his great abilities.

I shall not enter into particulars lest some Secretary of State for War, ambitious of popular applause, might found charges upon them, and try me by court-martial for my "ragging" schoolboy conduct when I was a young captain. —Vol. i., p. 226.

Keep your hands off the regiment, ye iconoclastic civilian officials who

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meddle and muddle in Army matters. Clever politicians you may be, but you are not soldiers, and you do not understand them; they are not pawns on a chess-board. Leave the management of our fighting men to soldiers of experience in our British Army of old renown, and do not parody us by appearing in public decked for the nonce in a soldier's khaki coat. You might as well put your arm in a sling, or tie your head up in the bandage of some poor maimed soldier, to whom, when wounded and unable to earn a livelihood, your regulations allow a pension of sixpence a day!—Vol. ii., p. 376.

This last paragraph is closely followed by a final reference to "the date when I gladly bid good-bye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's land forces." *Nominal!* there is the root of the bitterness which has been brewing all through these volumes, and ends by foaming over in the last lines of the last page. The matter, after all, has nothing to do with Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Wolseley has only spoiled his own case by his irrelevance; for he speaks as if he had a personal quarrel in hand, whereas what he really means is that the principle of civilian control has been too much exalted of late, and the position of the Commander-in-Chief shorn of some of its dignity and power for good. And if he could not be content without adding a personal attack to his indictment of this principle, why does he not select, as the object of his wrath, Lord Lansdowne, the Minister who, though he had nothing to do with the "ragging" cases and did not appear in public decked in khaki, was responsible for the rearrangement, in 1895, of the War Office and the Headquarters of the Army on the civilian plan so detested by the soldiers?

For against this plan there really is a case, and Lord Wolseley might have called Mr. Brodrick himself as a witness for his own contention. Stated moderately, the argument might have run thus: "We grant that in every State the Army must be servant and not master; in a constitutional country such as this, the Parliamentary control of the military forces of the State must be exercised through a civilian Secretary. We soldiers admit further that this Parliamentary control must not be endangered or weakened by giving the

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Commander-in-Chief such dignity and authority that he will be in a position to meet the Secretary of State on more than equal terms. But we maintain that for the efficient working of the system he must be a real Commander-in-Chief, holding an undivided command, and he must be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State, all heads of departments approaching the Government only through him. Lastly, he must have the power of laying his views, when they happen to differ from the views of the Secretary of State, before those responsible for the affairs of the nation as a whole. With the exception of this last proviso, the requirements of the case were, in our opinion, fairly met by the Order in Council of 1888. But Lord Lansdowne, in 1895, not having the strength to resist or to follow whole-heartedly the recommendations of the Hartington Commission (which included the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief), introduced a measure of compromise, by which the Commander-in-Chief became only one of several Heads of the Army, all of whom could equally approach the Secretary of State, but on inferior terms; and none of whom could bring their advice to bear directly upon the Ministers who conduct the foreign policy of the country. The result has been disaster in South Africa; largely because we, the soldiers, could get no hearing at the time when foresight and preparation were still possible."

That is, we imagine, Lord Wolseley's case, and he might have added that it was confirmed when Mr. Brodrick—for the Secretary of State must be given the credit as well as the discredit for anything done during his tenure of office—made it possible for the first time for the highest military opinion to be pressed directly and face to face upon the responsible Ministers. With regard to this part of the question, it is probable that we are all now entirely of one opinion; but we regret to see that in his book, which is sure to be widely read and discussed, Lord Wolseley lays greater stress on the diminished power and prestige of the Commander-in-Chief when confronted by his own military colleagues or by the

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Secretary of State, than upon the importance of his being in touch with the Cabinet itself. When Lord Wolseley made much of the same point in the great debate of the House of Lords in March 1901 we argued, and we should argue still, that the difference in the Orders in Council of 1888 and 1895 is not a very essential one. The motive force is derived not from the form of the machine but from the men who work it. "All that we can hope from improvements in administrative arrangements is that the men employed may be more able to make good use of their energies." And in support of this saying we should cite the working of the Board of Admiralty, which is successful not by any means because the machinery is beyond improvement, but because the amount of energy which drives it is very great, and is generally directed by men of goodwill and clear-sighted purpose.

On the whole, then, we think it is not too much to say that Mr. Brodrick is none the worse for the attack delivered by Lord Wolseley. There are, however, not wanting other and more judicious critics of the War Office and the Army, as handed over by the late to the present Secretary of State. One of the most prominent of these is Mr. L. S. Amery, who now stands confessed as the writer of the articles in the *Times* headed "The Problem of the Army." He offers us some brilliant and attractive suggestions, as well as some incontrovertible general principles. With the former we are not now concerned; of the latter we must admit that, though they are not new, they are well worth stating again and again, and Mr. Amery states them with vigour and freshness.

The first principle is that "our Empire is an Oceanic Empire. Strategically speaking, it is an Empire the greater part of which consists of the sea. . . . Our naval supremacy is the keystone of our whole defensive position." This is familiar doctrine, constantly preached to this generation by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Mr. Julian Corbett, and Captain Mahan; but we are grateful to Mr. Amery for restating it in a book on the Army, for it is not only the "beginning of

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wisdom," but, unhappily, a beginning upon which our soldiers have been unwilling to build. Is it too much to hope that the time has now come when we shall be found—soldiers and all—agreed upon "employing our Army, not as an expensive alternative to the Navy, but as a complement to it?"

We are troubled with doubt when we turn to the second principle; for though it follows inexorably from the first, it must be infinitely more difficult for the soldier to accept. It is the principle of "the primacy of the Navy" in its most practical application, and Mr. Amery thus states it: "Our military expenditure must always be the balance of what we can afford to spend after making sure that we have satisfied our naval needs." It is, we fear, only too probable that Mr. Winston Churchill is right in thinking that this is the point round which the controversy will rage in the coming session; and he has done, we believe, good service in reminding the public that there is no such undeniable necessity for expenditure on the Army as there is in the case of the Navy. The public, it is true, called for a large Army, and were supplied with second-hand skeletons at enormous cost, but without turning and rending those who tried to give them what they asked for they must give up the skeletons and steel their nerves to trust to the Navy for national safety. "Even with our great wealth," says Mr. Amery, "we cannot aim at being at the same time the leading sea Power in the world and a first-class military Power in the sense in which those words are understood on the Continent of Europe." In fact, no one can be everything; and we must console ourselves with the reflection that if we find it difficult to provide a quarter of a million men for a foreign expedition, we can at least take our troops where they are needed, thanks to a supreme Navy, the *sine quâ non* and therefore the most important element of success in any war over-sea; whereas the Continental armies must fight on the Continent, because, without command of the sea, they cannot go elsewhere. Russia alone confronts us on land, and even with her we are not yet face to face.

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Mr. Amery's third principle is also deduced, though not so indisputably, from the first. It is that "the bulk of the regular Imperial Army is out of place in the United Kingdom." We agree that the regular Army is not needed and should not be intended for what is called "home defence"; but the question of its disposition in time of peace is one for the decision of the military authorities. Mr. Amery has some ingenious suggestions, about which we need say no more than this: that one great advantage of the absence from these islands of the regular Army, or a large part of it, would be the increased seriousness with which we should come to treat the problems of the Militia and Volunteers.

It is when we come to the questions connected with the War Office itself that we find it less easy to agree off-hand with what Mr. Amery urges upon us. He has sought and found, it appears, the solution of the whole difficulty. "In the place of the present chaotic medley between command in the field and office administration should be substituted a real business organisation. A board composed of military and civil members, on the lines of the Board of Admiralty, offers in every way the best solution of the problem." We hope that this dictum will not be accepted without a great deal of thinking. It may be sound, but the most obvious thing about it, at first sight, is that it rests upon an analogy which is by no means a perfect one. It does not follow that what is good for a man will certainly keep his wife in health. The functions of the Navy and Army are different; so is their daily life and their past history. The Navy has been continuously at war ever since it was a navy; not with men, but with the elements which are by far the most formidable part of the forces a sea Power has to meet. To the sailor efficiency is not an acquirement that can be postponed or laid by; it is the first condition of existence, and on the day when it is lost the Navy and the Empire cease for all practical purposes. All the manœuvres in the world cannot give the soldier this efficiency; all the talk of invasions and second lines of defence cannot seat the real

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responsibility upon the shoulders of his mind. It does not follow, then, because you give him an organisation exactly like that of the Navy, that he will work it with anything like the same success. The Army is not accustomed to efficiency, and it is unfairly encumbered with a quantity of material which is practically incapable of it.

Again, Lord Wolseley's book reminds us of another difficulty. A Board of sailors and civilians works well; but what reason has Mr. Amery for thinking that a Board of soldiers and civilians, meeting for Army purposes only, would work at all? It is only too easy to imagine, on the one side, a Civil Lord or Secretary, without much tact, laying down the law on military matters, and on the other, a soldier who would hiss the word "civilian" continually between his teeth, and complain of his "nominal" position. You cannot teach cat and dog to live together merely by calling them a Board. We cannot help thinking that it will be better here to give analogies the go-by, and leave the soldiers alone to develop their own General Staff and Intelligence Department. The true meeting-place of the military and civilian elements must be in a higher sphere; that is to say, in the Committee of Defence or National Council. It is for that body, and not for the War Office, or a mixed military Board, to say what the function of the Army is, and what it is to do upon the occurrence of any particular emergency. The General Staff of the Army will have its work cut out for it in the upkeep of an efficient fighting force and in the preparation of detailed plans for carrying out the expeditions for which it is most likely to be required. In the Committee of Defence their representatives will speak with authority on matters of detail belonging to their own service, but they will be relied upon to co-operate loyally with the Naval chiefs in mastering and carrying out the general plan of campaign which will be decided upon by the whole body. It is for the civilians—the Cabinet—to make or receive declarations of war; for the Committee as a whole to decide with which gambit they will open; and if Lord Wolseley will

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forgive us for saying so, the forces of the nation, whether naval or military, are the pawns and pieces in the game; only they are sentient and intelligent pieces to be taken into consultation as to needs and possibilities, and entrusted with the responsibility of all strategic and tactical details.

At this point we pause; for it must occur to any one who has followed our argument thus far that, ever since the Committee of Defence was reorganised some months ago, the chief problem of the Army has been actually solved. It is no longer necessary for Mr. Amery or any other expert to devise reforms or constitutions for the War Office; all that is required is that it should be set to work as smoothly and energetically as possible upon the training necessary to fit the Army for its place in the national striking force. The attention of those who are qualified to advise us upon these matters should now be turned to criticism of the Committee of Defence, which, as Mr. Balfour lately assured us, has thoroughly grasped the truth about our Imperial position, but which in its turn may prove to be a greater national danger than any we have yet incurred. For it is not enough to grasp the truth; the Committee must act up to their knowledge, and the nation must be able to ascertain that they are doing so, with single mind and unwearied tenacity. Otherwise we may be lulled once more into a false security; and we have no right to expect that our next breakdown will not be our last.

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ON THE LINE

FEW and good are the novels published by the house which now sends us Mr. Falkner's new story, **The Nebuly Coat.** (Arnold, 6*s.*) This time they are even more fortunate than usual; the book is one of such uncommon quality that it is hard to convey any exact impression of its merit; plot, style, characters can all be paralleled, but something very distinctive remains, and that something is alone worth more to the jaded novel-reader than all the coarser vintages of the season. This originality is made more strikingly apparent by the curious similarity in *motif* between this story and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent." In both an ancient peerage with all its appurtenances hangs in the balance; in both the illegitimate claimant is a man, and starts with the advantage of possession over his cousin, the rightful heir, who is poor and a woman; in both he is resolutely determined, in spite of all that law and conscience can do, to keep the inheritance for himself. Finally, in both the struggle is ended by the marriage which unites the rival claimants. But beyond the literal sense of the words just written we see no real resemblance whatever in the two books. Mr. Hope made his dramatic situations seem possible by the realism and modernity of their setting; Mr. Falkner attempts a very different, and in some ways a more difficult feat; he hangs a romantic and improbable plot upon a romantic and improbable character—Lord Blandamer is the wicked nobleman of our

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youth, handsome, unscrupulous, refined and masterful—and carries it all off successfully by the force of a more sympathetic and penetrating realism in the remaining personages and their surroundings. In the grave humour, the minuteness and the leisurely charm of his style he has made an advance upon his previous work; he has come nearer to the manner of Miss Austen, and there is a new and subtle pleasure in hearing that manner as it were transposed into the major; for there is about Mr. Falkner a kind of huge and serene masculinity, very appropriate in a book whose real centre is the great abbey church of Cullerne. The result is that this tale, for all its romance and its mysterious crime, is absolutely the reverse of sensational, and instead of dissipating the emotions of the reader, leaves him a wiser and not a sadder man. The one dramatic scene—and it is decidedly dramatic—where Westray, who has come to denounce Lord Blandamer in his own house, is beaten by the villain's subtle touch of chivalry, shows a power so easy and so gentle that the writer himself would appear to be unconscious of it. It is the power of Life itself; Life, which does not ring down the curtain upon the climax, but gradually lowers the tone of the situation to the old level of every day, and leaves an impression the more profound perhaps because it was less sudden and vivid in the moment of its forming. The mellow and haunting chimes of Cullerne Minster which fill the last four pages of the book come, like the last stanza of a great Horatian ode, to round off the sins and the struggles which make the life of men into the underlying peace of immemorial and imperishable order.

It has been thought that light or humorous verse is the most evanescent form of literature: merely the bubble on the fountain, the foam on the river of time. We see much in Mr. Alfred Cochrane's **Collected Verses** (Longmans, 5*s.* net) to make us doubt the truth of this. They claim no originality of any kind; the metres are familiar, the subjects trivial, the thought anything but profound; but to the tunes of Praed,

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the Chippendale of Dobson, and the quaint neatness of Calverley, in which he cannot hope to excel his masters, the pupil has added something different of his own. Two things different: a temperament and a choice of subjects, both characteristic and both—it is easy to prophesy now that we know—sure of popularity. The temperament is the best mixture of the scholarly and the athletic: accurate, easy, refined, robust, cultivated, and good-humoured; corresponding to a leisurely full voice with no spluttering or high tones about it. The subjects are often antiquarian, of the dilettante kind, often they are taken from "the Pavilion and the Links"; best of all we like those which give us typical and picturesque character studies from the later nineteenth century. These, we think, will last, and will have for our grandchildren and their grandchildren a higher value than they have for us to-day. These "Everyday Characters," as the author calls them, "The Old Squire," "My Terrier," "Aunt Caroline," "My Cousin Mabel," "The Colonel," "My Youngest Brother," are confessedly "after Praed"; they are all in Praed's favourite metre, and as like his work as any son is like his father. This is their merit; it is just in this that they differ from the brilliant work of Mr. Quiller-Couch's early days; for Q. was bent on legitimate parody, but Mr. Cochrane is born in legitimate succession. He has created for us, and we hope he will add to the collection, a set of portraits etched in slight but effective lines, and admirably representative of the period of English domestic life upon which we have just turned our backs. The old order, both of Squires and Colonels, is passing away, and none too soon; but there is the more reason why its virtues and ideals should be recorded at their best. Here is the old country gentleman, "a squire himself and born of squires":

Exactly two-and-sixty years
  Have passed since some old stable crony,
Obedient to his childish tears,
  Placed him upon a Shetland pony,

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And bade him shew himself a boy
  Moved by hereditary forces,
Fit son of those whose chiefest joy
  Was ever horsemanship and horses.

Here are his grandsires on the wall,
  Deaf to the summons of November,
And some were short and some were tall,
  And one, I think, a county member;
And one declined on personal grounds
  A peerage of Lord North's persuasion,
But one and all they rode to hounds
  On every possible occasion.

* * *

Living beneath the open sky,
  With rustic rest and peace around him,
The world has somehow passed him by
  And left him almost as it found him;
He does not know what others know,
  He shuns advancement like a bogey,
So that young Folly calls him slow
  And fancies him a dull old fogey

Yet though he never goes to town,
  The thoughtful critic, standing sentry
Over old virtues, writes him down
  A bulwark of the landed gentry;
He does his feudal duties well,
  Just as his fathers did before him,
And, though a stranger in Pall Mall,
  His loyal tenantry adore him.

We have quoted but four stanzas out of eleven; but they will suffice to show how the instinctive admiration which all Englishmen feel for an old national type is here tempered by fine touches of delicate criticism, such as "they rode to hounds On every possible occasion," "He does not know what others know," "Just as his fathers did before him"—a delightful amplification of the word "well" which precedes it. The same sympathy with both subject and spectator is shown in the

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portrait of "The Colonel," a type we thought more of "before the war," but not to be denied his merits.

I like his clear and kindly eyes,
  I like his spruceness and his neatness,
And, cultured under alien skies,
  A certain mental obsoleteness
That thinks in days when men would jog
  Along old lines of truth and scandal,
And makes our complex Decalogue
  A little hard for him to handle.

These portraits are of the past; the same may, perhaps, some day be true of the pictures in which the cricket-field, the links, or the moor, give the *mise en scène;* but they, too, will enable our descendants to realise the Victorian sportsman at his best. And surely the time will never come when the most ancient and gentle of all sports will be a custom of ancestors: when "The Fishermen" will be out of date too.

The quiet pastime of their choice
  On Beauly's rocks, in Derwent's glades,
Still seems to move to Walton's voice,
  Singing of dace and dairymaids:
His watermeadows still are wet,
  His brawling trout streams leap and glance,
And on their sunlit ripples yet
  The flies of his disciples dance.

We do not wonder at the welcome already given—witness a Second Impression—to Mrs. Fuller Maitland's first attempt at a novel. The success of the "Etchingham Letters," wherein moods, morals, and, above all, observation of manners were strung on a slender thread of *amitié amoureuse* or the fringe of it,—initiated the popularity of several recent works of semi-fiction made fragrant by pot pourri of the above delicate mixture. **Prior's Roothing** (Smith Elder, 6*s.*) belongs to the same family. We soar above the ordinary scene-shiftings of novels which ignore the unities, and see all through the loves and hates of a spectator, the narrator, who lets herself be guessed at as a refined

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scholar, "verse-haunted," as she says, (in her pages quotations are for once delightful,) and who writes, she tells us, by the cross-light of candles and sunset at Lady Place in the Parish of Prior's Roothing. "The peace of an ideal religious establishment broods over all," as she begins her chronicle within old monastic brick walls. This subjective way of writing a story gives charm to the delicate portrait of Lucy Ardin, a girl-mourner after the Boer War. Why is not mourning, of which there is so much in the world, more often revealed to us in fiction as an undercurrent which bears very directly on life? Lucy Ardin could never marry because her heart was still with her first love, a soldier. But her old and scholarly father is only saved from a deplorable second marriage by the invention of motoring. This highly eclectic dilettante collects gems and falls in love with a girl for her vivacity, to the astonishment of the mellowed dwellers in Prior's Roothing. His scholarly sympathies include such by-paths as the Eton Glossary, and we congratulate the genial Christchurch student who compiled this work on the mark of fame. Dolly Walker, the disastrous *fiancée*, outdoes the Eton Glossary in slang. Fortunately Mr. Ardin keeps a few dislikes:

> He detests motors, poachers, Bank Holidays, Dissenters, pro-Boers, barbed wire, the turning down of foxes, jealous and greedy shots, Radicals, parvenus, the death duties, the mis-pronunciation of words, illegible handwriting, . . Dolly Walker has now every opportunity of becoming familiar with Mr. Ardin's weaknesses, and she is capable of making no better use of the knowledge she has acquired than consists in "pulling the Squire's leg," as she would call it.

A passion for motoring, which Mr. Ardin detests, leads the coarse-minded Dolly to engage herself to a millionaire in the neighbourhood on the eve of her wedding with the old squire. This and other episodes get themselves told through the divagations of a woman called Mrs. Lushington; this saves the scene-shifting of a professed novel, but though its absence spares us the often magic-lantern-slide jerkiness of narration without unity, there are worse pitfalls. The medium for store of communications beginning "Oh, my dear," from a

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woman who sees everything, or surmises it accurately, is, we think, a worse pitfall, even when her loquacity is poured out in fragrant pannelled rooms or pleasant green lanes. We should have thought that the chronicler of "Prior's Roothing" had that "plume bien nourrie de connaissances" which she imparts so lightly to let plain statements do the duty of telling who has proposed to who. Any resource would be better than the monotous Greek chorus of Mrs. Lushington.

Mr. Austin Dobson's welcome little book on **Fanny Burney** (Macmillian, 2*s.* net) is written with a silver pen. Whatever she may have been as an author, as a woman she was charming. To think of her is to recall the irresistible couplet of nursery days:

> Have you seen the starling?
> She's such a little darling!

Such a little darling was the "dear little Burney" of Dr. Johnson. If Burke and Sir Joshua were more ceremonious, it was not because they were less devoted. She carried the hearts of other women too, of women as different from herself and from each other as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Delany. There is a freshness about the story of "Evelina," the stolen moments that she snatched from her stepmother to write it, the secret publication, the rush of fame, the *naïf* satisfaction of Fanny and of every one belonging to her, that makes it a pleasant memory even now. She was only twenty-five, she was young enough to enjoy everything with the keen zest of a favourite in society, it never turned her wise head nor clouded her sober judgment but after all she was a girl, and nothing that ever happened to her own heroine was half so delightful. She should have married M. d'Arblay then and there, and never written anything else except the Diary. Even "Cecilia" was an anti-climax, and the things that followed "Cecilia" seem to have been worse than that horrible word. However, except for the five years that she passed in durance vile as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, her life was happy enough, although so long

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that she outlived her dearly loved husband and her only son. She never stood in a formal relation to any one; the shafts of her merry wit struck friend and foe alike—and no one, not even the odious "Schwellenberg" who teased her into an illness, was really her foe. They all subscribed largely for her worst works—regretted her absence—were enchanted (as well they might be) to see her back again. Mr. Austin Dobson's portrait of her is drawn with the utmost grace and delicacy. Garrick and the rest are no mere names to him, but friends as visible as any living now, and he runs in and out of the eighteenth century as if it were his next-door-neighbour's house. We cannot resist the pleasure of following him into Dr. Burney's, to look at Fanny during the only period of her demure and spirited existence when she was known as "the old lady."

Next door to the Burneys in Poland Street lived a wig-maker who supplied the voluminous full-bottomed periwigs then favoured by the gentlemen of the Law. The Burney girls used to play with the wig-maker's daughters, and one day the playmates got access to the wig-magazine. They then proceeded to array themselves in what Fanny's later friend, Dr. Hawkesworth, calls "the honours of the head," dancing about in great delight at their ridiculous figures Unfortunately one of the ten-guinea flaxen masterpieces soused suddenly into a garden tub filled with water, and forthwith losing all its portentous "Gorgon buckle," was declared by the manufacturer to be totally spoilt. "He was extremely angry," says Fanny's father, "and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, the old lady, then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says: 'What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but it is of no use to speak of it any more; because what's done can't be undone.'" Dr. Johnson could not have been more oracular, though he would probably have said (as indeed he does in "Rasselas")—"What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted."

My Memoirs. By Henry Stephan de Blowitz. (Arnold, 15*s.* net.) M. de Blowitz, whilst he was alive, never failed to amuse the readers of the *Times* every morning, quite as much as he instructed them, with veracious stories dressed up to resemble lies; stories so cleverly constructed that the line between fact and invention cannot always be discovered. He writes of con-

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temporary events as Dumas wrote of history, putting forward political views under the disguise of interviews, dramatic, or, as Carlyle would say, dramaturgic, which only lost verisimilitude when the reader discovered, as he was likely to do, M. de Blowitz himself agitating the limbs of his puppets. Thucydides did not undertake that all the speeches which he attributes to Pericles and Nicias were actually delivered by them; and M. de Blowitz, if he wanted to put a point of view, represented it in the form of a conversation between himself and some public man. All M. de Blowitz's interlocutors are equally witty, and they all speak the same dialect. It is always Blowitz, talking to Blowitz-Thiers, Blowitz-Bismarck, Blowitz-Gambetta. Discounting the dramaturgy, we always find that M. de Blowitz has said something and something true. His object was to make a point, and he succeeded. And if the infusion of Dumas is sometimes too strong for the truth-loving reader, he forgives it for the sake of the agreeable flavour.

I drove up in my brougham to the private entrance of Marlborough House. The Swiss at the gate would have disputed the passage, interdicted to all but the *élite*, but on perceiving my head at the window, "Ah, it is Blowitz!" he cried, and I entered.

"Make your master know that I am at his disposition!" I exclaimed.

At the end of two minutes I was summoned to the presence of his Majesty.

"Ah, my friend," he exclaimed, grasping me by the two hands, "we are going to talk."

I am not at liberty to record the heads of our conversation. I have been accused of indiscretion, but no one has said that I have been wanting to the honour of secrecy.

At the end of the interview the King handed to me a small casket. "You will accept this," he said, "from an old friend."

I opened it. It contained the insignia of the Victorian Order.

"Sire," I said, "permit me to say, in acknowledging with the deepest gratitude your Majesty's gracious appreciation of my humble services, that I possess already, as your Majesty knows, the Golden Fleece, given me by Alphonse XII.; the Saint Esprit exists no more;——your Majesty remembers d'Artagnan?"

"Ah, bah," said the King. "You must apply to my Minister. Garters are not in my gift. We are a constitutional country—but very constitutional."

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We will not affirm that this extract is to be found in M. de Blowitz's Memoirs, but there are passages which go near it, especially the interviews with Alphonso XII., with Bismarck, and with Pope Leo XIII.

After all, M. de Blowitz was in the first place a journalist, and his principal duty in life was to know the news before anybody else. That Bismarck was inclined to be more merciful to France than the Emperor William or Moltke is known; and his fencing with the Emperor William about the "scare" of 1875[1] throws light on M. de Blowitz's account of the relations of the war and peace parties at Berlin at this time. It is interesting to know that Bismarck played into M. de Blowitz's hands in this matter, managing that the news of that plot against the peace of the world should be revealed to the *Times* through the inspired indiscretion of a Minister.

Of the interview with Bismarck in July 1878, the following extract is striking:

The Prince remarked, rather severely: "The Peace of San Stefano was one of the most thoughtless actions of modern history. Ignatieff made a blunder which no true statesman would ever have committed. He took everything that he could get. When an enemy is vanquished, and one has one's foot on his neck, he can be made to give whatever one wants; but one must think of the consequences of the victory as well as the consequences of the defeat. We should not be where we are now if, in 1866, I had acted like Ignatieff—if I had taken territory from Austria. At that time every one was against me. . . . . I held my own, though, and since then I have often had cause to congratulate myself that I did so."

At these words I could not help looking the Prince in the face.

"I know what you mean," he said, "you are thinking about the last war. But in 1871 I acted in the same way. . . . . If I had acted like Ignatieff I should have demanded Picardy and Champagne. . . . . When I was urged to take Belfort and Metz, I refused . . . . and even with regard to Metz, on seeing the despair of poor M. Thiers, I hesitated."

The account of the incident of Bismarck speaking German to Thiers and Jules Favre, too long for quotation, is admirable in its directness and truthfulness; and the portrait of Thiers, like that given by M. Hanotaux, is the portrait of a great man and patriot, whose foibles appeared the more striking because they seemed to contradict his great qualities.

[1] *Vide* "Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck."

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WANTED: A SCAPE-GOAT

LIVING sometimes far from the madding crowd, sometimes in the thick of it, and always taking an intelligent interest in the course of current events, I have lately, in common with most of my countrymen, had my attention directed to the consideration of military problems. I have hoped that, as a nation, we were assimilating the knowledge acquired in sorrow and tribulation during the war, that we had taken the lesson to heart, and that, should we again be involved in war, the want of preparation which seems to have been hitherto the normal condition of the British army, was to be in future an impossibility.

After all, I thought, peace being declared, we should now put our house in order, we should endeavour to get a large and efficient army together, we should not grudge any expense, and the country would back up any Minister who was trying to attain that result. Reading the debates, however, on the Army Estimates in the House of Commons last spring showed me that in this I was wrong. The country seemed to have forgotten the enormous pressure that had been put on the War Minister to find men and material during the war, and how difficult it was to achieve such results. The inevitable reaction was in full swing, and John Bull, as he was admirably portrayed in an excellent caricature in *Punch*, forgetting his anxiety, which almost amounted to panic, had now no idea of paying for so expensive a luxury as a big dog to guard his

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valuables in time of peace. It is possible to understand, perhaps, the view taken by the country—that since things had gone so badly, there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere. Money had been spent like water, and though we had (to use anything but a happy phrase) "muddled through" in the end, there was a strong feeling that somebody must be punished for all the country had gone through, and a scape-goat must be found. Public attention then became riveted on the Secretary for War. All the mismanagement before the war, and during the war, and every grievance felt by any soldier or civilian on military matters (and some of these grievances were small enough) were laid to his charge. Then came the Blue Book on the War Commission, enormously long, containing many contradictory opinions, with no definite conclusion drawn as to who was really to blame all these years. Then the man in the street, whose opinions are so much quoted, with that quick decision born of ignorance, and the wish to punish somebody in consequence of the fright he had undergone, settled that Mr. Brodrick was the cause of it all, and that he must be removed. Upon this it struck me that it might be interesting to inquire if the Secretary for War was in fact as guilty as was made out, if he was, as so many seemed to think, an enemy of the Army and of progress, and if he really always sacrificed the good of the Army from general wrongheadedness and for political considerations. For I remembered that this last accusation has been made against every Minister who has ever held the office of Secretary for War.

Before writing any further, it would be as well to say that I hold no brief for Mr. Brodrick, and feel that in common with us all he is human, and consequently not infallible. Our countrymen now seem so prone to scatter praise or blame without discrimination, that observers often wonder if either are wholly deserved. Seemingly there has always been constant friction between the civil and military authorities, and between civil and military opinion on Army matters. I have no intention of dealing with ancient military history, but will start fifteen

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years ago, and will see what changes the late Secretary for War has introduced, compared with the condition of things at that date.

To begin with broad matters of system. Any scheme that was proposed by soldiers before the reign of the late Secretary was usually vetoed or pigeon-holed, and this will probably account for the fact that, according to the evidence before the War Commission, the Cassandra-like warnings of the soldiers (Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir John Ardagh, and others) were unheeded by the Government. As far as I can make out, the soldiers were allowed little power of initiative; there was no council at which they could make themselves heard; only the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General had direct access to the Secretary of State; everything filtered up through a succession of channels, and was liable to be stopped at any stage by the latter of these officials. The fate of a soldier who entered the War Office in those days, if he had any desire for reform, was to spend his time in fruitless endeavour. The Commissions and Committees which sat teemed with such instances of a state of things which, owing to the necessity for Parliamentary control, was considered to be unavoidable. All this has been changed. The late Secretary of State broke down the main barriers by putting soldiers into the posts immediately around him, so that military men had access through their own kind to the head of the Office. Sir Edward Ward, who had done so well at Ladysmith, furnished, I should think, a good exchange for Sir Ralph Knox, a permanent official of great ability, but naturally of stereotyped War Office ideas. Similarly, Colonel Hanbury Williams replaced a young War Office clerk, and Lord Stanley, who was a *persona grata* to the soldiers, took the place of Mr. Powell Williams, who was in somewhat constant friction with the military chiefs. The result has been, as I have heard on good authority, that not a single military proposal has been shelved during the last three years.

The main difficulty in meeting all military demands used

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to be money. I find, on looking at the Estimates, that £30,000,000 was voted for the peace army under Lord Roberts in contrast to the £16,000,000 which the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley had to deal with. Indeed, only ten or twelve years ago new works for barracks had to be found out of the Estimates. In the last five years alone, loans to the extent of £15,000,000 have been voted. Practically money has been found for every legitimate demand, and the military chiefs practically have had no cause to complain of undue difficulty attending the benefits which they have had the credit of obtaining for the soldier.

The War Office Council, on which all important military opinion is represented, has enabled the soldiers to bring their united weight to bear on the Secretary of State for any demand, but it is only since 1900 that this Council has kept minutes and recorded opinions; an inconvenient practice, perhaps, if people change opinion quickly, but a great advance from the business point of view. Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller would no doubt have felt it a great gain during the six months before the war could they have met the civilian Ministers face to face, and argued their case with them. One wonders that these officers, realising the tremendous danger their country was running by going to war in an unprepared state, did not insist on their views being placed before the Cabinet. The Defence Committee, which has sat for the last year, has given Lord Roberts and Sir William Nicholson the fullest latitude. No Commander-in-Chief before has ever had a chance of meeting every week five or six of the principal members of the Cabinet.

The above are changes of system which have placed the military heads of departments in a totally different relation to the Secretary of State and the public. It was rather difficult to notice these changes from the military evidence as given before the Commission, but as I read it, such seem to be undoubtedly the facts.

To turn to other changes achieved. First, in the matter

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of recruiting, a bold stroke has been made by reducing the eight years' service to three years, and by giving the soldier, whose pay has already been raised from 7*d.* clear to 1*s.* clear, a rise to 1*s.* 6*d.*, if he is willing to serve on for eight years. Except to a miner or artisan, it is difficult to see what more attractive career is open to a boy of eighteen than three years' service, with the power to extend it; or, if he chooses to go out, an allowance of 6*d.* a day for nine years for Reserve service. Yet those who have clamoured for better treatment of the soldier do not seem to have recognised, in a single instance, what has been done for him in this respect.

Secondly, as to the training of the troops. The opportunities of training at Aldershot, on Salisbury Plain, and in Scotland, which have been enormously increased, the provision made for manœuvres, the establishment of a first-rate education branch under General Hildyard, the abolition of obsolete forms of training, would themselves form a record for three years. The manœuvres, by universal consent, were a conspicuous success in consequence. Sir Evelyn Wood summed up the position in a sentence, when he said in a speech the other day that "more had been done for the Army in the last three years than in the whole previous forty-four in which he had been associated with it."

Thirdly, very important developments have taken place in the Medical and Nursing Services; but the tribute publicly paid to the reform of these departments by Sir Frederick Treves, and others chiefly concerned in them, makes it unnecessary for me to dwell here on the immense change accomplished.

We come next to the Auxiliary Forces. The Militia had undoubtedly been greatly handicapped by their long service in South Africa. Up to the end of the war, the Militia, 100,000 strong, had 30,000 of their men enrolled in the Militia Reserve, and taken away to serve with the Line when war broke out. These men had taken £1 a year to discharge the liability if called upon, little realising that they might

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have to join their Line regiments for two or three years. They bitterly resented it, and on their departure left the Militia regiments hopelessly inefficient. From 100,000 Militia, 30,000 were thus taken away, and, of the remaining 70,000, 35,000, or one half, were recruits of less than a year's service. Consequently when they volunteered for South Africa, hardly any could be employed in the front line. They did monotonous work in blockhouses, and came back miserably dissatisfied. The late Secretary of State abolished this Militia Reserve. He also gave all Militiamen £8 a year extra during the winter as a retaining fee, and allowed all Militia officers to go to Aldershot at the public expense in the summer to be trained. The Militia, therefore, had considerate treatment in at least one quarter.

It would take too long to go fully into the position of the Yeomanry, but the rise of this fine force from 9,000 men, with antiquated arms and exercises, to 27,000, admirably equipped for modern warfare, is a feature of the last two and a half years, and something to be proud of.

On the question of the Volunteers there are strongly conflicting opinions. The soldiers are inclined to demand that Volunteers should be placed as far as possible on the same footing as the Regular Army, while some civilians go to the other extreme and hold up the idea of a more irregular force or "armed nation" for home defence. I have no knowledge as to the late Secretary's opinion on this question. The main point to be considered is how far the military authorities at headquarters can be induced to trust the local military authorities to decide by inspection which corps can be properly exempted from conditions which they find it onerous to fulfil. Hard and fast rules have been proved almost impossible. If soldiers were bold enough to pronounce certain corps inefficient, and to call on the civilians to disband them, much better treatment might be meted out to those who remain. The present position cannot continue. A Royal Commission is a possible way out of an *impasse*, and should it take place, we can only

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hope that a *via media* may be found between the military and civil opinions, for there is at present no authority strong enough to take the risks involved in directly overruling either of them.

Discipline is another matter on which our minds have been much exercised since the war. As we have good reason to know, the Secretary of State is ultimately held responsible for all that occurs in connection with discipline cases in the Army. What the public fail to realise is that, although on some very important decision he may have a final voice, it would be deeply resented if in any one of the earlier stages of the discipline question, or the final stage of a less important decision, any one except the Commander-in-Chief and Adjutant-General were to intervene. Let us think for one moment of the cases which occurred during the last two years—the cases of Sir R. Buller, of Sandhurst, and of Colonel Kinloch. Though all these cases were openly discussed in all their bearings, and many different views taken as to the wisdom or unwisdom, the justice or the injustice of the Commander-in-Chief's decision, still the writer ventures to think that a far greater uproar would have been caused than even was caused if the late Secretary or any Secretary for War had overridden the Commander-in-Chief's decision in these cases. Yet the public consistently charges all that occurs on the civilian. Without changing the constitutional position, it would surely be possible to let it be realised that in most cases the "soldier flogs his own nigger."[1]

In connection with the discipline question, some are of opinion that as the Commander-in-Chief and the military authorities claim to manage such cases entirely themselves,

[1] And we might also add, rewards his own nigger. No doubt this was another great source of unpopularity of the late Secretary for War (though I believe the honour list is compiled by a committee of military men), that after a war was ended in which over 250,000 troops were engaged, rewards were given, and many officers were, *of necessity*, passed over, who had probably done as well as those rewarded, or whose friends at any rate thought they had.

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they alone should defend their decisions, and any calling in question of their judgment or justice should be treated as a declaration of want of confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, which it undoubtedly is.

And now having strung together a few of the changes, which certainly ought to be for the better, introduced by Mr. Brodrick, let us examine for one moment the position occupied by any Secretary for War. Let us remember, to begin with, the different points of view from which the soldier and the politician regard a question. The former gives an order and expects it to be obeyed, and it is difficult for him to understand that, while a politician may give an order for a change, before there is any chance of its being obeyed he has to carry the Cabinet and the country with him.

Again: people are constantly comparing the Navy with the Army, though the circumstances of the two services are very different. Think what would have occurred should the Navy have been almost constantly engaged in small wars in the same way as the Army has been between the Crimean and South African Wars. Probably we should have seen different parties proclaiming the virtues and capabilities of admirals in the same way in which public opinion in this country is divided about the respective merits of Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Kitchener, and many minor lights. The Navy not having been in active service lately, the search-light of the Press has never been focused on any particular admiral, so that the country at large pays little or no attention to what appointments are made in the Navy, while it jealously scrutinises the smallest appointment or even promotion in the sister service. Another cause which I think has contributed to the failure of the War Office to secure efficiency, or even to give the public satisfaction, apart from the various Secretaries of State, is this: When a general shows great ability as a leader of men in the field, in consequence of his success he is promptly put to a different business, viz., administrative work at the War Office: as if a man should be an expert swordsman, and

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should instantly be placed at the head of a sword factory. Until it is realised that expert generalship in the field and administrative qualities are not necessarily found combined in the same individual, the department in question will inevitably continue to suffer. As I have before stated, I do not consider Mr. Brodrick infallible, nor is any other human being, yet surely it is a moot point whether the country, and the soldiers in particular, have been quite fair in their strictures on a Minister who has worked hard to increase the Army, who has done much for the individual soldier, and has made arrangements by which the voice of the soldier is both audible and articulate; above all, has made it possible that expert military opinion should be laid before the Government of the day. But history, as we know, always repeats itself, and certainly no Secretary for War during the last fifty years has enhanced his political reputation in that onerous and thankless office. In fact, as a brilliant Prime Minister once wrote, "a War Minister must find his reward in his conscience or his salary."

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THE PRESENT DRIFT OF ITALIAN POLICY

By COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

Member for the Second Electoral District of Rome in the Italian Parliament, Member of the General Budget Committee, Leader of the Italian Liberal Party (Crispi section)

THE ideas of a statesman on the foreign policy of Italy, of which subject he has made a particular study, may prove, as I hope, not only interesting but of some importance to my readers. The question I propose to deal with at some length is the part played by Italy in the political world, and the political and economical events, Italian and foreign, which have led to the present position of the Italian kingdom among the European nations, as well as the results which may be expected from the present policy of their statesmen.

Before all, I must say that, in order to speak of this subject with some authority and knowledge, I shall not be satisfied with a study of the political situation of to-day, but I shall also have recourse to past events, which have affected the foreign policy of Italy since the time when the alliance of the three Central Powers, the "Triplice," came into existence. I shall also refer to the facts that inspired, advised, and determined the Italian Government to conclude that alliance.

For I think that, by doing this and not otherwise, I shall be able to determine the real international political situation of

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Italy to-day, whilst re-affirming with a clear conscience that the real and integral foundation of the foreign policy of Italy is to be found partly in her alliance with Germany and Austria, in the "Triplice," partly in her dealings with France and Russia, and still more in her old and tried friendship for England. To this friendship, I am fully convinced, the greatest importance must be given as an Italian asset of the highest value, far superior even to the importance attributed to the Triple Alliance, in consideration of our Mediterranean defence, and of the vital commercial and industrial interests that depend on this friendship. The historical ties, which bind Italy to England, will encourage me in this pleasant task. Being an old admirer of England, whose history I have studied *con amore*, and having travelled through England, I can say, without boasting, that my knowledge of that country is as deep as my love for it is unlimited; and I feel quite sure that these friendly sentiments are as universal among Englishmen as they undoubtedly are among Italians. This old friendship has now been wonderfully strengthened by the visit of King Edward VII. to Rome, and by that of King Victor Emmanuel III. to London, both these capitals having shown their delight by rejoicings that will not be easily forgotten. Such national rejoicings acquired a still higher importance from the fact that both monarchs, by such visits, gave expression in a practical way to the feelings and the thoughts of their people. These joyful and eventful facts of international politics deserve still greater consideration and derive far greater weight from the knowledge that the English people does not easily give way to open expression of its inner feelings, however deep and sincere these may be, and is naturally averse to all loud manifestations of enthusiasm. The rejoicings of to-day are the open expression of the feelings of yesterday as they will be of those of to-morrow.

The good relations so happily renewed with the French Republic should not make us forget that in the Triple Alliance is not to be found any purpose or idea of aggression against the

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neighbouring Republic. That alliance was only entered into for the patriotic, powerful, and irresistible aims of legitimate defence and of protection of Italian interests. And this recalls to my mind certain movements of the English fleet among our military ports, where it was ever welcomed, not less cordially than are our men of war in English ports.

I have neither the idea nor the wish to recall, and far less to stir up, the fires of old hatreds, always fatal and nowadays happily quenched; but history, our best teacher, should not be neglected if we are to profit by its useful teaching, so as to avoid the danger of forgetting our rights and our duties, lulled in the sleep of seeming security brought about by contemporary events.

The compelling and unavoidable necessity of the Triple Alliance devised, with happy forethought, by Mancini is proved still more by the fact that it has been twice renewed, when coming to its close by lapse of time, and that, too, by Rudini and by Prinetti, who had been both open enemies of such an alliance, and, as private members, had adversely and strenuously criticised its conclusion. They had approved it only for the parliamentary purpose of upsetting a ministry, the ministry of Francesco Crispi. For mental strength, Italian geniality, political forethought, refined sensibility as to the dignity of a government, and for services to his country, Crispi towered far above his critics and opponents. Yet, he had not the opportunity of renewing that alliance. This he would have done without doubt, as, without doubt, he would have renewed it on conditions far more favourable to Italian interests. And although it is now well known, through documents that have become public in Italy and elsewhere, that this treaty of alliance does not contain a single clause binding Italy to fixed and burdensome armaments, the extreme parties and the enemies of the Italian Government have left no stone unturned and have spared no effort to spread the idea that such is the case; and among these most prominent are Starabba and Prinetti.

From these preliminary observations, though made without

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any reference to the chronological order of recent events, it may be seen very plainly that the Triple Alliance was not due to any animosity or old grudge against France. It was concluded a long time before Crispi became Prime Minister, and after the famous occupation of Tunis by the French, which followed their bloodless war against the Krumirs. Political partisanship labours in vain to prove the contrary.

At this point I might well recall some historical facts that will strengthen still more my arguments.

It was not Crispi who denounced the Commercial Treaty with France, but the De Pretis-Robilant Ministry, although this lie has been repeated many times by Crispi's enemies. On the contrary, when Crispi became Prime Minister the first thing he did was to propose and to sign an agreement with the French Republic, by which differential tariffs were abolished, without demanding or obtaining any compensating advantage for such a surrender. And this he did because of the great wish he had to live at peace with France. He also sent the Italian Mediterranean Squadron, under the late Vice-Admiral Lovera, on a visit to Toulon. The gravest and most dangerous occurrences which imperilled the good relations between France and Italy, the murders of Aigues-Mortes, and the expulsion of Italian workmen from France, did not take place whilst Crispi was in power. I must repeat once more that the conclusion of the Triple Alliance, as far as Italy was concerned, was an unavoidable necessity of a purely defensive nature, especially at a time when Italy had suffered a diplomatic check at the Berlin Congress after the Russo-Turkish War. Whilst that Congress gave Cyprus to England and Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria-Hungary, Italy had the melancholy consolation of leaving it "empty-handed but honest."

As the purpose of this article is to deal with the foreign policy of Italy, more especially in reference to her friendship with England, it is worth while to recall the fact that in the summer of 1882, when a barbaric and vandalic revolution broke out in Egypt under the leadership of Arabi Pasha, in

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Italy this man was believed by some people to be a kind of Egyptian Garibaldi. This ridiculous and colossal sham revolution, which I chanced to have the opportunity of witnessing, the English Government proposed to suppress with the help of Italy, whose co-operation was officially requested. Francesco Crispi and Marco Minghetti, inspired by great political forethought, warmly supported this proposal. Crispi, moreover, went on purpose to London to confer about it with Lord Granville, who was then Foreign Secretary of State, and from London he sent repeated messages to the Italian Ministry, urging, as best he could, the Italian Government to share with the English its civilising work in Egypt, a country which owes to Great Britain its political and economic redemption. Crispi wanted the Italian flag with the glorious Cross of Savoy to wave by the side of the victorious flag of old England. But Mancini, though a clever man, listened to bad advisers, and, lacking the genius and the dash needed for such a policy, missed this golden opportunity. He gave way to a morbid sentimentality, according to which Italy, a newly risen nation that owed its existence to the principle of nationalities, was not to follow a policy of adventure. He misunderstood the Egyptian rising, which had the appearance of a national revolution, and was in reality nothing better than brigandage on a large scale, with robbery, pillage, and slaughter ; and thus our Foreign Minister made the great refusal, that has proved so fatal to Italy, since to it we are indebted for the policy that led us two years after to fish up in the Red Sea the famous Keys of the Mediterranean. The occupation of Massaua was not only a derisive compensation for our failure in Egypt, but was the cause of a long and almost interminable series of sanguinary disasters, hardly redeemed by some heroic deeds at the battles of Coatit, Kassala, and Tucruf, and by the victory of Agordat, so brilliantly gained over a numerous army of warlike dervishes by our worn-out troops, inferior in numbers, under the command of Colonel Arimondi, a gallant soldier who met with a glorious death on the battle-field of Adua.

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It is with a feeling of no small pride that I recall to my mind Francesco Crispi, the great statesman, the glorious patriot, my master, to whose friendship in good as in bad fortune I was ever faithful, in the last days of his useful life, which were fiercely and cruelly embittered by the disgusting calumnies of his enemies. Towards the end he was in the greatest financial straits; and I can truly say that he died of a broken heart. His death was an irreparable misfortune for Italy and for the monarchical government of Italy, to which poor Crispi, in spite of accusations and reproofs of every kind, had given the invaluable support of his genius. I can assert in all conscience that in his noble and generous mind there was not harboured the least idea of rancour towards France. If some of his actions had the appearance of being hostile to France, historical truth obliges us to acknowledge that they were due to his highly sensitive feeling for the honour and the glory of Italy, which were the principal aims of his strong policy, and against which he would brook no insult. A proof of this is found in the fact that our fellow citizens, scattered in large numbers all over the world to find an honest living by their labour, felt safe under the protection of the Italian flag; Italy was respected when its government was in the hands of Francesco Crispi. His visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe was cleverly taken advantage of by his enemies, and was used as a pretext for refusing to renew the commercial treaty. The new agreement lately concluded is very favourable to France, to whom new markets were freely opened; whilst to Italy was left the doubtful advantage of hoping to create new industries or of improving the old ones. It is now a long time since really friendly relations have prevailed between France and Italy; I can say that no such relations have existed since the year 1870, when the Italians entered Rome. Among the many evidences of this, I shall only mention the irritating presence of the *Orenoque* in the waters of Civitavecchia for several years after the fall of the temporal power, and the

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purposely delayed arrival of the ambassador of the French Republic—I think it was M. Fournier—to the Quirinal. It happened thus that France was the last European Power to send an ambassador to the Italian King in Rome, whilst, strangely enough, Austria-Hungary had been the first.

My noble friend the hon. Senator Nobili-Vitelleschi, a consummate politician well versed in foreign affairs, with the usual shrewdness peculiar to him, only the other day made an eloquent speech in the Italian Senate about the foreign policy of the Government, a speech which recalled that of Count de Castellane in the French Chamber. The argument on which he dwelt was the following: "'The foreign policy of Italy has, during the last few years, undergone so many changes that it could be said that Italy belongs only apparently to the 'Triplice,' whilst it is not included in the 'Duplice' or Franco-Russian Alliance. Russia has shown no friendship for Italy, far from it; and France, although she has not been lacking in open demonstrations of sympathy, and even of flattery, has done nothing else for our country." I cannot help thinking that the noble Senator is quite right in his assertion, when I observe that France, on the very eve of his Majesty the King of Italy's visit to Paris, raised the Customs dues on the importation of Italian cattle from 20 to 30 per cent. In concluding his speech, which some may criticise as too pessimistic, Senator Nobili-Vitelleschi said: "We do not belong to the 'Triplice' or to the 'Duplice,' and we shall end by finding ourselves, as on the eve of the Berlin Congress, 'A Dio spiacenti ed ai nemici sui'—'hated by God and by his enemies,' as Dante says of time-servers and political trimmers." Thanks to the able policy of Signor Morin, the present Foreign Minister, I have some reason to believe that to-day our international position has improved. Our relations with Austria-Hungary, which were on the verge of rupture under his predecessor, have once more become normal, notwithstanding the commotion caused by the Innsbruck students. No one in Italy, at least no man of common sense,

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thinks of changing our allies, and no one feels with diminished force the duty of Italy to be loyal to engagements to which the country is bound by treaty. I think, however, that although the letter of a treaty may not be altered, its spirit may undergo that partial modification which time and public opinion naturally bring about. Those men are right who assert that time and experience have most fortunately replaced mistrust by confidence, and who acknowledge the honesty of each Power in its aims and its international policy. Loyalty to alliances contracted with a free will does not admit of any treacherous afterthought, although it may not forbid full liberty of action towards other non-allied Powers and that friendly intercourse which is of so great advantage to the general peace and honourable to every nation.

Italy, with the full knowledge of her ability to deal with any future event, though with an expenditure on her army that hardly justifies the saying, *si vis pacem, para bellum*, is the most pacific factor among all the nations of the world. As such she well deserves to be taken into account, and has the right of carrying her flag everywhere. Her flag is the representative of a civilisation whose victories are in the fields of science, of literature, and of the arts. Thanks to the genius, to the courage, to the spirit of self-sacrifice, which are traditional in the glorious House of her King, and of which the voyage of H.R.H. Prince Luigi of Savoy to the Polar regions has been the last and not the least proof, Italy may well await in full confidence the gradual unfolding of a glorious and happy future.

FELICE SANTINI.

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ANTI-SEMITISM IN CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA

By M. TUGAN-BARANOWSKY[1]

THE whole European Anti-Semitic press points to the fleecing of the Christian population by the Jews as the mainspring of Anti-Semitism. But certainly as regards the Anti-Semitic movement in contemporary Russia, its cause is not to be found in the working man's hatred of the Jew. I have been living for the last two years in a "Little-Russian" village of the Poltawa government. The Jews have the right of free residence in the towns of the province, but the settlement of new Jewish immigrants in the villages is strictly prohibited by law; in spite of which prohibition there is hardly a village throughout the government without a Jewish colony, whose members had no legal right to settle there. There would be no difficulty in getting such Jews turned out of their various abodes by the police; a mere denunciation of the transgressors to the authorities would suffice; and yet we find thousands of Jews who have for years been living in undisturbed enjoyment among the peasants, each of whom, if he chose to take the trouble, would have it in his power to end in a most abrupt way the friendly intercourse of Jew and Christian. Surely

[1] M. Tugan-Baranowsky is a distinguished leader and exponent of Russian Liberal opinion in sociology and economics.

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such a fact does not point to the existence of Anti-Jewish feeling among the Russian peasantry. Indeed, I may say from my personal observations that the attitude of the peasantry towards the Jew is distinctly of a friendly nature; I have been unable to trace any instance of the alleged fleecing of the Christian population by the Jews. In former days—whether rightly or wrongly is an open question—the Jews were reproached with showing too strong an inclination for the profession of publican, whereby they ruined and corrupted the peasant. M. de Witte, in establishing the state monopoly of spirits, has withdrawn from all private enterprise this source of income, so that the Treasury is nowadays the sole and mighty publican.

The Jewish usurer is another theme dear to the Anti-Semitic press. But the usurer must needs be a wealthy person—a poor devil like the Jewish colonist settled amid the "Little-Russian" peasantry may possibly long for credit; he certainly is not in a position to give it. The majority of Jews I have personally come across are honest and well-intentioned folk, who work with productive and useful industry. In this region the Jewish usurer is unknown; but we often hear of the usury practised by a few wealthy Russian landowners. Most of the Jewish villagers are either shopkeepers or retail-dealers, and there is no doubt but that their modest stalls and trading bestow real benefits upon the indolent peasants to whom the Jewish middleman spares long and costly journeys for the purchase of necessaries. Other Jews are artisans—cobblers, tailors, smiths, &c. In brief, the Jews form the commercial and industrial element in the rural population of "Little Russia," and their expulsion from the villages would place the peasantry in an awkward situation. This the husbandmen well understand, and they regard the Jews accordingly as a useful portion of the village community. They have no sympathy whatever with the restrictions placed upon the settlement rights of the Jew, since they derive valued profit from the common intercourse. The village schools admit Jewish children along with the

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Christian, and there are no reports of ill-feeling between the children of the respective denominations. Of course, in the eyes of the peasant, if only by reason of this religious difference, the Jew is no fellow countryman, but an alien, though not an enemy. The "Little-Russian" peasant considers himself, as compared to the Jew, the latter's superior both morally and in physique, and looks down upon him with a kind of good-tempered irony. He finds the Jew a "rum 'un," scoffs at his loquacity and gesticulations, and indulges in varied and humorous tales of Jewish cowardice, but he feels himself anything but fleeced or oppressed. I have detected no sign of hatred among the villagers. And yet, in spite of all I have said, the Jew can never feel quite sure that the Russian neighbour, with whom he has been living in friendly intercourse for years and years, will not one day set upon him, rob him of his goods, ill-treat him in every conceivable way, and, perhaps, put him to death. This contradictory state of affairs calls for some explanation.

The Jew may be a "good sort," but, I repeat, to the Russian peasant he ever remains a foreigner, or what is worse, a follower of the abhorred creed. "Have not the Jews crucified our Lord?" And in Russia more particularly this time-honoured and universal source of Anti-Semitism cannot fail to tell on the popular mind. Still there can be little doubt that religious differences are in themselves quite incapable of rousing the peasantry to such cruel deeds as form the ordinary accompaniment to the sack of the Jewish quarters. I maintain the opinion that despite such differences the customary bearing of the Russian peasant towards the Jew is distinctly of a friendly kind; the Jew is a poor, hard-working and useful person, and the peasant has no personal reason to hate him. The same cannot be said of many Christian landowners, and it is an undisputed fact that the peasantry display more animosity against the wealthy landowners as a class than against the Jews as a class.

Hence, to bring about a sack of the Jewish quarters

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requires the intervention of some exceptional factor. For instance, the Christian population may acquire the conviction that the Czar is in favour of such a consummation, though it must be very difficult for a Westerner to understand how such an idea can gain a hold over the masses. Yet, in truth, the Russian peasantry see nothing unnatural in the idea that the Czar has abandoned this or that social class to the plunderers. Not more than a year ago the peasantry of this government were thoroughly convinced that they were acting in full accord with the Imperial will in attacking the aristocratic manors. The series of raids on the Jewish population which followed closely upon the assassination of Emperor Alexander II. was directly connected with this event. I was a chance eye-witness of one of these raids, that of Kieff. I asked several of the assailants what grievance they had against the Jews, and invariably received the following reply: "The Jews have murdered our Czar." All were unreservedly convinced that, even if the raid had not been formally ordered, it was authorised at any rate; and, truly, what other conviction could they have acquired, considering the conduct of the authorities on this occasion? Of troops there were plenty at hand, stationed in a compact body by the very side of the raging mob; but they looked on in perfect composure and indifference, they made not a single effort to protect the Jews; so the assailants concluded, in all sincerity, that the soldiers had been stationed there, not to shelter the Jews from the fury of the plunderers, but to guard the latter against any resistance on the part of the former.

To-day, once again, the belief is ingrained in the popular imagination that the baiting of the Jews is sanctioned by the Government. Apart from this, the origin of the most recent instances of cruelty is pretty clear. The greatest share of the blame rests—and quite legitimately too!—with the local Anti-Semitic press, which, by enlarging on the pretended ritual murder of a Christian boy in the borough of Dubossary, has, with the aid of wild rhetorical outbursts, stirred up popular

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rage against the Jews. The conspicuous part played by the Kishineff organ, *Bessarabetz*, in inciting to the subsequent disgraceful scenes, is universally known. The local authorities in Kishineff were perfectly aware of the long-prepared raid on the Jewish quarter, and, as it has since leaked out, encouraged it underhand, whilst the share of responsibility which lay with the central powers in the matter has, up to date, not been fully elucidated. One fact, however, is clear: the Kishineff authorities took no measures whatever to forestall the sack and massacre of the Jews. The subsequent proceedings of the Russian Government—as, for instance, the official reports on the Kishineff and Gomel disturbances—have largely contributed to the spread of the Anti-Semitic movement throughout Russia, for these reports strove to throw the initial blame of the disturbances on the Jews themselves, so that the peasants, when they read the papers, naturally see in the official *communiqués* an Imperial indictment of the guilty conduct of the Jews towards their Christian brethren. These reports have not failed to arouse feelings of profound resentment throughout the whole Russian people. In my neighbourhood, as already stated, the prevalent bearing of the native population towards the Jews is wholly a friendly one. But no sooner had the peasants inferred from the official *communiqués* that the Jews had attacked the Christians, than they began to talk openly about the necessity of raiding the Jews. On a certain day every Jew in the district was trembling for his life and fearful of leaving his abode; a petty squabble between a Christian and a Jew would then have been quite enough to bring about a general attack on the Jews. Fortunately, nothing of the kind occurred, and things soon resumed their normal course.

I should add, however, that the chief blame for the baiting of Jews does not rest exclusively with the Russian Government; far from it. True, the Russian central authorities can afford far better than their colleagues in states that enjoy political liberty to ignore popular pressure—indeed, at this very moment Russian public opinion is sincerely advocating

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liberal reforms, whilst the Government cling obstinately to their policy of reaction. Yet in one direction at least of Russian policy the Government are entirely at one with the exertions of the most influential classes of Russian society, namely, in the hostile policy pursued with regard to the alien nationalities. Russian Nationalism, whose aggressiveness has led to the destruction of Finnish liberties, is not a mere Government invention. Deeply rooted in Russian society for many years, it has of late been growing apace. The sudden change of policy towards Finland had been prepared by the Nationalist agitation in the press, and in this particular respect the Government did but obey the Nationalist drift of a considerable section of Russian society.

Now, the main effort of the Russian Nationalists has ever been, and continues to be, directed against the Jew. They are not exactly mistaken in regarding him as an element foreign to the nation, and as one who, under no circumstances, can be won over to the conception of an All-Russian supremacy; an element, moreover, which, from their standpoint, is all the more dangerous since it has taken root in the very heart of the Russian national organism. Undoubtedly it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than the respective racial features of Jew and Russian, and, in my own opinion, the Nationalists are not deceiving themselves when they maintain the impossibility of ever making the Jew into a true Russian of the sound old Muscovite type. But the real backbone of Russian Anti-Semitism should by no means be sought for among the rural and labouring classes—who have no grievances against the Jews—it is supplied by the well-to-do classes of Russian society, in particular by the upper and lower middle class, reinforced by a notable proportion of the professional men. A few years ago there was held at St. Petersburg a general congress of Russian artisans, and this assembly showed clearly to what considerable extent the Russian mechanic is imbued with the Nationalist bias, by declaring in favour not only of the maintenance, but of the extension of the restrictions attached to the Jewish rights

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of settlement—and this for obvious reasons. The Jewish competitor, who works for lower wages, often ruins the Russian artisan, hence the latter's prompt adhesion to Nationalism and Anti-Semitism. The tradesmen are in a similar position; their press is equally characterised by Nationalism and hatred of the Jew. Likewise, as regards the Russian contractor, the Semite is his most dangerous and accordingly most hateful competitor, and the same would apply to many lawyers, doctors, writers, journalists, and representatives of the liberal professions, wherein the Jewish competition is very strong. Endowed with unusual industry and perseverance, the Jews gradually supplant their Russian *confrères*, thus forcing the latter to join the Nationalist ranks. It is a fact universally recognised that the most violent "Jew-haters" are to be found among their unsuccessful rivals.

Of course, even among the educated classes of Russia the Jews number some sincere friends. Russian Liberals cannot sympathise with the restrictions placed on the civic rights of the Jew, and it would be well-nigh impossible to single out an Anti-Semite among the highest representatives of Russian literature, art, and science. But this consideration does not prevent the overwhelming mass of Russian minds from assuming an attitude anything but friendly towards the Jewish element. As regards the Government itself, it is singularly influenced by the Nationalist strata of Russian society. Anti-Semitism is further strengthened in official circles by the fact that in every revolutionary movement the Jews, on grounds which call for no explanation, have taken a large part. On the other hand, a counter-current in favour of the Jews is equally noticeable in the sphere of government. M. de Witte is the very reverse of an Anti-Semite, and a few years back went so far as to prepare on the quiet a radical reform in the legal status of the Russian Jew. I have had the opportunity of perusing personally a secret memoir by Witte, wherein he advocated the removal of all legal restrictions pertaining to the civil rights of the Jew within the Russian Empire. The call for so

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radical a reform was founded by M. de Witte on purely economic motives. The late Finance Minister laid stress on the supreme importance for the general commercial life of Russia, and more especially for Russian trade and industry, of the proposed liberation of the Jew from restrictive measures that seriously hamper his spirit of enterprise. In face of the prominent part played by Jewish capital in the international finance market, and of the dependence of Russia's financial situation on foreign capital, no Russian Minister of Finance can help wishing for a transformation of the present Anti-Semitic policy pursued by the Russian Government. Yet, although M. de Witte, at the time he composed the memoir, was the most influential member of the Government, his endeavours to improve the legal status of the Russian Jew proved utterly fruitless. Nationalism, then as now, was too strong throughout the country to admit of the possibility of carrying through any such reform.

TUGAN-BARANOWSKY.

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CRESCENT AND CROSS

OF all the Greek isles, Castellorizo lies most apart, altogether outside the Archipelago, and nearly a hundred miles east of the mother island, Rhodes. The mainland coast over against it is the wildest in Anatolia, sheering from the surf to the snow-line, and little inhabited but by wandering shepherds. Sons of sturdy Rhodian Greeks, who would not remain under the Latins, now hold Castellorizo; and on so barren a rock, with one small sheltered harbour, they must live by exploiting the sea. The Turk is their overlord, but his representatives, a *mudir* with half a dozen Customs officers, being dependent on infidel keels for all communication with the mainland, maintain a chastened reserve, studious to conciliate quayside opinion. Finding this set strongly in our favour, they forebore to demand our papers, offered weak propitiatory coffee, and effaced themselves for the time being. The heavily sparred brigs and two-masted *caïques* were packed so close in the basin that a man might cross dryshod; but the magazines and counting-houses round the port showed that their service was no longer in that piracy which once made the Castelloriziote a terror to the Levant. The islanders now do a large trade, as carriers between the smaller south Anatolian ports and Alexandria, where you may always see one or two of their square-rigged craft lying opposite the steamer berths; and they make most profitable commerce in firewood and charcoal, procured from the moun-

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tain forests of Lycia. "The mainland then is yours also?" I asked. "Ours, as much as any one's," said the sons of corsairs. "We take what we will; whom should we pay?"

Once before, propped drowsily on my elbow on the deck of a rusty tramp steamer, which had called in vain for freight and sheered off again ere I was well awake, I had had a momentary glimpse of the island, and one thing especially had stayed in my remembrance, the singular beauty of its fisher-folk whom we passed drifting on the bay. Nor were those "dark faces pale against that rosy flame" of dawn of my imagining. For the island type is indeed the finest I have seen among latter-day Hellenes, almost that of the Praxitelean ideal. Oval face with brow low and broad below clustering hair; eyes, wide-set, long and liquid; straight and faultless nose; short upper lip and chin, and thin-lipped mobile mouth. But the straight fall of the skull behind will warn you the race is old, if a certain meagreness of flesh and over-refinement of feature and limb have not betrayed that fact already. Women, with three-year babes at their knees, show too much structure in their faces, and too little roundness of outline. But very beautiful none the less they seemed to us, who could only gaze with as little discretion as might safely be used in an Eastern society, and marvel that painters and sculptors had not happened on this waking dream of fair women. The men, who had shown off their pretentious marble church, garish with gilt carvings and Russian *icons*, led us on to the schools, and first to that of the girls. It was a high Sunday, Feast of the Annunciation, and there should have been holiday. But I suspect a class was gathered privily, when Englishmen were seen to land, for no Greek will deny himself the joy of showing his schools to a Western stranger. As we entered, serried ranks rose to greet us, and the eyes of a hundred maidens, fit to bear Athena's *peplus*, met our own. Miserably we listened to a hymn, miserably stammered incoherent thanks, and miserably fled. Who were we to patronise a choir of goddesses?

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The town, more regularly laid out than most of its kind, rises tier upon tier in a horseshoe above the port, from which steep stone ladders radiate, dividing the wedges of habitation, as blocks in a theatre. We climbed from one horn of the bay to the other, amazed at the sweetness and cleanness of street and house. You may see the same nicety in the richer Cyclad isles, in Santorini for example. There, too, to be dirty is to confess social failure. The housewife of the most speckless floor holds highest her head, and in prodigality of whitewash and paint would delight a London landlord. Blue balconies overhanging the roadway, and bright-hued shutters and doors seemed fewer in Castellorizo than in other Greek towns of its pretension; and by glimpses of the interiors we were assured that more than the outside of the cup and the platter was here made clean. The houses seemed for the most part to look not on the street, but on high-walled courts, in the secretive Moslem manner; built perhaps thus in darker days when the island was a pirate nest. But the heavy outer doors of many were thrown back on that festal Lady-day, revealing garden-fringes of orange and lemon and almond about carpet-wise pavements of parti-coloured pebbles; and we had to answer laughing invitations from the women-folk, standing or sitting in their entrance-ways. Our good luck it was to see them on a gala-day in all their gauds, among whose bold tints some sure instinct introduced a dominant tawny yellow, to warm the brown-white skins.

So we came at last on to the saddle of the twin-peaked rock, which makes all the island. The further slopes looked too naked even for goats, and our self-appointed guides owned to their possession of but one precious spring of running water. Flocks, if any keep them, are pastured at large on the opposite mainland, where dwell a few small colonies of squatters, charcoal-burning, olive-gardening, farming, shepherding. All the Lycian seaboard, piled block by block to points and bars of snow, lay in distant view to northward: on a nearer plane the burnished strait of Antiphellus, with a fleet

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of fishing craft becalmed; and at our feet the bright vision of the town.

Happy isle! Forced to live by and on that element which gives sobriety, dignity, calmness, constancy, courage; braces and cleanses a man, and raises him out of his local pettiness. So small that each citizen may feel the interest of the community his own, and subordinate himself to the common weal as in a City State of his forefathers. Too far from the free Hellenic Kingdom to be greatly troubled by its windy ambition to stagger the world; too near an alien overlord to forget him, but, so there be peace, out of range of his hand. A barren soil, a safe harbour, a narrow territory, parochial freedom, but imperial dependence—such are the conditions of happiness for a Greek isle; but the greatest of these is imperial dependence.

Hard saying for those who hold national liberty the first and last condition of well-being. But I have known more than one professed champion of subject nationalities in the Levant say worse; him, for example, who pronounced the Greek "happier under every government than his own." His bitter epigram, however, would be not less true of others than the Greeks, in the Nearer East. For most of its denizens, being remote heirs of old civilisations, have characters of more intelligence than strength, little capable of self-discipline. The organised opinion of the community, embodied in statute, means very little to them. While naturally among the most orderly, they are the most lawless citizens in the civilised world, men by whom, in whatever station, all acts of government are held extraneous. Taxation is mere oppression from without and a direct impost is not endured, if the indirect will produce the barest subsistence for the state. Formed in that laboratory of ideas which is constituted where very old civilisations have encountered one another from immemorial time, the imagination of Levantine peoples is stronger than their will. Their words always far overpass their deeds, and their power of perseverance and resistance is hugely disproportionate to their hopes.

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Such characters need the pressure of a strong religious or political system; but it seems that the repressive influence is salutary only if not begotten of the Near Eastern peoples themselves. It should be alien, intrusive in the first instance, and always dependent for strength and vitality on some external racial centre. I know no better example of such an influence than that of the religious system of Islam, and no better foil to it than the religious system of the Greek Church. In the company of two famous champions of Christian nationalities, it has been my good fortune to visit various parts of the Levant. These distinguished Britons are among the most sincere and tenacious of their race, and they will die (in their beds, I trust, and at home) in the unshaken profession of these sympathies to which they have often given practical expression. But in the Near East itself they have not been consistently behaved, reminding one not a little of Byron, in that contrast which their theoretic enthusiasm for clients as they should be, has made with incurable distaste for clients as they are. Indeed in both cases I have observed so much practical preference for the Moslem that, if these gentlemen were to remain over long time in the Levant lands, they would be sore put to it to keep the confidence of the Christians, or indeed the purity of their own profession. For the Greek, at least, knows the inconsistency of his British champions, and is quick to suspect that their intellectual preference is not that of their emotions. "Do good to your friends, but love your enemies," says he, is the British reading of the first duty of a Christian; and I doubt not, if it came to a choice in ostracism, the British phil-Hellene would be the first foreigner to pack and go from modern Athens.

The attitude of these my distinguished countrymen towards Levantine Christians is so much the attitude of the average Briton towards Christians, wheresoever found in the East, that it cannot be an individual or even a racial accident that provokes it; but rather some common vice incident on the

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Christian profession and practice in all such lands; or perhaps the defect of something with which Christianity may be credited as professed and practised by ourselves. And when I note that the sympathy, which my friends deny to the individual Eastern Christian, is given instinctively to the individual Moslem, I must conclude that the sin of Eastern Christianity is one of omission. Something which results from or accompanies the profession of the Christian creed in the West, is consequent, not on Christianity, but to some extent on another profession in the East; and this thing we evidently value above creed itself. Something of a practical sort it must be; for the British mind is mostly of that temper which regards acts rather than their motives, and values works above faith.

It has often been observed by impartial and dispassionate men in India, that the gravest danger which awaits a new convert to Christianity lies in the withdrawal from him of the moral support of the particular society to which he naturally belongs. By a change of creed, which detaches an individual from the local community, the sincerest character stands to lose much; while very many converts, being of that vacillating and insincere character which is most apt for conversion, inevitably lose whatever element of stability they had. From the inexorable moral pressure of the local communal system, organised on a basis of creed, the individuality of a convert is set free, to seek support from a moral system, would-be universal, but not specially adapted to his local or native peculiarities; a moral system, which claims to be independent, not only of local particularism, but of all racial and national distinctions whatsoever; a moral system based originally on the creed which the convert has now adopted, but on that creed as practised in another clime, in other ages, and, by men of other temper than the majority of the Europeans, of whom he is likely to have personal experience. In actual practice he will continually see Christian actions not based on any obvious belief in dogmatic Christianity; and it will be a traditional and unconscious morality that he must consciously labour

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to acquire under circumstances vitally different to those of its proper home. If the possibility of his full identification with this moral system would be doubtful, even were there really a universal society of the Church, how often must it be impossible at present when the "Christian Brotherhood" is broken up into wholly incompatible groups by divergence of racial and national character?

But India and the Nearer East have not much in common. At first sight it would seem unreasonable that a common disadvantage attending native Christianity in the Far East, should be held accountable for the sentiment we feel towards Levantine Christians. For in the latter case we have to do not with the faith of converts, won over by Western evangelists, but with hereditary Christianity of a greater antiquity than even our own; and not with individual sporadic Christians, but whole peoples and nationalities of Christian profession. Nevertheless though the antecedent process be different, Christian character does suffer in the Near East from just the same defect; and it is hardly doubtful that the cause of the Western preference of the Moslem to the Christian in the Levant is to be sought, as in India, in the greatly inferior influence which the social system, based on his creed, exerts on the character of the Christian.

The conspicuous feature of Moslem society in the Nearer East, and the one which is admired most by a Western observer, is its steadiness of behaviour. Up to a certain point, not hard to fix, one can trust a follower of the Meccan Prophet. His native Christian neighbour feels that not less than we; and it is become a law in the local struggle of Cross and Crescent, that if the latter prevail, the combatants, once their heat be cool, will settle down together again in confidence. For the beaten party knows that it is only in the collective, not the individual fanaticism of Moslems, that its danger lies, and, supremacy once assured, the Faithful will keep the peace as unanimously as before the war. Therefore, although Moslem communities are not wrongly regarded as nurseries of fanaticism,

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and Christians, who put themselves in Moslem power, do so at some peril, yet both Christian individuals and Christian communities are safer in most territories of Islam, than Moslems in certain territories of Christendom. Since it is no merit that a Moslem attack a Christian except in *Jehad*—otherwise, whether he slay or be slain, he shall reap no special reward—massacres of many unbelievers have been of much commoner occurrence in Moslem lands than murders of single Christians. Danger seldom threatens the latter unless they are held to be forerunners of many, as were Conolly and Stoddart at Bokhara; or the whole Moslem world has been rendered uneasy by some conspicuous encroachment on the territory of Islam. Then should a Christian individual or a Christian party, by reason of a penetrated disguise (disguise, like an alibi, can be the worst of all defences), or of actions, which are not comprehensible to the vulgar, be popularly supposed to represent a host of men, massacre may be expected with all the justification of *jehad*. So again if a whole community seems to threaten danger, as has the Gregorian Armenian more than once.

Such nervousness of Islam is usually betrayed by the coming together of some great band of fanatics, convinced that the face of Allah is turned away, because of the backsliding of the Faithful from that stern asceticism and uncompromising exclusiveness with which the Prophet is credited by the vulgar: and the bond, surviving its first impulse, may be crystallised by the genius of its founder and early directors into a permanent institution. Such is now the Senusi Brotherhood, fruit of that Western spirit of Wahabism which was provoked by the Napoleonic and the British occupations of Egypt and the French conquest of Algiers about a hundred years ago.

Yet in fanatical war, as in peace, the perfection of Moslem organisation is displayed. A dangerous Christian community is reduced with disciplined brutality to the point of harmlessness, while other Christians, if they be not expected to make common cause with their co-religionists, go scot-free. The Catholic and

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Protestant Armenians owed it to the notoriety of their internecine jealousies, far more than to foreign protection, that hardly a hair of their heads was touched eight years ago. The Greek and Syrian communities were never in the slightest danger—*pro hac vice!* The last thing one has learned to expect of a militant Moslem is any assertion of himself. No wonder the British officer, to whom discipline is the first and greatest of virtues, warms to the ragged Ottoman infantryman who is hardly conscious that he has any personal rights at all as against a superior, any right to be paid, any right to be clothed or shod, any right to sleep, any right to discharge, when his legal term of service shall be up. His is what Plato would have called Discipline in the Soul.

His animal instinct of murder and rapine is almost as easily checked in mid-heat as at first it was inflamed. Half-barbarous men can not only be reined up in full course of rapine, but be compelled to abstain altogether from any indulgence of wild passions through lengthy periods of strongest temptation; and that when the policy, which dictates moderation at head-quarters, is of too subtle a sort to be understanded of the rank and file. Which of the Ghegs, Kurds and Circassians, who behaved in such exemplary fashion towards conquered Thessaly in 1897, could say why the lord of Yildiz dictated a stringent order to the soldiers of the Crescent not on this occasion to rape or slay? Which again of the Senusi tribesmen comprehends that "slim" policy which has characterised their sect since its foundation? the policy which deprecates any militant action of Islam against Christianity, unless it be certain that, in the long run, Islam will be the better established for it? The motto of Kufra is, No Quixotism, no forlorn hopes, no buying of rewards in heaven by losses on earth—*surtout point de zèle!* Moslem organisation has, of course, broken down now and then; and not only have particular communities taken independent action, which was not to the interest of the whole, as did the Candiote Moslems in 1898, but so have individual fanatics. But even in those cases it may safely be assumed

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that neither community nor individual was playing its game alone, careless of the rest of the society.

But, on the other hand, in these local struggles, should the Cross have won the day, the follower of the Crescent never lives easily in the land again. However bitter exile may be—and bitter it is for such as the Cretan Moslem, who is a child of the Cretan soil, speaks only Greek and knows little of the law and custom of Islam—into exile, sooner or later, he must go, not for his irreconcilable hatred, but for his distrust of the victors. For he well knows every Christian individual is a rule unto himself, and, excited, may do at any moment anything that is in his power to do. None may foresee his action, and no collective assurance from the community, however well intended, can be relied upon to bind him. Therefore, despite all promises from princes and governors, the Moslem follows the rifles of races, who have something like his own sense of law, out of Greek lands, and is fading from Crete, even as he has faded from the Peloponnese, Eubœa and Thessaly.

In this matter of discipline the very plurality of the Christian Churches places them at a disadvantage with Sunni Islam. For though there are half confessed differences among the Moslem communities on most essential points of creed, for example, on the relation of man and God, there is practical unity on that which matters most from the social point of view, religious observance. All Moslems, Deistic or Incarnationist, worship one Allah in one general way; whereas those Christian Churches, with the least material divergences on points of creed, have the most antagonistic priesthoods and sharpest diversities of ritual. Forms avail more than doctrine to disintegrate society not in the Nearer East alone. Moreover the concentration and insistence of the Christian Churches on these forms has, it is well known, the effect of leaving them little disposition or capacity to deal with social conduct. Salvation is for them mainly a matter of the due performance of rites and ceremonies, and morals escape notice, being ordinarily regarded by priests and laity as no fit subject for clerical direction.

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The divorce of religion and conduct is of old standing in the Mediterranean lands: it characterised the early tribal cults out of which the ancient Greek and Roman religions were developed, and continued to characterise these last to the end; while then, as now, systems of social morality were often evolved, independent of the formal cults.

There is, however, a feature of a more peculiar nature, which weakens Near Eastern Christianity, in the face of Islam. I do not speak of its tendency to Localism, to an infinite subdivision of its territory into domains of particular saints, who for all practical purposes represent Divinity and Providence to the peasantry, being survivors of the local deities of the previous paganism, saint having succeeded god, as church has succeeded temple. But there are local cults and local saints in the domain of Islam also; and, moreover, Localism is not peculiar to the Nearer East at all, but characterises the simple religious practice of any land which has once known tribal gods.

But of the *Nationalism* of Eastern Christianity I do speak. The Church of Greece, for instance, is national in the narrowest sense of that word, being regarded as absolutely coterminous with the nation—not with the independent nation alone, but with all communities claimed for the nationality, whatever their political allegiance. It follows nationality and cannot precede it, much less exist independently of it. Outside the nation, this Church has no thought of proselytism, regarding itself but as the mediator between a particular group of humanity and God. Without concern for any one outside that group—with no more concern indeed for alien morals than for alien forms of worship—it has no sense of being first and foremost the preacher and enforcer of a universal code of morals or of a system of conduct to which all men must conform in common to be saved. So far as it must deal with conduct and morals at all it is with the conduct and morals of its own group, and its precept and practice are naturally coloured throughout by peculiar racial and climatic conditions. That belief in ultimate universality, which makes for life and strength, is

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altogether absent here; and the Orthodox Church of Greece, content to remain no more than one expression of national life, is already ceasing to be its chief expression, and ere long may cease to be an expression of it at all.

And if his own independent Church has little power to control the Greek, scarcely more has his free national polity to repress an intellectual exuberance which is ever tending to the stars, to fall back and soar anew. Again and again Athens has transformed itself into a huge Aristophanic stage, where every uniform held a Lamachus and every frock-coat a Cleon; and on street, square and quay there was a strutting and preening and vapouring that elsewhere has not been seen but in burlesque. Verily Herodotus knew his kin, when he took occasion to warn the Greeks in season and out of the envy of the Gods, and the bolts that are aimed at the tallest trees! The modern Hellene is the most patriotic and the most politically-minded of men; but the community with which he feels identity is parochial. The national obligation leaves him free to indulge a natural individualism. The blame, perhaps, for his social failure in freedom lies rather at our door than his. We, more than any others, encouraged him to hope that, in defiance of racial laws, his future might equal his past, and far outstrip his present. Our publicists preached to an effervescent race of the Rights of Man; our pious enthusiasts urged it to raise again the trampled Cross; our poets and our scholars made a social cult of Hellenism, and became its chief apostles. But no sooner by our artifice was a Hellenic nation galvanised into life again, than we withdrew our supporting hands, leaving it to maintain the struggle of existence in the weakness of an Idea which we knew to be fatuous. It is a practice of ours, now well known in South-Eastern Europe, to set free little racial groups by our united forces, to proclaim them nations, to endow them with a prince, a flag, liberal institutions, and a little — a very little—money; then to give them our blessing and go our way. If it be a good thing to excite nationality in half a dozen

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fragments of the Ottoman Empire, should it be done so? A happy self-governing polity is not made in a day, nor in a year, nor in five years. The men of the little new-born or re-born nations are bidden to start life as master craftsmen, without having served apprenticeships. With no practical experience of the higher walks of government, small attorneys and hedge doctors are exalted to Judges and Ministers; an army of lesser officials must be recruited from peasantry and small traders, and a system of administration too complex to be workable or healthy, unless its members have individually a strong sense of corporate responsibility, be instituted, where that sense has had no time to grow, and is neither understood nor held in honour. So there ensues on each experiment ever-recurring trouble; and every fresh start brings a similar event.

So for all that happened in 1897 we are to blame. It may be that no great harm was done to the cause of progress in the Levant by that catastrophe of Greek hopes; and that if the clock of civilisation was indeed put back thereby, as many said, civilisation was not more affected than is Time when an erring dial is adjusted. But great harm was done to one Levantine society, which lost well nigh all the corporate hope and corporate pride in which it could not merely live, but fulfil the end of society, according to its own Aristotle, by living well. To a crisis, in which so much was involved, it should never have been allowed to come; or if come it must, our support should have been more unselfishly and more frankly given.

* * * * *

It was of the sage Aristotle that one could not but be reminded that morning, looking down on the little city community of Castellorizo, which seemed so unconscious of a national ideal, but was living better than the nationalist communities of its race and clime. The society that would live well, said the philosopher, should be small, comprehensible by the eye, able to hear the voice of one herald—a City State. So he wrote when the Greek race was in its prime. What had he said now, when it has gone far down hill, and its capacity, individual and

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corporate, is so shrunken? Perhaps, that no old people of the Levant is able to obey a claim of obligation wider than it knew in antiquity; and that decadent races had best not barter their native rule of social conduct for the wider rule obeyed by younger communities.

For if Nationality be indeed a more convenient social ideal than the Family, the Tribe or the City State, is it an ideal to be propagated always, everywhere, and by all means? It calls the individual to an altruism of wider range than that demanded by the lesser circles of obligation but the same in kind; and its influence on his conduct is not greater. The superior justification of the National Idea, that we in the West, accepting it as we breathe God's air, hold so sacred, lies just in its utility. The larger the groups identified with one ideal, the fewer antagonisms in the world and the more peace on the whole. But what if the national claim be not felt so strongly by the individual as the claims of the Family, the Tribe or the City State? What if by reason of its width of range, it have less potency on conduct in any region or race? What if it have next to none at all? Altruism is as holy a thing in itself in the lesser circle of obligation as in the greater, as holy when inspired by the family as by the nation, even as devotion to a common ideal is not less a good when felt towards the nation than towards all humanity—that widest circle of our obligation which, dimly and occasionally recognised since the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes, has perplexed the national patriot, and inspired a law of nations, which transcends a nation's law.

The present fashion with those who make and unmake the world's societies is everywhere to combine and unite. Are there not, nevertheless, some societies which would be no worse for resolution into smaller units? That was the suggestion of Castellorizo. Were there more of its like and fewer nations, in the Levant at least, there had been more peace and prosperity these hundred years. Long may it abide, as it is to-day, a City State!

D. G. HOGARTH.

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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF KARNAK

I HAVE thought that it might be useful to give some account of the work now going on at Karnak; not so much for the regular student of Egyptian antiquities as for the general public in England, who probably have little idea of one of the most interesting departments under our present control in Egypt. I do this in the hope that honour may be given where honour is due; to Professor Maspero and Mr. Legrain for their learning, skill and untiring devotion, and to Lord Cromer for setting them to work and furthering and encouraging their labours. And at a time when we so often have to accuse ourselves of inefficiency, it may do us good to be reminded that there are regions of the world in which under the rule of Englishmen work is being organised and carried out which has never been surpassed for importance and perfection. Egyptian finances, the Egyptian army, the Nile Barrage are instances; the care of the Egyptian monuments is no less splendid an example, and should be no less well known.

Professor Maspero, as he is still called, is the present Director of Antiquities for Egypt. He is possibly the most accomplished Egyptologist the world has seen, a ripe scholar and prolific writer. He was Director of Antiquities in Egypt twenty years ago, and had retired to devote his time entirely to literary work. We may thank Lord Cromer for bringing him back to Cairo, where his presence was much required,

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a. Hypostyle Hall – Karnak, October 3, 1909.
b. Hypostyle Hall – commencement of work, 1911.

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especially during the removal of the priceless treasures of the Gizeh Museum to their new home in Cairo. Dr. Maspero is one of the most modest and retiring of savants, and his uniform courtesy to every one with whom he comes in contact makes him universally popular. He seems cognisant of every language, ancient and modern, be it European, Asiatic or African. His English is as perfect as if he were a native of our country, and he speaks French as a Frenchman, and German as a German. As a matter of fact, he is of Italian origin, and was born in Genoa.

During my last visit to Egypt I spent much time visiting antiquities by the Nile. I had the good fortune to be a guest on board Professor Sayce's hospitable dahabeah *Istar*, and we were for some time becalmed off Luxor. The Director of Antiquities was in the neighbourhood, inspecting the works for the restoration—or rather the reconstruction—of Karnak, and Mr. Howard Carter's first lighting of the Tombs of the Kings by electricity. Sunday being an off-day, Dr. Maspero often spent it with his old friend Professor Sayce. The conversation turned upon the general decay of the temples at Thebes and elsewhere, which has been so much observed of late. Dr. Maspero expressed his fears that in twenty years' time most of the temples will have tottered to destruction unless prompt measures are taken for their preservation, such as have been going on at Karnak for some years.

It will be a costly business to repair all the temples of Egypt which were spared from the devastations of Mehemet Ali's days, when many of the most beautiful monuments were demolished to build sugar factories and palaces for high officials. Some of the pyramids are still, I am ashamed to say, used as quarries. The whole of Heliopolis went to supply building-stone for Cairo about a century ago, and the pyramid-field of Abu Roash as well. The Temple of Elephantine, and the great Temple of Mut at Karnak, have in this way disappeared entirely. But the only wholesale destruction under British rule is that of the Temples of Philae. They have been

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left to be drowned and gradually melt away under the Nile flood. Perhaps we must condone their loss, for they will have perished in a good cause, their destruction being necessary to the scheme for giving water to the thirsty land, and thus making grass grow on barren steppes.

The temples of Karnak and Luxor cover about a thousand acres. Thebes grew into importance in the time of Usertesen I., second king of the Twelfth Dynasty (2758–2714 B.C.), when Memphis was beginning to decline. Homer mentions it (*Iliad* ix. 381) as in its prime: "Egyptian Thebes where the treasure houses are stored fullest—Thebes of the hundred gates whence sally forth two hundred warriors through each, with horses and chariots." This—say about 1000 B.C.—is probably the earliest outside reference to Thebes preserved. Chariots and horses first came into Egypt under the Thothmes about 1500 B.C. Thothmes IV. had his chariot preserved as a novelty in his tomb at Thebes; it is now in Cairo. Herodotus never got as far as Thebes, but we have full descriptions of it by Strabo and Diodorus showing its state about the commencement of the Christian era. Cambyses had burned everything inflammable in Thebes in 525 B.C. when Egypt became a Persian province, but it had been repaired and restored by the Greeks and Romans. From Usertesen to Alexander the Great, from Ptolemy to Augustus, every ruler of the land deserving the name of king loved to add what he could to the great Temple of Amon. The Persians alone, like all Asiatic conquerors, built nothing—they only held the land to squeeze revenue from it, like the modern Turk.

With all the devastations of two thousand years, yet so much remains that the ruins of Luxor and Karnak are the most wonderful of their kind. Heliopolis and Memphis have entirely disappeared, but of Thebes so much remains that it is the duty of the civilised Government which now guides the destiny of the land to do what can be done to preserve its wondrous monuments. Happily this duty is fully recognised

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Tapestry Hall showing one of the columns
[illegible] Tiberius in Gourdain on the Caribbean Division.

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1 Hypostyle Hall, 1913: gradual rebuilding of the fallen columns
2 Excavations at third Pylon: discovery of Sculptures of Thothmes I

by the Administration, which is backing up all Dr. Maspero's efforts to save the ruins from crumbling away. Lord Cromer himself often visits the works of restoration at Karnak, encouraging and suggesting improvements.

Strange to say, it is the Nile, whether high or low Nile, that is now the destroying enemy of the ancient structures which so long have stood the test of time. The amount of deposit from the river is very great, amounting to several inches in a century. The bed of the Nile, consequently, in four or five thousand years, has been elevated some twenty feet above what it was in the days of the founders of the temples. All this has been worked out and fully explained by Dr. Maspero in his various publications. The entire soil of Egypt is alluvial; the water percolates and finds its level, whether at Thebes, close to the river, or at Abydos, seven miles from its present channel. The consequence is that all the most ancient temples' foundations are water-logged. At high Nile the columns of the temple of Luxor and those of Karnak are submerged several feet. At low Nile they stand on dry ground. The soft sandstone of which they are built is saturated for half the year, while it is exposed to the burning sunshine for the other half. The Nile water being highly charged with mineral salts, these crystallise on the blocks of stone, and exfoliate, reducing them to a state of sand. In this way at Luxor the great columns of Rameses and Amenhotep were found to be in danger, and experiments were tried by Mr. Legrain (the engineer in charge of the temples on the left bank of the river at Thebes) to test the possibility of underpinning and restoring the rotten substructure with hydraulic cement. These having been found to be entirely successful, Mr. Legrain was encouraged by his chief, Dr. Maspero, to undertake similar work at the great Temple of Amon at Karnak. No one could have been chosen better fitted for the task. Mr. Legrain was long a pupil of Professor Maspero in Paris, and is an accomplished Egyptologist. Young, active, and energetic, he has no European assistants. All the

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apparently superhuman works of restoration he has carried out are done by a band of trained native workmen, assisted by fellaheen labourers and crowds of happy, smiling children. To come upon the genial Mr. Legrain when engaged, say, in lowering an architrave of forty tons or so is a very pleasing sight. He is in the thick of the fray, encouraging all in their own tongue. To see how absolutely the crowd obey him, and how scientific direction reigns supreme, gives a striking impression of power. I have often happened on the scene during my recent visits to Thebes, and always enjoyed it. In the heat of the day all the natives cease work, and some rest under the shade, but many throw themselves down to sleep in the full sunshine.

The works of reparation of the Hypostyle Hall of Karnak were undertaken none too soon. In 1899 about twenty of the great columns had been made safe. One had been at an angle of forty degrees ever since Karnak was depicted by the French in the great volumes of their memorable expedition about 1800. It is possible that it had been leaning over as much for centuries before. Mr. Legrain had this one taken down and re-erected. The work of repair was going on well when, on October 8, 1899—possibly in consequence of a slight shock of earthquake —eleven of the great columns of the Hypostyle Hall suddenly collapsed, and three others were shaken and cracked. No work was going on, the water was still over the floor, all labours having to be suspended during the period of high Nile. Mr. Legrain at this season is employed at the headquarters of the Antiquarian Department at Cairo. He was telegraphed for, and an inspection was at once made. It was found that all the columns that had been underpinned and repaired were uninjured. Much, however, remained to be done to remedy the damage and guard against a repetition of the catastrophe.

The Great Hall of Sety and Rameses consists of 184 columns, eleven of which had succumbed, with their capitals, carrying with them their architraves. After careful examination Mr. Legrain sorted out all the fragments, and

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I. Hypostyle Hall — southwest corner showing the foundations of the Architrave of the Facade

II. State of the Ruins before the discovery of the Caryatides of Pharaoh I.

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had the fallen giants arranged in rows on a bank a short way off. This was a most arduous undertaking, and was carried out by the trained workmen, every stone being selected and marked by Mr. Legrain himself. It occupied several months, and, when all the ruin was cleared and the neighbouring columns shored up (or huge banks of stone and sand reared against them), Mr. Legrain reported that he could re-erect the fallen pillars and make all the rest secure. Lord Cromer himself inspected the site, and encouraged the restoration. Dr. Maspero officially advised that Mr. Legrain's plans were worthy of all confidence and should be carried out, and the necessary funds were accordingly promised by the Government.

Mr. Legrain had lived in his modest little dwelling, within the temple precincts, for several years, and knew every pillar and inscription, and his talent was shown by the identification of the carvings belonging to each block. So gradually the work went on. The seasons of 1900, 1901, and 1902 happened to be the lowest Nile floods on record, and the new foundations could be laid "in the dry." Dangerous architraves were taken down, being slid down huge banks of sand fifteen metres high, built up for the purpose. Similar measures will be used for their re-erection. Doubtless this was the means employed by the original builders of these temples and of the Pyramids. By June 1900 Mr. Legrain had the *débris* of the eleven columns cleared, and had also taken down the three shattered columns, and all were safely stored on high ground away from the water. From September 1901 till April 1902 he was occupied in clearing out the ancient foundations, now in a state of mud or soft soapy masses of decayed stone. Preparations were made for an entirely new substructure, a floor of concrete. Steel beams in pairs were laid on this, crossing at right angles under the centre of each column, and all embedded in the best English cement. Lord Cromer again came to inspect the works at this stage, and Lady Cromer laid the first stone of the reconstruction. I

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happened to visit the place early in 1902, just after this event. Mr. Legrain told me the reconstructed columns would be several feet above ground before the summer of 1903, and would reach their full height in 1904. The photographs show something of the progress of the work.

Mr. Legrain has been in charge of the ruins of the left bank of the Nile at Thebes since 1895. He made the clearance of the splendid avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, and discovered the quay which marks the former course of the Nile. On this were found engraved the register of the height of High Nile, 670 B.C., with the cartouche of Tirhaka, the King who hailed from Ethiopia, and who is mentioned in the Bible as the deliverer of Hezekiah from the hosts of Sennacherib. Besides the avenue the strange discovery was made of a "Bergerie" or "Sheep-fold" of more than a hundred colossal ram-headed sphinxes, huddled together. When the Ptolemys had been making "improvements" here about 200 B.C., they had built a new approach and so shortened the grand avenue of sphinxes which Amenhotep III. had erected 1200 years before, but they wisely kept the sacred animals in stock. At one time there was another avenue of sphinxes to connect Karnak with Luxor, about two miles long. It is believed to exist still, underneath the fields, and beneath the dirty town of Luxor, about twelve feet or more beneath the present surface. This town is under native management, and is a filthy place. The hovels stand twenty feet above the temple itself, on heaps of foul rubbish. If Lord Cromer would take charge of Luxor, and do as he has done at Assouan, the town might be "improved" to a healthy locality south of the present site, the magnificent old road opened up, and the stately Pylons of Rameses' Temple, with its Obelisk and fine statues, exposed to view. Then the "Bergerie" of Mr. Legrain would supply any missing guardians of the sacred way.

In 1896 and 1897 Mr. Legrain cleared out the beautiful temple of Rameses III. This building retained its roof of great flat stones, many of which were cracked and in danger of falling.

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The Sheepfolds (La Bergerie). Autumn of 1888.

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1. The ascent of [illegible] to the Portal under the Temple of Thothmes
2. Avenue of Ram Sphinxes looking towards the Nile

He had them suspended by steel girders from above and bolts drilled through, which are scarcely perceptible. Part of the roof of several apartments in this and other temples where the stones were gone was planked over, and the "dim religious light" thus restored. The glare of the sun for 2000 years had faded away the paintings of the sculptured walls, but many traces of colouring remain and are now preserved.

The work of clearing out the Hypostyle Hall of the great Temple of Amon could only be done when it was in a dry state. Mr. Legrain found employment for his men and boys, when they could not work elsewhere, in clearing out the exquisite little Temple of Ptah, quite a gem of Egyptian architecture. Although mostly built in the time of the Ptolemys, part of it went back to Amenemhat I., whose altar was found *in situ*, of a date 2500 years earlier. In 1900 and 1901 Mr. Legrain found time to clear out the Temple of Khonsu, where he made some interesting discoveries, among others a beautiful statue of the deity, which is believed to be a portrait of King Hor'm'heb of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1332–28 B.C.).

In 1901–2, before the water in the great Hall had sunk low enough to allow of the foundations of the re-erected columns being laid, Mr. Legrain had turned his attention to the space before the ruined Pylon of Thothmes III. Here he made discovery of many colossal statues, and twelve feet or more beneath the foundations of Thothmes he found the pillars of a magnificent temple or palace of Usertesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty 1200 years earlier. The structure had evidently been wilfully overthrown; the carving was of the finest ever seen in Egypt. Professor Sayce, who was with me when I visited it, thought it had been destroyed by the Hyksos, but Mr. Legrain thinks it had got "water-logged" by the rise of the Nile's level, and that Thothmes smashed up the splendid work of Usertesen and filled in the ground, erecting his own inferior buildings ten feet above, on the top of it. A fine head of Usertesen was found here in 1903. I bought the gold ring[1]

[1] Described and pictured in THE MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1902.

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of the same king from an Arab, who possibly picked it up here. It may have been in a foundation deposit put there by the king himself. The pillars of Usertesen I. had been part of a grand portal twenty cubits high. Beneath this were found worked flints of pre-historic times, showing that Usertesen had been the earliest modern builder in this locality. Mr. Legrain also found the portrait of a king never before known in history —Usertesen IV.

The fallen obelisk of Queen Hatasu, with which visitors to Karnak are familiar, was lying in several pieces on the ruins of one of the pylons. Mr. Legrain wanted to re-build these walls, and discover what was under the heap of ruins. So he moved the enormous broken top of the great obelisk, by heaping up a great bank of sand, while his crowd of men and boys, shouting and singing, merrily pulled the huge block of granite—weighing hundreds of tons—to a place of security. If he is allowed money and time enough, he will, no doubt, re-erect the broken obelisk beside its fellow. If so, it will be the highest obelisk left in the world—102 feet, originally one block of Assouan granite. The story of its erection is told upon it in elegant hieroglyphs. It was quarried, carved, and erected in five months. The name of its architect is known and his tomb has been found.

Under a similar heap of ruins Mr. Legrain uncovered (in 1908) a row of colossal statues, or caryatides, of Thothmes I., and although mutilated they still have a grand effect.

Now that the temples of Karnak are enclosed and provided with gates, with guardians appointed to take charge of the precious monuments of antiquity, more of the sculptures can be left on the spot. For nearly a century the place has been despoiled to enrich the museums of Europe. Mariette was its first explorer, and it was supposed that its treasures were exhausted. Mr. Legrain, by careful examination of the temples, and by judicious removal of the accumulations of rubbish of two thousand years, has added much to our knowledge, and his works of restoration will render Karnak safe for

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Finely carved youthful figure of Khafre. Believed to be a portrait of Hor-ur-bets, Eighth Dynasty. *From the Temple of Khafre.*

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another century or two. In this respect he is a remarkable archæologist, for he not only discovers but restores the places he excavates.

There seems to be no limit to archæological discoveries in Egypt. Dr. Flinders Petrie was allowed to dig at Abydos for three seasons, and discovered the lost tombs of the three earliest dynasties, in a place already supposed to have been exhausted by Mariette. The Egypt Exploration Fund have done similar good work at the Temple of Queen Hatasu on the opposite side of the Nile. There Mr. Naville and Mr. Howard Carter laboured for five years, and the published volumes of the Society nobly illustrate their works. These excavators also left the place in much better condition than they found it. But these savants are sent by British Societies and have only a limited time allowed them. Professor Maspero and his staff are permanent officials of the Egyptian Government, and therefore their efforts are more likely to be of permanent benefit to the State, as they remain on the spot to look after the results of their labours. Mr. Legrain has now had five years of continuous work at Karnak, and if he be spared to complete his restoration of the Temples of Amon, he will have the thanks of every lover of antiquity.

Egypt was being stored with the richest treasures of art for 5000 years. It never recovered from the brutal destruction wrought by the Persians under Cambyses (525 B.C.), and although efforts were made to restore Karnak by local native princes, and afterwards by Greeks and Romans, yet the whole land has been looted ever since, till at last under Lord Cromer's rule it is on the way to become almost as safe as England from being further despoiled. At present, however, the thieving of small objects which find a ready sale by native dealers still goes on. The region is so vast—an extent of about a thousand miles, all over which ruined cities and tombs are buried—that Professor Maspero has a heavy task to watch over it. Lately two excellent Inspectors of Antiquities have been added to the museum staff: Mr. J. E. Quibell,

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formerly a pupil of Dr. Petrie, and Mr. Howard Carter, the talented artist, who drew all the copies of the Deir el Baheri Temple. Egypt is divided between them. But how can Professor Maspero and his assistants watch such a vast region? Native guardians have to be trusted. Many of these are honest men, but recently when Mr. Howard Carter was on his duties elsewhere, one of these guardians and his friends robbed the latest discovered tombs of the Kings of Thebes, and when the case came to trial, swore on the Koran that robbers had seized and bound him and committed the theft. The native Court gave this wretch a slight punishment, though Mr. Carter fully proved his case. Professor Maspero hopes to get a new law passed to meet such cases. In the meantime lovers of Egypt and her past may be assured that the magnificent relics of antiquity at Karnak could not be in more competent and energetic hands.

JOHN WARD.

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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

LAST words linger longest. Critics who reserve their fault-finding to the end often convey a worse impression than they intended. When a book is so entertaining as the "Creevey Papers" it is probably best to say the worst of it at once, especially if that worst is comparatively unimportant.

In his self-effacement and his happy mixture of boldness with discretion, Sir Herbert Maxwell has done his work admirably. He has supplied connecting links which are terse yet adequate; he has wisely confined his notes within the narrowest possible compass. But there are a few inaccuracies which may with advantage be corrected in future editions.

Dealing first with the text, there are three points in which corrections may be suggested. Surely Creevey did not write the "indignant mercenary Canning" (vol. i., p. 9), for the point of the two epithets demands that the first should be "indigent." Creevey twice refers to the poems of "Sir Thomas Hanbury Williams" (vol. ii., pp. 38, 39), and the mistake recurs in the index. The book referred to is, of course, the three-volume edition of the works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, published in 1822. Lastly, Sir Herbert Maxwell attributes the letter printed on page 294 of volume i. to Lord Kinnaird. He adds a query. But there can be no doubt that the letter is by Lord Lauderdale, who, as Joseph Jekyll tells us ("Letters," p. 75), brought with him to England the manuscript of Byron's "Don Juan."

Passing to the notes, it must be said that, brief as they are,

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they abound in repetitions. Five times, for example, in the course of fifty pages the Duke of Wellington's nickname of "The Beau" is explained. It is also noted four times over that Mr. Coke of Holkham was created Earl of Leicester. The statement (vol. i., p. 254, *note*) that Lady Caroline Lamb was separated from her husband in 1818, destroys one of the prettiest stories connected with the career of that fascinating lady. The separation did not take place till 1825. Lieutenant Clifford (vol. i., p. 266, *note*), whom Sir Herbert cannot identify, is undoubtedly Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart. (1788–1877), whom the Duke of Devonshire appointed Usher of the Black Rod in 1832. In "The Two Duchesses" will be found letters from the second Duchess of Devonshire, formerly Lady Elizabeth Foster, expressing her anxiety for the safety of the boy, who was then serving as a midshipman in Nelson's fleet. A note (vol. i., p. 267) appended to a passage in Lady Holland's letter of September 1817, which attributes a pamphlet on the Princess of Wales to a "skillful" pen on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, is probably wrong. Sir Herbert explains this as meaning Byron. But the poet's brief stay at Geneva had ended twelve months before, and it may be suggested, with greater probability, that the allusion is to John Cam Hobhouse. The nickname of "Madagascar," applied to Lady Holland, is not Creevey's (vol. ii., p. 15, *note*); it is given her by Lady Caroline Lamb in "Glenarvon." Sir Herbert's identification of Sharpe (vol. ii., p. 275, *note*) with Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is certainly wrong. Creevey speaks of him in the same letter as "the Hatter," and the reference undoubtedly is to Richard Sharp, generally known as "Conversation Sharp," who was a wealthy hat-manufacturer. He was a man of such a swarthy complexion that some wag suggested his darkness might be *felt*.

Other less important inaccuracies might be noted; but they amount to little more than slips of the pen. It is pleasanter to turn to the book itself, in which every class of readers may be sure of finding a store of amusement.

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Thomas Creevey was born in 1768. He died in 1838. For thirty years, from 1802 onwards, he was a member of Parliament, zealously assailing Tory jobs, of which, if perpetrated by his friends, he would have been the sturdy champion. For scarcely more than twice as many months he held office, or enjoyed a sinecure. After his death his existence was soon forgotten. To the present generation he was so completely unknown that his name finds no place in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Politically, Creevey lived in times when

> Nought's permanent about the human race
> Except the Whigs not getting into place.

He joined the wrong side, and was too honest, or too deeply committed, to change it. The world has gained. Had Creevey become an official drudge he might not have written these entertaining papers. Nor is there any indication that his exclusion from office deprived the country of a valuable servant. From the first to the last page of these two volumes he rarely utters a dispassionate or statesmanlike criticism of public men or public affairs.

As a chronicler of political and social life in the days of George IV., as Prince of Wales, as Regent, and as King, Creevey is the Rowlandson of pen and ink. "What with your election songs and your rompings, what with your carousings with the men and your bamboozlings with the women, you are a most complete hand indeed." So, in 1795, wrote a friend of his youth to the bachelor Creevey, then reading law at Gray's Inn. To the end he lived the same life, with an amazing flow of spirits, an unfailing zest, and an unabated vigour of constitution, which enabled him, at sixty, to keep a gathering of roystering young Irishmen in a roar till cockcrow in the morning at an inn in Dublin. The politics were those of Pitt and Fox, of Canning and Brougham, of the Napoleonic wars and the subsequent crisis of Currency, Corn, Catholics, and Constitution. The carousings were those of Sheridan. The

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bamboozlings were insinuated in the ears of the famous Whig ladies. All his impressions are noted down, and his confidences, even when tempered by the discretion of Sir Herbert Maxwell, are delightfully indiscreet. For the exercise of his peculiar talents he enjoyed exceptional advantages. Even his limited range of perception was useful; he seized salient features where men of wider sympathies or fairer minds might have confused themselves in trying to produce true portraits. The leaders of the party with which he was associated took themselves more seriously in public than they did in private. He went everywhere. Excellent company himself, he liked good company, and kept it. The Regent pronounced him "very great"; the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, "Old Sally" as he irreverently calls her, put off her dinner-parties till she could secure his company; his jokes, cracked through her coach window, sent Lady Holland away a happy woman. His mimicry convulsed the table, or stretched to their utmost the veins in the forehead of a Prime Minister. Ladies, waking at night, laughed out loud at the recollection of his anecdotes. His nicknames stuck like burrs. His talk was of that gay give-and-take kind which includes the whole company. Blue dinners or learned monologues were not to his taste, and he found "Conversation" Sharp "really *too*," and Macaulay a "noisy vulgar fellow." In the very centre of the political and social life of a period crowded with picturesque persons and stirring events, moved this shrewd observant chronicler, keenly alive to humorous incongruities of character, dashing off his vigorous sketches with the exaggerated truth and *abandon* of the brilliant caricaturist.

To political history the "Creevey Papers" make a valuable contribution of the back-stairs kind. They reveal the seamy side of the Opposition; they explain the longevity of a Government which continually seemed on the verge of dissolution. Creevey belonged to the Mountain, the extreme section of the Whigs, who, accepting their title from an enemy, eventually rallied to the banner of "one grand Radical

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Reform." In the first volume, at any rate, he is the incarnation, not of public, but of party spirit. For his opponents he had no civil words. Pitt was an "arch-fiend," whose speeches were "the production of the dirtiest of mankind"; Addington, "a damn'd eternal fool—a pitiful, squirting apothecary"; Windham, "a scoundrel of infamous malignity and misrepresentation." His hatreds were implacable. They pursued his enemies to the death. He gloats over the physical collapse of Pitt:

> I really think Pitt is done: his face is no longer red, but yellow; his looks are dejected; his countenance, I think, much changed and fallen, and every now and then he gives a hollow cough. Upon my soul, hating him as I do, I am almost moved to pity to see his fallen greatness.

Even the circumstances of Castlereagh's death scarcely moderate his exultation at the disappearance of a man whose

> whole public life was spent in an avowed cold-blooded contempt of every honest principle. A worse, or, if he had had talent or ambition for it, a more dangerous, public man never existed.

Towards the politicians with whom he habitually acted Creevey is not one whit more tolerant whenever he disapproved of their conduct. But to the three men whom, at different times, he acknowledged as his leaders, he is uniformly loyal.

For Fox, Creevey seems to have felt not only strong admiration, but that warm affection which "old Charley" had the genius to inspire in his adherents and not a few of his opponents. On Fox's death, he transferred his allegiance to Samuel Whitbread. As manager of Drury Lane, as the unsuccessful poet who gave the poulterer's description of the Phœnix, he is well known in the literature which gathers round "Rejected Addresses." But if Creevey's evidence modifies any verdict of history passed on public men, it does so in the case of Whitbread. His wealth, family connection, and high character raised him above the sordid motives of many of his contemporaries. He was also an effective

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debater—"the Demosthenes," as Byron calls him, "of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong and English." Creevey admits his eagerness for office. Yet his attacks upon abuses of the day were inspired by the desire, not only to discredit the Government, but to maintain the standard of public integrity. The sneer of the satirist in "All the Talents,"

> Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
> He sacrificed his fame to Melville's harm,

shot wide of the mark. The correspondence on the passage of the Douro, which passed between Wellington and Whitbread, is significant. The Duke would not have troubled to vindicate himself from the charges which, as he understood, Whitbread had made against him in the House, unless he had known the high character of his assailant. Creevey, to whom the correspondence was shown by Whitbread, was forced to the admission: "I hate Wellesley, but there are passages in his letter that made me think better of him." In after years the grudging confession of the reluctant convert was exchanged for enthusiastic admiration of the greatness and simplicity of Wellington's character.

After Whitbread's death, Creevey was, for a time, without a leader, and, for a few months, without a seat. Like the rest of the world, he admired the talents of Brougham as much as he distrusted their exercise. In 1812, already secure of a seat at Thetford, he had, with Brougham as his colleague, unsuccessfully contested Liverpool against Gascoigne and Canning. Self-depreciation was not one of Creevey's weaknesses. He was thoroughly pleased with his own performances. Others thought differently. Samuel Rogers, for instance, writing in October, 1812, says: "So Scarlett has lost, and Brougham. Creevey, I was very sure, would hang as a dead weight round his neck." In after years, this Liverpool election became a favourite story of the "shrewd and amusing" Creevey. Moore heard him in 1827 "drawing out Broofam (as he calls him) . . . reminding him of their former times at

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Liverpool, when Brougham, he said, was pelted with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into the carriage) and he with real ones." But, fresh from the contest, and still glowing with admiration for Brougham's abilities, he sums up his view of the character of a man whom he afterwards dubbed "Beelzebub," the "Arch-fiend," and "Wicked-Shifts"; "still I cannot like him. He has always some game or underplot out of sight—some mysterious correspondence—some extraordinary connection with persons quite opposite to himself."

Eventually Creevey settled down under the leadership of Lord Grey, whose moderate counsels he had once denounced with his usual melodramatic ferocity. With him he served till his own retirement upon his sinecure. The portrait which he paints of Grey is touched with a tender hand. Perhaps the artist had mellowed with age, or was softened by gratitude. Undoubtedly his liking for his chief was increased by his admiration for Lady Grey, of whose large-hearted allowance for the faults of other women he has made a note, in its way as charming as Lawrence's portrait:

> As they never say anything to offend me, I have nothing to do with all the different lovers they are said to have had. I take no credit to myself for being different from them: *mine is a very lucky case.* Had I, in the accident of marriage, been married to a man for whom I found I had no respect, I might have done like them, for what I know. I consider mine as a case of luck.

In private life, the arrogance and artificiality, which Creevey had laid to Grey's charge in affairs of state, dropped from him like a mask. His real ambition was to "dance as well as Taglioni," and, on the only occasion when he was ever tipsy in Lady Grey's presence, "nothing would serve him but dressing himself in a red turban and trying to dance like Paripol." With most ungrudging admiration Creevey speaks of Grey as

> a most natural unaffected, upright man, hospitable and domestic; far surpassing any man one knows in his noble appearance and beautiful simplicity of manners, and equally surpassing all his contemporaries as a splendid publick speaker. Take him all in all, I never saw his fellow; nor can I see any imitation of him on the stocks.

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The politics, which make up the bulk of the "Creevey Papers," are not of an exalted kind. Creevey could boast that he had been "to a certain extent mixed up" in "the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Queen Caroline, and the battle of Earl Grey and the English nation for the Reform Bill." But the picture which he paints is that of a selfish crowd of greedy politicians, jostling and shoving for front places at the play. On the other hand, the interest of the volumes is wonderfully diversified and abundant in a variety of directions. Scarcely a page is without some broad splash of telling colour.

Of the Prince of Wales in 1805, his hospitalities at the Pavilion at Brighton, his kindliness and sense of fun, Creevey writes with his usual vivacity, as well as unusual gentleness. The Prince was then the hope of the Opposition, and Creevey, not insensible to the possible advantages of the favour of the Heir Apparent, was charitably blind to his patron's faults. But when the Prince, as Regent and as King, had become the pillar of the Tory Government, he regained his clearness of vision and vigour of comment. While Creevey attended to his parliamentary duties in London, Mrs. Creevey played his hand at Brighton. Her pictures of the free life at the Pavilion are little less graphic than those of her husband. Both unite in praise of Mrs. Fitzherbert. There is a woman's shrewdness in Mrs. Creevey's comment on a conversation with the Prince:

> He was talking of the fineness of the day, and said: "But I was not out. I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's at one o'clock, and stay'd talking with her till past 6, which was certainly very *unfashionable*." Now was he not at that moment thinking of her as his lawful wife? for in no other sense could he call it *unfashionable*.

The Pavilion suggests Sheridan, and with Sheridan Creevey is naturally associated by all those who knew of his existence before the publication of his Papers. When Moore was writing his life of Sheridan, he eagerly sought an interview with Creevey as a mine of information about his subject. It was for Moore's benefit that Creevey and Brougham induced Michael Angelo Taylor "to tell his famous story about Sheridan's reply

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on Hastings' trial, when Taylor was his assistant to hold his bag and read the minutes; but neither bag nor minutes were forthcoming." From Creevey also Moore obtained his anecdotes of Sheridan's windfall as auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and his use of the money; of his tearful endeavour to induce the Prince to bestow the auditorship on his son Tom; of his introduction to Warren Hastings at the Pavilion in 1805. Both Moore and Creevey stand the test, when their versions of the anecdotes are compared. Creevey's story of Sheridan and Warren Hastings is striking enough to be retold, though Moore tells it in his "Memoirs" on Creevey's authority:

Warren Hastings and Mrs. Hastings came to the Pavilion, and I was present when the Prince introduced Sheridan to him, which was curious, considering that Sheridan's parliamentary fame had been built upon his celebrated speech against Hastings. However, he lost no time in attempting to cajole old Hastings, begging him to believe, that any part he had ever taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, &c. &c.; upon which old Hastings said with great gravity that "it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more publick;" but Sheridan was obliged to mutter and get out of such an engagement as well as he could.

Other reminiscences of Sheridan are eminently characteristic of the Regency. But it is the practical joker rather than the wit whom Creevey describes. A duller man than Sheridan might, under the cover of darkness, have plumped down in the lap of a prim Russian Princess, or, disguised as a constable, arrested Lady Sefton for unlawful gambling.

Of Waterloo it might be thought nothing remained to be said. But fact beggars fiction. Thackeray yields the palm to Creevey, the novelist to the eye-witness. Creevey had taken his invalid wife to Brussels, and, though fighting was imminent, he shrank from the risk of removing her. Early in June 1815 he met the Duke of Wellington in the Park at Brussels.

"Will you let me ask you, Duke," said Creevey, "what you think you can make of it?" He stopt, and said in the most natural manner: "By God! I think Blucher and myself can do the thing." . . . Then seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about at the statues

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and images; "There," he said, pointing at the soldier, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure."

All that follows is described with Creevey's usual vivacity; the crowd on the rampart listening to the cannon at Quatre Bras; the news of Blucher's defeat at Ligny; the conviction that a desperate struggle was imminent; the restless, anxious Englishman walking alone on Sunday, June 18, and watching the gay crowd "sitting about tables drinking beer and smoking and making merry" within a few miles of the spot where the stupendous tragedy was being played; the flight through the city of the Cumberland Hussars, shouting that the French were at their heels; the arrival of wounded officers, full of foreboding that the English were beaten. So the evening ended in all the suspense of uncertainty. Yet Creevey went to bed and slept soundly till four o'clock in the morning of the 19th. Seven hours later he had the news of victory from the Duke himself. Not for the first or last time, modesty took refuge in profanity. The Duke

made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life."

As the brilliant procession of figures file past in Creevey's pages it is impossible not to feel that the chronicler himself is at least as interesting a study as any of the historical personages he describes. English society, in its most aristocratic days, welcomed talent more readily than it does in this plutocratic period. Creevey, springing from nothing and nowhere, with little he could call his own, without family connection or influence, comes to be buttonholed by the Duke of Wellington, chosen as his confidant by the Duke of Kent, welcomed as a guest at the Greys, and at half the country-houses of England. To what was the success due? What can we discover of the man?

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Of books Creevey says little. He was "not," to quote his own words, "often in the literary line." As a young man he was fond of Voltaire; of Gibbon he had read every word; he admired Roscoe's "Lorenzo de Medici," and writes with good sense and good feeling of the author; the love of Nelson for Collingwood, as he read the latter's "Memoirs," made a lump in his throat: he was interested in Walpole's letters, though he thought him but a "trifling chap after all." Poetry sent him to sleep, unless it was in the manner of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Of foreign languages he seems to have known nothing. "What an idiot I am never to have made myself a Frenchman. To think of this old villain Talleyrand so often within one's reach, and yet not able to make anything of it." He attended races, with a house-party: he rode, if he got a mount: he does not seem to have shot, and the only sport to which he is specially invited was fishing. "Bring a rod with you," says Sheridan, and we are sure that if he did, the two worthies bottom-fished from a punt with accessories. His interest in pugilism was so academic as to bring on his head the thunder of Thurlow. Too poor a man to gamble, he lost his half-crown cheerfully to Lord Grey at cribbage.

Neither literature, nor sport, nor family, was Creevey's passport to Society. He was admitted to its innermost sanctities on his own introduction. He was in it, but not of it. Perhaps this was why he noticed so many things which he might otherwise not have remarked. Yet it is these little touches of every-day life that make his country-house sketches so inimitable, such as the house where "a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant, &c.," was "wheeled into the drawing-room every night at half-past ten." Something similar are his portraits of the lady with "a haystack of diamonds," the "dumpy rum-shaped and rum-faced" Lady Londonderry, or the septuagenarian Lady Salisbury with a face "like a furrowed piece of mosaic," and a dress that was "infantine" in its colours.

Radical though he was in politics, he was in social things old-fashioned. He condemned slang in the mouths of ladies

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as a sign of the "Pop-lolly," though he practised the principle that swearing was a grace to the conversation of men. He opposed, tooth and nail, the introduction of that "infernal nuisance"—the "Loco Motive Monster." With equal vehemence he protested against carving a dinner off the table, a practice which he first saw at Lord Durham's:—"Soup was handed round—from where God knows." His blood began to boil when the fish failed to appear. "'Lambton,' I said, 'I wish you would tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish.' To which he replied in the most impertinent manner: 'The servant, I suppose.'" It was all Creevey could do to remain in the house.

On the other hand there are curiously modern touches in his pages. A hostess of to-day might have written the following:

> What a fool this good-natured Eddard [Petre] is to be eat and drunk out of house and harbour, and to be treated as he is. The men take his carriages and horses to carry them to their shooting ground, and leave his fat mother to waddle on foot. . . . Then dinner being announced always for seven, the men neither night have been home before 6, amd it has been ¼ to 9 that Dow. Julia and her ladies have been permitted to dine.

"*Ecarté*," he tells us, "is the universal go . . . the men winning and losing hundreds a night; and as the ladies play guineas, their settlement every night cannot be a small one." Is an outbreak of card-playing the effect of relief from the tension caused by a great war?

It is impossible to reach the end of the last volume without a liking for the man who learned to practise philosophy without ceasing to be companionable. Lord Sefton's rage at finding no pheasants in a favourite covert suggests to him a contrast: "He can't exist without excitement for every moment of the day: whilst a pauper like myself can live upon idleness and jokes without a blank day to annoy me." It is a pleasure to think that he gladdened his landlady's heart by going to court in an official uniform, and that though he

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was deprived of his office in the Tower, on which he built pleasant castles in the air for his step-daughters and himself, his old age was made comfortable by a sinecure.

R. E. PROTHERO.

NOTE.—The following stanzas are taken from the MS. verse-book of a naval officer, which bears the date 1816. We have failed to ascertain whether they have ever been published, but as they are unknown to Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Rowland Prothero, or Mr. John Murray, and present Thomas Creevey from a point of view which is not that of his book, we venture to print them as a postscript to Mr. Prothero's article.—EDITOR MONTHLY REVIEW.

A PARODY OF "NORA CREINA."

(*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*)

TUNE.—"CRONY CREEVEY."

MR. GEORGE TIERNEY *sings.*

BLESSINGTON hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left it seems to fly,
But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
Sweeter 'tis to look upon
Creevey, though he seldom rises;
Few his truths—but even *one*
Like unexpected light surprises.

Oh! my crony Creevey, dear,
My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevey,
Others' lies
May wake surprise,
But *truth*, from you, my crony Creevey.

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Erskine wore a robe of gold,
But ah! *too loosely* he had laced it,
Not a rag retains its hold,
On the back where Grizzle[1] plac'd it.
But oh! Vansittart's gown for me!
That closer sticks for all *our* breezes;
Were it mine—then Whiggery
Might sink or swim, as heaven pleases.

Yes, my crony Creevey, dear,
My simple, gentle, crony Creevey,
Office dress
Is gilded lace,
A dress you'll never wear, my Creevey.

Hobhouse hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or confound us?
On the Treasury bench at ease
Londonderry still reposes;
Bed of peace! whose *roughest place*
Is still, my Cree, a bed of roses.

Oh! my crony Creevy, dear,
My hungry, craving, crony Creevey,
While on roses
He reposes
What's the use of counting noses?
(*Affettuoso*) Cree, Cree, Creevey!

[1] Grizzle: Earl Grey, we presume.—Editor.

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TENNYSON AND DANTE

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—DANTE ("Inferno," v. 121–3).

This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
TENNYSON ("Locksley Hall").

BOTH the voice and the echo are famous. The lines from Dante are among the most often cited of his many often cited utterances. The words of Tennyson form not the least well-known quotation from the English poet who has furnished to his countrymen more quotations than any other poet since Shakespeare.

George Eliot, as many will remember, makes signal use of both. To the central and touching chapter in "Daniel Deronda," which tells how Deronda saved Mirah Lapidoth from suicide, she prefixes Tennyson's lines, and shortly after when she makes her hero sing a snatch from the gondolier's song in "Otello," in which, as she says, Rossini has worthily set to music the immortal Italian, "Dante's words," she adds, "are best rendered by our own poet in the lines at the head of the chapter."

Such is the *versura*, the "give and take," of literature and art. But even this is not all. As Mr. Churton Collins has pointed out, the passage in Dante, had already, before Tennyson echoed it, been imitated by Chaucer in "Troilus and Cresside.

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For of fortune's sharpe adversitée
The worste kind of infortune is this
A man to have been in prosperitee
And it remember when it passed is.

And after all, even in Dante, it is probably not original but came to him from Boethius who, in his "de Consolatione Philosophiæ," writes, "In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse," and he again may have derived it from Pindar or Thucydides, who both have something very like it. Whence Pindar derived it we know not. It may, as Macaulay would say, possibly have been new at the court of Chedorlaomer. Tennyson himself did not apparently take it directly from Dante, but from Byron. For Byron he entertained, it will be remembered, a boyish passion. At fourteen, when he heard of Byron's death, he felt as if the world was darkened, and carved on a rock in the Holywell glen "Byron is dead." Two years earlier than this he had written to an aunt, Miss Marianne Fytche, a letter, the earliest specimen of his letters preserved, and one which it is difficult to believe is the work of a boy of twelve, so full is it of learning and of critical judgment. It is devoted to discussing "Samson Agonistes." This passage, he writes,

Restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now,

puts me in mind of that in Dante which Lord Byron has prefixed to his "Corsair," "Nessun maggior dolore," &c.[1]

Tennyson's cognizance then, and in a sense his appreciation of Dante, began with his childhood, though perhaps he would hardly have said, with regard to him, what he does of Virgil, when in the culminating stanza of his famous Ode he most

[1] It may be noted that Byron prefixes other less striking quotations from "Inferno" v. to the second and third Cantos of the "Corsair."

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felicitously salutes that poet with Dante's own epithet, Mantovano, and continues,

I that loved thee since my day began.

For Dante is not one of the list of authors, long as it is, which he and his brothers, as we are told, mostly read out of their father's well-stocked library. Nor do we, as far as I remember, find any allusion to Dante again, or to Italian, until he went to Cambridge and came into contact with, "his friend the brother of his soul," Arthur Hallam. Then at once, any love he may have cherished for either the Italian language generally, or Dante in particular, received a powerful stimulus alike of knowledge and sympathy.

It was in 1828 that Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Hallam came up somewhat later in the same year. Full of poetic and philosophic interests, of literary loves and aspirations, he was full in particular of the Italian poets and of Dante. He had for them a natural affinity. Already at Eton, as a boy of fourteen, he had translated the famous and favourite episode of Ugolino into Sophoclean Iambics, although he possessed at this time, as his father says in the brief but touching memoir prefixed to the Remains, but little acquaintance with Dante or with Italian. Two years later, still a mere lad, he had left Eton and gone with his father for a prolonged tour in Italy. There he fell at once and eagerly upon the study of Italian, with marvellous rapidity mastering the language so completely as to be able to write in it sonnets on which Panizzi pronounced a high eulogy. He studied Dante especially. No poet, says his father, was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind; and, again, "Petrarch he admired, but with less idolatry than Dante."

It was fresh from these scenes and studies that he arrived in Cambridge, to be the leader, the "master-bowman" of that wonderful undergraduate set immortalised by "In Memoriam," where, as William Cory sings,

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Arthur, Alfred, Fitz and Brooks
Lit thought by one another's looks,
Embraced their jests and kicked their books,
In England's happier times.

They flung themselves upon religion and politics, upon poetry and natural science, upon literature old and new, upon all things human and divine. In poetry the German school of Coleridge had much influence with them, but fortunately not the German alone.

"At this time," says the present Lord Tennyson, writing of the year 1829), "my father, with one or two of his more literary friends, took a great interest in the work which Hallam had undertaken, a translation, from the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, with notes and preface. For this task Hallam, who in 1827 had been in Italy with his parents, and had drunk deep of the older Italian literature, was perfecting himself in German and Spanish, and was proposing to plunge into the Florentine historians and the mediæval schoolmen. He writes to my father: 'I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes, as for my actual handiwork in the text. I propose to discuss considerably about poetry in general, and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry.'"

It is true that Henry Hallam dates his son's definite project a good deal later, saying that in 1832, when he had now left Cambridge and was reading law in London, he had the design to make this translation of the "Vita Nuova," and rendered the sonnets it contains into verse. If Lord Tennyson were not in the Antipodes and Hallam's letters in a safe at Farringford, the question could probably be settled in a moment. Meanwhile it may be said that there is nothing improbable in the earlier date.

In 1829 the two friends competed for the prize offered by the University for an English poem. The subject was the unpromising one, how or why chosen I have often wondered, of "Timbuctoo," suited only, it might be thought, for the famous rhyme about the cassowary, or for Thackeray's well-known mock heroics in "The Snob."

In Africa, a quarter of the world,
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd,

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And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugar on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice and barter for her rum.

Tennyson took it a little more seriously than Thackeray. His father had pressed him to be a candidate. He altered the beginning and ending of a poem he had by him upon the subject, save the mark, of the "Battle of Armageddon." He sent this in and it won the prize. If it has about as much to do with Timbuctoo as with Armageddon, it is a striking piece of rhythm and fancy, and possesses not a few points of interest, but they are foreign to this paper. Arthur Hallam took it more seriously still. He offered a poem in Terza Rima and containing several Dantesque lines, but he was, of course, not successful.

It was in the same year, 1829, that Arthur Hallam's attachment to Miss Emily Tennyson began. Mr. Hallam did not at first give it full sanction; but after this first year Hallam visited Somersby regularly as a recognised lover.

In 1830 Tennyson published his first individual volume, "Poems chiefly Lyrical." Of the knowledge or love of Dante in the Italian I have not myself been able to trace any noteworthy indication in its pages. But his friend Hallam, reviewing the volume in the *Englishman's Magazine*, thought he detected some resemblance.

> Beyond question [he writes] the class of poems which in point of harmonious combination "Oriana" most resembles, is the Italian. Just thus the meditative tenderness of Dante and Petrarch is embodied in the clear searching tones of Tuscan song. These mighty masters produce two-thirds of their effect by *sound*. Not that they sacrifice sense to sound, but that sound conveys their meaning when words could not.

In February 1831, owing to his father's failing state of health, Tennyson left the university prematurely. His friends

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sent after him his "Alfieri," which one of them had borrowed and not returned. His father died in the March of that year, and he never went back to Cambridge. But his friends came to him, and especially Hallam, for his own sake and for the reason just given.

> How often, hither wandering down,
> My Arthur found your shadows fair,
> And shook to all the liberal air
> The dust and din and steam of town :
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O bliss, when all in circle drawn
> About him, heart and ear were fed
> To hear him as he lay and read
> The Tuscan poets on the lawn !

"When Arthur Hallam was with them," says Lord Tennyson, "Dante, Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto were the favourite poets, and it was he who taught my Aunt Emily Italian and made her a proficient scholar." Has he not left his own exhortation in verse, a sonnet addressed to his mistress ?

> "Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome
> Ringing with echoes of Italian song ;
> Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
> And all the pleasant place is like a home.
> Hark on the right with full *piano* tone
> Old Dante's voice encircles all the air ;
> Hark yet again, like flute tones mingling rare,
> Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
> Pass thou the lintel freely ; without fear
> Feast on the music ; I do better know thee
> Than to suspect this pleasure thou does owe me
> Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
> That element whence thou must draw thy life ;—
> An English maiden and an English wife."

In one of the interesting bundles of letters from Hallam to W. H. Brookfield, which were published by Colonel Brookfield

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in the *Fortnightly* of last July, Hallam makes an allusion to his absorption in his attachment which is a pretty comment on this sonnet. "Even Dante," he writes, "even Alfred's poetry is at a discount."

At the end of the year, December 16, 1831, Hallam, who had obtained the first prize for a Declamation, pronounced it, odd as the venue may seem to modern ideas, in the College Chapel. It was upon the influence of Italian on English literature, and Wordsworth was, it is said, present on the occasion, Gladstone, as we know from Mr. Morley's Life, certainly was. In it the orator spoke of Dante as "an entire and plenary representation of the Italian mind."

About the same date Hallam seems to have introduced Alfred Tennyson to Moxon, a publisher of poetic and Italian proclivities, married later to Emma Isola, whose grandfather had taught Italian at Cambridge successively to Gray and Wordsworth. Moxon was just then publishing for Hallam a reply to a treatise, interesting alike on account of its authorship and its occasion, the "Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale," of Gabriele Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, known for himself, still better known for the personality and productions of his illustrious children—Maria, Dante Gabriel, Christina, and the sole survivor, William. Professor Rossetti had already published a "Commentary on Dante's Comedia" which contained in germ the main idea of these extraordinary volumes, the idea, namely, that the "Divine Comedy" is a gigantic cryptogram, conveying, under cover of an artificial jargon, an attack on the Papacy and all its works. The book evidently created, at the time, a considerable sensation, not unlike that recently produced by the so-called Bacon-Shakespeare theory, and the two volumes were in 1834 translated into English by Miss Caroline Ward, who dedicated her translation to the Rev. H. F. Cary. But Hallam had already issued his rejoinder in a brochure entitled "Remarks on Professor Rossetti's Disquisizioni, by T. H. E. A.," published by Moxon in 1832.

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It was his last, and I agree with Mr. Le Gallienne, his strongest literary effort. He sent it in the autumn to Tennyson, who, at the end of this year, again appeared before the world as an author. He had now for some time been working at a number of poems for a new volume. Many of them were submitted to the judgment of his friends, especially of Arthur Hallam. Foremost among these was the "Palace of Art." "All at Cambridge are anxious about the 'Palace of Art,'" writes Hallam, "and fierce with me for not bringing more," and Dean Merivale writes to W. H. Thompson (the future Master) "that a daily 'divan' continued to sit throughout the term, and the 'Palace of Art' was read successively to each man as he came up from the vacation." It is fair, however, to say that in this mutual admiration society there were some who scoffed, and asked whether the "abysmal depths of personality" meant the *Times* newspaper. James Spedding was not one of these, for he knew it by heart, and spouted instead of reading it.

In this poem, as all will remember, Dante appears both directly and indirectly:

> For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
> Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
> And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song
> And somewhat grimly smil'd.

So runs the well-known stanza now, as it was retouched with that *curiosa felicitas* of which Tennyson is such an amazing master, it appeared in the edition of 1842.

But in the 1832 volume, and doubtless in these undergraduate recitations, it had run quite differently:

> There deep-haired Milton like an angel tall
> Stood limnèd, Shakespeare bland and mild,
> Grim Dante pressed his lips, and from the wall
> The bald, blind Homer smiled.

That the later is the happier version there can be no sort of doubt, but to any who would study Tennyson's appreciation of Dante both are interesting alike in their common element,

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and in their divergence. In the earlier, the number of figures introduced was far larger than in the later. A stanza a little further on ran :

> And in the sun-pierced oriel's coloured flame
> Immortal Michael Angelo
> Looked down, bold Luther, large brow'd Verulam
> The King of those who know.

In 1842 only two figures appear :

> And thro' the topmost oriel's colour'd flame
> Two god-like faces gazed below :
> Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam
> The first of those who know.

"Bold Luther," one of Tennyson's youthful heroes, has given place to Plato. Some who do not consider the "Divine Comedy" a Protestant cryptogram, might, in the abstract, regret his disappearance, but all will recognise that if the poet was to appropriate Dante's famous phrase, "Il maestro di color che sanno" to any other than Dante's nominee, the great German reformer is not so suitable a substitute as Aristotle's own master.

For the rest the traditional mien of Dante so happily described here seems to have specially interested Tennyson. Bayard Taylor thought the poet himself like Dante. Something in his lofty brow and aquiline nose, he said, suggested Dante. A bust of Dante, as many will remember, was the first object that struck the visitor who was admitted through the sacred gate into the ante-room at Farringford. How long the poet had possessed it I know not, but it is in connection with these lines that Fitzgerald records a famous remark of his : "The names of Dante and Michael Angelo in this poem," he writes, "remind me that once, looking with Alfred Tennyson at two busts of Dante and Goethe in a shop window in Regent Street, I said : 'What is there wanting in Goethe which the other has ?' Alfred Tennyson replied, 'The Divine.'"

The best comment, however, on the bust of Dante, and on Tennyson's "grim" epithet, is probably to be found in the

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story of his friend Sir Frederick Pollock's nurse, told by Sir Frederick himself in his "Remembrances":

> Sir Frederick was laid up in 1878 with an attack of fever, and employed the services of a professional nurse. Some time afterward this same woman attended a lady of his acquaintance, and in reading a book to her came on the name of Dante. "I know him," she said. The lady was astonished, and asked, "How do you know him?" "He's a great friend of Sir Frederick Pollock's. There's a bust of him on his staircase. He's a very severe-looking gentleman."

Another poem, not unlike the "Palace of Art," is "The Dream of Fair Women," which Aubrey de Vere picks out as

> A marvellous specimen of one especial class of poetry, that of Vision, which reached its perfection in Dante, whose verse the young aspirant may have been reading with a grateful desire to note by this poem the spot on which his feet had rested for a time.

To return, however, to Tennyson himself. In March 1838, writing to his aunt, Mrs. Russell, mother of the present Lord Boyne, he quotes the third line of the "Divina Commedia," and in August of the same year Hallam, leaving for Vienna, gave to Emily Tennyson an Italian book, "Silvio Pellico." But these are only tiny straws, showing the way the wind blew. A few weeks later the stroke came which was to give a bias profound and lasting to all Tennyson's life and art. Hallam left England for Austria and there, on the fifteenth of September,

> Within Vienna's fatal walls,
> God's finger touched him and he slept.

Fifty years later almost to a day, two men, his compeers, now two of the most famous in England, or indeed in the world, as they sate on board a steamer passing up the coast of Scotland, in a rare moment of rest and relaxation, were deploring the death of this friend of their youth, saying what a noble intellect he possessed, and how great a loss he had been to Dante scholarship; they were Gladstone and Alfred Tennyson.

At the moment Tennyson was stunned. He thought he could and would write no more. But soon, little by little, and in broken efforts, he began again. He betook himself to work

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and study, minded like Dante to prepare himself to write better than he had ever hitherto done. Among his studies was Italian; and we might well imagine that in Italian Dante would hold the place he must always hold in the Italian studies of a serious philosophic and poetic mind. It is noticeable as an indication of the study of Dante in the Tennyson set at Cambridge that Dean Alford, another special friend of Arthur Hallam, writes in 1833: "I have rather of late inclined to allegory, not that of more modern times, but a mode of that of our sweet Spenser and the great and holy Dante." But there is more specific indication in Tennyson's own letters and in the poems which he published later. For the present he gave nothing to the world, writing and rewriting, but observing strictly the Alexandrine and Horatian motto,

Nonumque prematur in annum.

When, however, the ninth year brought their publication, the new pieces showed how he had been occupied at this earlier period. Conspicuous in the 1842 volume is the famous piece "Ulysses," as many think the most condensed and complete expression of Tennyson's genius at its best. It was this poem that convinced Carlyle that Tennyson was really a poet. It was this again that Lord Houghton made Sir Robert Peel read when he induced him to grant the Civil List pension. Finally it was in Dante that Tennyson found the fitting quotation when he wrote to his friend Rawnsley to tell him of his good luck and the carping of "the causelessly bitter against me and mine," and said, "Let us leave them in their limbo; non ragionam di lor ma guarda e passa."

For this was the period at which "Ulysses" was composed, as he said himself, "soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and it gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam'."

It is then the earliest first-rate piece written after the great experience of shock and sorrow, and drawing from that much

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of its strength. This is its personal origin; its literary inspiration is obvious. "I spoke with admiration of his 'Ulysses,'" says Locker-Lampson. He said, "Yes, there's an echo of Dante in it." And surely there is more than an echo.

> Fatti non fosti a viver come bruti
> Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.
>
> To follow knowledge like a sinking star
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The mould of the piece is Homeric, but the mood is Dantesque. But the publication of "Ulysses" was still far off. When he wrote it, the poet was in personal need of the lesson it contains, and, indeed, it may be said to be a soliloquy addressed to his own heart. Meanwhile a new light had broken on his clouded path. He had begun to correspond with the happy bridesmaid to his brother's bride, his new sister-in-law, Miss Emily Sellwood.

With admirable and rare reticence, Lord Tennyson has given only a few brief extracts from the sacred love-letters of his father and mother! They contain some of the most striking things the poet ever said. Among the earliest is this:

> I dare not tell how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it. Shakespeare, Cervantes, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the Gospel of Christ.

In 1840, after three brief years, their correspondence was broken off, forbidden because there seemed no prospect of Tennyson being able to marry. At last the time came when they were permitted to resume their intercourse, and finally, as Tennyson said, in words worthy even of Dante, "the peace of God" came into his life before the altar of Shiplake church when he wedded his wife there on June 13, 1850. The same month saw the publication of "In Memoriam," in some ways the greatest of Tennyson's works, possibly too the most Dantesque. Not, indeed, that "In Memoriam" can be called very Dantesque. The resemblance between it

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and Dante's grand poem is of the slightest. Yet slight as it is, it has been more than once remarked, and with perhaps a little more reason than at first sight appears. Aubrey de Vere, a critic certainly well qualified to judge, seems to have been much impressed by it. He notes the similarity of occasion. "As in the case of Dante," he writes, "a great sorrow was the harbinger of a song greater still." Tennyson himself, too, had some vague idea of the resemblance in his mind. "In Memoriam," he says, speaking more particularly of the Epilogue on his sister Cecilia's marriage to Professor Lushington, "was intended to be a kind of Divina Commedia ending with happiness."

The ultimate triumph of Love over everything—sin, pain and death—was we are told a constant idea with him, and he would often quote the words inscribed on the portals of Hell,

> Fecemi la divina potestate
> La somma sapienza, e il primo amore,

as if they were a kind of unconscious confession by Dante that "Love will conquer at the last." Both Introduction and Epilogue certainly convey this idea, and for this reason, amongst others, I am not one of those who could miss either, or think that they do not add to the richness of the whole. It is the fashion to decry the Epilogue with its "white-favoured horses" and its "foaming grape of Eastern France," and to call it trivial or even *banal*. Were it less stately and exquisite than it is I could not have given up the lines with which it ends. These at least may claim to be Dantesque in their simplicity and sublimity.

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off Divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

Tennyson's marriage and the publication of "In Memoriam" marked his definite assumption of a settled place in life and letters, which by the happiest of coincidences was authoritatively

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endorsed by his appointment, also in the same year, to the post of Laureate.

In the Memoir written by his son Dante from time to time appears. The "Divine Comedy," we are told, was usually taken with him on his travels, and his wife and he read the "Inferno" together in the Crimean winter of 1854, when he was writing "Maud."

Lady Tennyson's Journal for May 7, 1865, notes a more special reference: "Last evening in answer to a letter from Florence asking for lines on Dante he made six, and sent them off to-day, in honour of Dante's six hundredth centenary." The lines are graceful in thought and expression, but not perhaps striking, certainly not to be put into the same category with the spontaneous "Ode to Virgil." What is chiefly characteristic, especially in a man so simple and sincere as Tennyson, is their humility. They run as follows:

TO DANTE

(*Written at the request of the Florentines*)

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine own
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,
Thy Florence, now the crown of Italy
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.

About them there is preserved an interesting and characteristic story. Tennyson gave them to Lord Houghton, who was going to Florence for the occasion, to recite to the Florentines. Lord Houghton repeated them to a brother of Canon Warburton. Fifteen years or more later Tennyson was talking to Canon Warburton about the probable short duration of all modern poetic fame.

"Who," said he, "will read Alfred Tennyson one hundred years hence? And look at Dante after six hundred years."

"That," answered Warburton, "is a renewal of the garland-of-a-day superstition."

"What do you mean?"

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"Your own words!"

"Why what can you mean?"

"Don't you remember those lines which you gave to Milnes to read for you at the Dante Centenary?"

My father had forgotten the lines.

Warburton then wrote them out as far as he could remember them, and shortly afterwards Tennyson recalled the correct version. And he included them in that wonderful volume published in his seventy-first year, "Ballads and Poems," which contains "Rizpah," "The Revenge," "The Voyage of Maeldune," "De Profundis," the Sonnets on "Old Brooks," and on Montenegro, and the Epitaph on Sir John Franklin.

In 1888 came the memorable voyage in the *Pembroke Castle*. Gladstone and Tennyson began, as already mentioned, at their first breakfast, upon Hallam and Dante. Dante they discussed a good deal, not always agreeing. Tennyson, if report is true, had the better of the argument, although a letter written to Gladstone a little later he ends with a postscript: "I have totally forgotten what passage in Dante we were discussing on board the *Pembroke Castle*."

Without multiplying references then to the Life, it is evident that Dante was constantly in Tennyson's hands, and still more in his head; that when he speaks of him, he speaks with knowledge, and that we need not be surprised if we find in his writings some traces or echoes of a poet he knew and loved so well. His recorded criticisms of Dante are sound but not remarkable.

We must distinguish [he said] Keats, Shelley, and Byron from the great sage poets of all who are both great thinkers and great artists like Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. Goethe lacked the divine intensity of Dante, but he was among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist.

And again:

Ugolino, and Paolo and Francesca, in Dante, equal anything anywhere.

When he was planning Aldworth, he said he would like to have the blank shields on his mantelpiece emblazoned with

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devices to represent the great modern poets: Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth.

Talking with Gladstone at Hawarden soon after the *Pembroke Castle* trip upon Dante, he expressed the view that "as the English language is much finer than the Italian for variety of sound, so Milton, for sound, is often finer than Dante." He quoted Milton, Virgil, Dante and Homer to illustrate his meaning, and then said, "What, for example, can be more melodious than the first lines of the 'Inferno,' with their 'a-s'?"

> Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
> Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
> Che là diritta via era smaritta?

Of echoes or imitations of Dante in Tennyson there would not seem to be many that are indubitable, beside the two or three already quoted, and admitted by the poet himself. Mr. Churton Collins, with his marvellous memory, has, indeed, suggested several.

With the lines in the "Gardener's Daughter,"

> We wound about
> The subject most at heart, more near and near
> Like doves about a dove-cote, wheeling round
> The central wish, until we settled there,

he compares, Dante, "Inferno," v. 81–88:

> Quali colombe dal disio chiamate
> Con l' ali alzate e ferme, al dolce nido
> Vegnon per l' aer dal voler portate

but excepting that doves flying "to their windows" appear in both, the parallelism is hardly very close.

With the well-known

> Our wills are ours we know not how
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine,

he compares Dante, "Paradiso," iii. 66–87; the famous passage which culminates in the famous line

> In la sua volontade è nostra pace;

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but Tennyson seems to emphasise rather the freedom of the will on earth than its tranquillity when it has reached the heavenly satisfaction, which is Dante's point.

A more probable parallel is his next, between the well-known passage in Dante, "Purgatory," xi. 91–117, about fleeting fame, and the passage from "In Memoriam," lxxiii. :

> What fame is left for human deeds
> In endless age? It rests with God.

Another passage of "In Memoriam," from Canto lxxxv.,

> The great Intelligences fair
> That range above our mortal state,

Mr. Collins ingeniously and very probably traces to the "Convito," ii. v. 5. :

> Li movitori di quello (Cielo) sono Sustanze separate da materia, cioè Intelligenze, le quale la volgare gente chiama Angeli.

Canto lxxxvii. he pronounces to be almost a paraphrase of the very beautiful sonnet attributed to Dante, beginning

> Ora che 'l mondo s' adorna.

But here again, surely, the resemblance is of the most general kind and somewhat slight.

Much closer is the parallel which he suggests between the striking passage at the end of the "Paradiso," xxxiii. 55–57,

> Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio
> Che il parlar nostro, ch' a tal visto cede
> E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio,

and Tennyson's

> At length my trance
> Was cancell'd, stricken through with doubt.
>
> Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
> In matter-moulded forms of speech,
> Or even for intellect to reach
> Thro' memory that which I became.
>
> "In Memoriam," xcv.

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I have often myself looked out for echoes or analogies. Not many have occurred to me. I think it possible that the well-known and most effective onomatopœiac repetition in the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington:

> With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
> Eternal honour to his name,

may have its germ in the well-known repetition and play by Dante on the words "honour" and "honourable" in Canto iv. of the "Inferno," though the assonance is less marked in the Italian.

Another undoubted parallel suggested to me by a friend is the description of Merlin's beard in "Merlin and Vivian,"

> The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
> Had left in ashes,

and that of Cato in "Purgatorio," i. 84:

> Lunga la barba e di pel bianco mista
> Portava, e suoi capegli simigliante,
> De' quai cadeva al pello doppia lista.

There are, again, of course, certain commonplaces of literature and nature, which are found in both. Such is the "Wheel of Fortune," so happily utilised by both Dante and Tennyson, though Tennyson's

> Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
> Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud,

resembles more the well-known song ascribed to Guido Cavallanti,

> Lo! I am he who makes the wheel to turn, [1]

than either "Inferno" vii. 5, or "Inferno" xv. 95.

Such, too, are "the sparks flying up from the smitten log" of "Paradiso," xviii. 100, and of the Epilogue to Morte d'Arthur; or

> The many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home

[1] Rossetti, p. 151.

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of Locksley Hall, and the daws of "Paradiso," xxi. 85, in which Longfellow notes a parallelism.

But these chance parallels are of doubtful importance. As often as not they are merely a product of a common cause; often mere coincidences. It is more to the purpose to ask if there is any general resemblance between Tennyson and Dante, still more whether the study of the younger poet, whose record is so full and fresh, can help us better to understand and appreciate the elder, a line of argument which I well remember Mr. Pater, with the mixture of artistic sympathy and common sense which was so memorable in him, once introducing very effectively in a discussion as to Dante's probable manner of life and writing.

At first sight, perhaps, it would seem as if few poets could resemble each other less than the great poet of Italy of the thirteenth and the great poet of England of the nineteenth century. Dante's chief poetic effort is so grand in scale as to throw into the shade, almost at times to cause us to forget his lesser poetical productions. No one work of Tennyson's stands out, either among his pieces or in the world of letters, in anything approaching the same way. And even his larger works seem compacted of smaller, so much so that we are inclined at times to think of him chiefly as a poet of short pieces. "In Memoriam" is a collection of *canzoni*, "The Epic of Arthur" a series of idylls, "The Princess" a string of jewels on a golden but slender thread. Tennyson wanted then, or at any rate did not display, the "architectonic" genius which Dante exhibits consummately, more consummately, indeed, than any other poet, and in respect of which, if not in other respects, he is superior even to Homer and Shakespeare.

Yet poles apart as in this regard they are, they have much in common. Both are artists, and conscious artists. Both are, to use Aristotle's distinction, "finely gifted" rather than "finely frenzied"; both, too, in Leonardo Bruni's adaptation, are "poeti literati et scientifici," who compose, "per istudio, per disciplina ed arte e per prudenza." Both are idealist and realist at once.

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Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, in a most original article which appeared now a little time back, called attention to the absolute indifference, nay, studied carelessness of Browning as to strict fact. The good news, he notes, was never brought by the three galloping horsemen from Ghent to Aix; there is no evidence that Raphael ever wrote a single sonnet, much less a century, while "Browning's geography and seamanship," he says, "are equally concrete and equally careless."

Dante would never have allowed himself such licence. He would have feared

> Perder viver tra coloro
> Che questo tempo chiameranno antico.

Tennyson had the same love for accuracy as Dante. He wanted to change a line because he found that scientific observers had altered their calculations as to the probable duration of the sun's power of giving heat to the solar system. That was exactly in the manner of Dante. Both thought that poetry should be true to fact.

> Sì che dal fatto il dir son sia diverso.[1]

But yet both were thorough artists. Both held that poetry should be beautiful; that it was right deliberately to embellish it, to give it, as Dante said, "dolcezza e armonia." And both, with this end in view, laboured infinitely at technique and studied poetic diction. As Mr. W. P. Ker has brought out, it is clear that Dante was much interested in poets from whom he could learn nothing but style; that in learning his art he made distinct artistic studies, so that, like Catullus, he combined the most passionate directness with the fullest mastery of Alexandrine artificiality.

In the early poems of Tennyson, more particularly in many suppressed by him in later years, such as the "Hesperides," we see just the same characteristic, the cultivation of preciosity, so

[1] "Inferno," xxxii. 12.

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fascinating to the young artist, who has not yet learned that poetry should be simple as well as sensuous and passionate. Both may be said to have passed through their pre-Raphaelite period. Both, as a result, were to the last pre-eminently careful of style, and used, what Dante so well advocates, the sieve for noble words. Both were "docti poetæ"; yet both held that poetry should be clear and have a definite meaning. For both, again, were eminently philosophic, their lore embracing alike natural, and mental and moral philosophy. They possessed, too, more than one specific interest in common. Both loved the stars. "Since Dante," says Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, "no poet in any land has so loved the stars as Tennyson." He meditated a great poem on them. Perhaps the nearest in this love is the living poet, a poet better in prose than in verse, Thomas Hardy.

Both loved the story of "the flower of kings," Arthur of Britain: "Pulcherrimæ regis Arturi ambages," as Dante terms it and the episodes of Mordred and Gallehault, of Guenevere and Lancelot and Tristan.

And both, as already hinted at, loved pre-eminently one of the elder poets.

> I salute thee, Mantovano,
> I that loved thee since my day began.

> Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore
> Che m' ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

"What Horace did for Sappho, that Dante in his noblest passages, your father in his most perfect poems, have done for the 'altissimo poeta.' The one has expressed the veneration of the modern, as the other of the mediæval world." So wrote the poet and seer, lover and student both of Virgil and of Dante, recently lost to us, Frederick Myers.

Widely different then in age, in circumstance, and in almost every detail of their surroundings, they yet had not a little in common in taste and temperament. It is not without significance then that the words which his gifted son uses to

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conclude his summing up of Lord Tennyson's character should be those of Dante.

> If I may venture to speak [he writes] of his special influence over the world, my conviction is, that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy.
>
> Fortezza, ed umilitade, e largo core.

T. Herbert Warren.

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THE IDEA OF PROPORTION

Ich hab vernomen wie der siben weysen aus kriechenland ainer gelert hab das dy mass in allen dingen sitlichen und naturlichen das pest sey.—Dürer, "British Museum MS.," Vol. iv., 82a.

I have heard how one of the Seven Sages of Greece taught that measure is in all things, physical and moral, best.

La souveraine habileté consiste à bien connaitre le prix des choses. —La Rochefoucauld, m. 252.

Sovereign skill consists in thoroughly understanding the value of things.

IN the following essay I have tried to trace the part played in human education by the idea and sense of proportion; secondly, to explain the special use of the term in relation to the appreciation of works of art; thirdly, in relation to their internal structure.

I

I conceive the human reason to be the antagonist of all known forces other than itself, and that therefore its most essential character is the hope and desire to control and transform the universe; or, failing that, to annihilate if not the universe at least itself and the consciousness of a monster fact which it entirely condemns. In this conception I believe myself to be at one with those by whom men have been most influenced, and who, with or without confidence in the support of unknown powers, have set themselves deliberately against

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the face of things to die or conquer. This being so, and man individually weak, it has been the avowed object of great characters—carrying with them the instinctive consent of nations—to establish current values for all things, according as their imagination could turn them to account as effective aids of reason: that is, as they could be made to advance her apparent empire over other elemental forces, such as motion, physical life, etc. This evaluation, in so far as it is constant, results in what we call civilisation, and is the only bond of society. With difficulty is the value of new acquisitions recognised even in the realm of science, until the imagination can place them in such a light as shall make them appear to advance reason's ends, which accounts for the reluctance that has been shown to accept many scientific results. Reason demands that the world she would create shall be a fact, and declares that the world she would transform is the real world, but until the imagination can find a function for it in reason's ideal realm, every piece of knowledge remains useless, or even an obstacle in the way of our intended advance. This applies to individuals just as truly as it does to mankind. And since man's reason is a natural phenomenon and does apparently belong to the class of elemental forces, this warfare against the apparent fact and the fortitude and hope which its whole-hearted prosecution begets appear as a natural law to the intelligence and as a command and promise to the reason.

The alternative between the will to cease and the will to serve reason, with which I start out, may not seem necessary to all. "Forgive their sin—and if not, blot me I pray thee out of thy book," was Moses' prayer; and to me it seems that only by lethargy can any soul escape from facing this alternative. The human mind in so far as it is active always postulates, "Let that which I desire come to pass, or let me cease!" Nor is there any diversity possible as to what really is desirable: Man desires the full and harmonious development of his faculties. As to how this end may most probably be attained, there is diversity enough to represent every possible

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blend of ignorance with knowledge, of lethargy with energy, of cowardice with courage.

> So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less.—SWIFT, "Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome."

So writes the most powerful of English prose-writers. And this hope and desire, which is reason, once thrown down, the most powerful among poets has brought from human lips this estimate of life—

> It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

No one knows whether reason's object will or can be attained; but for the present each man finds confidence and encouragement in so far as he is able to imagine all things working together for the good of those who desire good—in short, for reasonable beings.[1] The more he knows, the greater labour it is for him to imagine this; but the more he concentrates his faculties on doing good and creating good things, the more his imagination glows and shines and discovers to him new possibilities of success: the better he is able to find—

> Sermons in stones and good in everything;
> And make a moral of the devil himself.

---

[1] It may be urged that diversities of opinion exist as to what good is. The convenience of the words "good" and "evil" corresponds to a need created by a common experience in the same way as the convenience of the words "light" and "darkness" does. A child might consider that a diamond generated light in the same way as a candle does. He would be mistaken, but this would not affect the correctness of his application of the word "light" to his experience; if he confused light with darkness he must immediately become unintelligible. Good and light are perceived and named—no one can say more of them; the effects of both may be described with more or less accuracy. To say that light is a mode of motion does not define it; we ask at once, What mode? And the only answer is, that which produces the effect of light. A born-blind man though he knew what was meant by motion could never deduce from this knowledge a conception of light.

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But how is it that reason can accept an imagination that makes what in a cold light she considers her enemy, appear her friend? All things impress the mind with two contradictory notions—their actual condition and their perfection. Even the worst of its kind impresses on us an idea of what the best would be, or we could not know it for the worst. Reason, then, seizes on this aspect of things which suggests their perfection, and awards them her attention in proportion as such aspect makes their perfection seem near, or as it may further her in transforming the most pressing of other evils. All life tends to affirm its own character; and the essential characteristic of man is reason, which labours to perfect all things that he judges to be good, and to transform all evil. Ultimate results are out of sight for all human faculties except the early-waking eyes of long-chastened hope; but reason loves this visionary mood, though she prefer that it be sung, and find that less lyrical speech brings on it something of ridicule; for such a rendering betrays, as a rule, faint desire or small power to serve her in those who use it.

The sense of proportion, then, is that fineness of susceptibility by which we appreciate in a given object, person, force, or mood, serviceableness in regard to reason's work; in other words, by which we estimate the capacity to transform the Universe in such a way that men may ultimately be enabled to give their hearty consent to its existence, which at present no man rationally can.

II

Now, art appeals to fine susceptibilities; for, as I have explained elsewhere,[1] the value of works of art depends on their having come as "real and intimate experiences to a large number of gifted men"—men who have some kinship to that "finely touched and gifted man, the εὐφυής of the Greeks," to use the phrase of our greatest modern critic. And in so far

[1] The Monthly Review, October 1892, "Rodin."

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as we are able to judge between works successfully making such an appeal, we must be governed by this sense of proportion, which measures how things stand in regard to reason; that is, not merely intellect, not merely emotion, but the alliance of both by means of the imagination in aid of man's most central demand—the demand for nobler life.

Perhaps I ought to point out before proceeding, that this position is not that of the writers on art most in view at the present day. It is the negation of the so-called scientific criticism, and also of the personal theory that reduces art to an expression of, and an appeal to, individual temperaments; it is the assertion of the sovereignty of the æsthetic conscience on exactly the same grounds as sovereignty is claimed for the moral conscience. Æsthetics deals with the morality of appeals addressed to the senses. That is, it estimates the success of such appeals in regard to the promotion of fuller and more harmonious life. Flaubert wrote:—

> Le génie n'est pas rare maintenant, mais ce que personne n'a plus et ce qu'il faut tacher d'avoir, c'est la conscience.
>
> (Genius is not rare now-a-days, but conscience is what nobody has and what one should strive after)

To-day I am thinking of a painter. Painting is an art addressed primarily to the eye, and not to the intelligence, not to the imagination, save as these may be reached through the eye—that most delicate organ of infinite susceptibility, which teaches us the meaning of the word light—a word so often uttered with stress of ecstasy, of longing, of despair, and of every other shade of emotion that the sound of it must soon be almost as powerful with the young heart, almost as immediate in its effect, as the break of day itself, gladdening the eyes and glorifying the earth. And how often is this joy received through the eye entrusted back to it for expression? For the eye can speak with varieties, delicacies, and subtle shades of motion far beyond the attainment of any other organ.

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> This art of painting is made for the eyes, for sight is the noblest sense of man.

says Dürer; and again—

> It is ordained that never shall any man be able, out of his own thoughts, to make a beautiful figure, unless, by much study, he hath well stored his mind. That then is no longer to be called his own; it is art acquired and learnt, which soweth, waxeth, and beareth fruit after its kind. Thence the gathered secret treasure of the heart is manifested openly in the work, and the new creature which a man createth in his heart, appeareth in the form of a thing.

Yes, indeed, the function of art is far from being confined to telling us what we see, whatever some may pretend, or however naturally any small nature may desire to confine, teach, or regulate great ones. All so-called scientific methods of creating or criticising works of art are inadequate, because the only truly scientific statements that can be made about these inquiries are that nothing is certain—that no method ensures success, and that no really important quality can be defined; for what man can say why one cloud *is* more beautiful than another in the same sky, any more than he can explain why, of two men equally absorbed in doing their duty, one impresses him as being more holy than the other. The degrees essential to both kinds of judgment escape all definition; only the imagination can at times bring them home to us, only the refined taste or chastened conscience, as the case may be, witnesses with our spirit that its judgment is just, and bids us recognise a master in him who delivers it. As the expression on a face speaks to a delicate sense, often communicating more, other, and better than can be seen, so the proportion, harmony, rhythm of a painting may beget moods and joys that require the full resources of a well-stored mind and disciplined character in order that they may be fully relished—in brief, demand that maturity of reason which is the mark of victorious man.

Such being my conception, it will easily be perceived how anxious I must be to truly discern and express the relation

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between such objects as works of art by common consent so highly honoured, and at the same time so active in their effect upon the most exquisitely endowed of mankind. Especially since to-day caprice, humour and temperament are, by the majority of writers on art, acclaimed for the radical characteristic of the human creative faculty, instead of its perversion and disease; and it is thought that to be whimsical, moody, or self-indulgent best fits a man both to create and apprise works of art, whereas to become so really is the only way in which a man capable of such high tasks can with certainty ruin and degrade his faculties. Precious, surpassingly precious indeed, must every manifestation of such faculty before its final extinction remain, since the race produces comparatively few endowed after this kind.

Perhaps a sufficient illustration of this prevalent fallacy may be drawn from Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock," where he speaks of art:

> A whimsical goddess, and a capricious, her strong sense of joy tolerates no dulness, and, live we never so spotlessly, still may she turn her back upon us.
>
> As from time immemorial, she has done upon the Swiss in their mountains.

Here is no proof of caprice, save on the witty writer's part; for men who fast are not saved from bad temper, nor have the kindly necessarily discreet tongues. The Swiss may be brave and honest, and yet dull. Virtue is her own reward, and art her own. Virtue rewards the saint, art the artist; but men are rewarded for attention to morality by some measure of joy in virtue, for attention to beauty by some measure of joy in works of art. Between the artist and the Philistine is no great gulf fixed, in the sense that the witty "master of the butterfly" pretends to assume, but an infinite and gentle decline of persons representing every possible blend of the virtues and faults of these two types. Again, an artist is miscalled "master of art." "Where he is, there she appears," is airy impudence. "Where she wills to be, there she chooses a man

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to serve her," would not only have been more gallant but more reasonable; for that "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit," and that "many are called, few chosen," are sayings as true of the influence which kindleth art as of that which quickeneth to holiness. Art is not dignified by being called whimsical or capricious. What can a man explain? The intention, behind the wind, behind the spirit, behind the creative instinct, is dark. But man is true to his own most essential character when, if he cannot refrain from prating of such mysteries, he qualifies them as hope would have him, with the noblest of his virtues; not when he speaks of the unknown, in whose hands his destiny so largely rests, slightingly, as of a woman whom he has seduced because he despised her—calling her capricious because she answered to his caprice, whimsical, because she was as flighty as his error. It is not art's function to reward virtue. But, caprices and whimseys being ascribed to a goddess, it will be natural to expect them in her worshipper; and Mr. Whistler revealed the limitations of his genius by whimseys and caprice. Though it was in their relations to the world that this goddess and her devotee claimed freedoms so far from perfect, yet this, their avowed characteristic abroad, I think in some degree disturbed their domestic relations. Though others have underlined the absurdity of this theory by applying themselves to it with more faith and less sense, I have chosen to quote from the "Ten O'Clock," because I admire it and accept most of the ideas about art advanced therein. The artist who wrote it was able, in Dürer's phrase, "to prove" what he wrote "with his hand." Most of those who have elaborated what was an occasional unsoundness of his doctrine into ridiculous religions are as unable to create as they are to think; there is no need to record names which it is wisdom to forget. But it may be well to point out that Mr. Whistler does not succeed in glorifying great artists when he declares that beauty "to them

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was as much a matter of certainty and triumph as is to the astronomer the verification of the result, foreseen with the light granted to him alone." No, he only sets up a false analogy; for the true parallel to the artist is the saint, not the astronomer; both are convinced, neither understands. Art is no more the reward of intelligence than of virtue. She permits no caprice in her own realm. Loyalty is the only virtue she insists on, loyalty in regard to her servant's experience of beauty; he may be immoral in every other way and she not desert him; but let him turn Balaam and declare beauty absent where he feels its presence—though in doing this he hopes to advance virtue or knowledge, she needs no better than an ass to rebuke him. Nothing effects more for anarchy than these notions that art derives from individual caprice, or defends virtue, or demonstrates knowledge; for they are all based on those flattering hopes of the unsuccessful, that chance rules both in life and art, or that it is possible to serve two masters.

Doctrines often repeated gain easy credence; and, since art demands leisure in order to be at all enjoyed, ideas about it, in so fatiguing a life as ours has become, take men off their guard, when their habitual caution is laid to sleep, and, by an over-easiness, they are inclined to spoil both their sense of distinction and their children. Yes, they consent to theatres that degrade them, because they distract and amuse; and read journals that are smart and diverting at the expense of dignity and truth—in the same way as they smile at the child whom reason bids them reprove, and with the like tragic result; for they become incapable of enjoying works of art, as the child is incapacitated for the best of social intercourse.

To prophesy smooth things to people in this condition, and flatter their dulness, is to be no true friend; and so the modern art-critic and journalist is often the insidious enemy of the civilisation he contents.

Nothing strikes the foreigner coming to England more than our lack of general ideas. Our art criticism is no excep-

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tion; it, like our literature and politics, is happy-go-lucky and delights in the pot-shot. We often hear this attributed admiringly to "the sporting instinct."

If God, in his own time, granteth me to write something further about matters connected with painting, I will do so, in hope that this art may not rest upon use and wont alone, but that in time it may be taught on true and orderly principles, and may be understood to the praise of God and the use and pleasure of all lovers of art.—Dürer, "Literary Remains," p. 252.

Our art is still worse off than our trade or our politics, for it does not even rest upon use and wont, but is wholly in the air. Yet the typical modern æsthete has learnt where to take cover, for, though destitute of defence, he has not entirely lost the instinct for self-preservation; and, when he finds the eye of reason upon him, he immediately flies to the diversity of opinions. But Dürer follows him even there with the perfect good faith of a man in earnest.

Men deliberate and hold numberless differing opinions about beauty, and they seek after it in many different ways, although ugliness is thereby rather attained. Being then, as we are, in such a state of error, I know not certainly what the ultimate measure of true beauty is, and cannot describe it aright. But glad should I be to render such help as I can, to the end that the gross deformities of our work might be and remain pruned away and avoided, unless indeed any one prefers to bestow great labour upon the production of deformities. We are brought back, therefore, to the aforesaid judgment of men, which considereth one figure beautiful at one time and another at another. . .

Because now we cannot altogether attain unto perfection, shall we therefore wholly cease from learning? By no means. Let us not take unto ourselves thoughts fit for cattle. For evil and good lie before men, wherefore it behoveth the rational man to choose the good.

Every man knows, in so far as he is a rational being, who can teach him, what he can learn from this man, what from that; and it is rational to learn and be taught. Are we to be cattle or gods? "Is it not written in your law, I said 'Ye are Gods?'" Reason demands that each man form himself on the pattern of a God, and God is an empty name if reason be not the will of God. Then he whom reason hath brought up may properly be called a son of God, a son of man, a child of

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Light. But it is easier to bob to such phrases than to understand them. However, their mechanical repetition does not prevent their having meant something once, does not prevent their meaning being their true value. It is time we understood our art, just as it is time we understood our religion. Docility, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is one of the marks of genius. Dürer's spirit is the spirit of the great artist who will learn even from "dull men of little judgment."

> Let none be ashamed to learn, for a good work requireth good counsel. Nevertheless, whosoever taketh counsel in the arts, let him take it from one thoroughly versed in those matters, who can prove what he saith with his hand. Howbeit any one may give thee counsel; and when thou hast done a work pleasing to thyself, it is good for thee to show it to dull men of little judgment that they may give their opinion of it. As a rule they pick out the most faulty points, whilst they entirely pass over the good. If thou findest something they say true, thou mayst thus better thy work.—DURER, "Literary Remains," p. 180.

Those who are thoroughly versed in art are the great artists; we have guides then, and we have a way—the path they have trodden—and we have company, the gifted and docile men of to-day whom we see to be improving themselves; and, in so far as we are reasonable, a sense of proportion is ours, which we may improve; and it will help us to catch up better and yet better company until we enjoy the intimacy of the noblest, and know as we are known. Then: "May we not consider it a sign of sanity when we regard the human spirit as . . a poet, and art as a half written poem? Shall we not have a sorry disappointment if its conclusion is merely novel, and not the fulfilment and vindication of those great things gone before?"[1] For my own part, those appear to me the grandest characters who, on finding that there is no other purchase for effort but only hope, and that they can never cease from hope but by ceasing to live, clear their minds of all idle acquiescence in what could never be hoped, and concentrate their energies on conquering whatever in their own

[1] THE MONTHLY REVIEW, April 1901, "In Defence of Reynolds."

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nature, and in the world about them, militates against their most essential character—reason, which seeks always to give a higher value to life.

III

When we speak of the sense of proportion displayed in the design of a building, many will think that the word is used in quite a different sense, and one totally unrelated to those which I have been discussing. But no; life and art are parallel and correspond throughout; ethics are the æsthetics of life, religion the art of living. Taste and conscience only differ in their provinces, not in their procedure. Both are based on instinctive preferences; the canon of either is merely so many of those preferences as, by their constant recurrence to individuals gifted with the power of drawing others after them, are widely accepted. The preference of serenity to melancholy, of light to darkness, are among the most firmly established in the canon, that is all. The sense of proportion within a design is employed to stimulate and delight the eye. Ordinary people may fear there is some abstruse science about this. Not at all; it is as simple as relishing milk and honey, and its development an exact parallel to the training of the palate to distinguish the flavours of teas, coffees and wines. "Taste and see" is the whole business. There are many people who have no hesitation in picking out what to their eye is the wainscot panel with the richest grain: they see it at once. So with etchings; if people would only forget that they are works of art, forget all the false or ill-understood standards which they have been led to suppose applicable, and look at them as they might at agate stones; or choose out the richest in effect: the most suitable for a gay room, or a hall, or a library, as though they were patterned stuffs for curtains; they would come a thousand times nearer a right appreciation of Dürer's success than by making a pot-shot to lasso the

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masterpiece with the tangle of literary rubbish which is known as art criticism.

The harmonies and contrasts of juxtaposed colours or textures are affected by quantity, and a sense of proportion decides what quantities best produce this effect and what that. The correctness or amount of information to be conveyed in the delineation of some object, in relation to the mood which the artist has chosen shall dominate his work, is determined by his sense of proportion. He may distort an object to any extent or leave it as vague as the shadow on a wall in diffused light, or he may make it precise and particular as ever Jan Van Eyck did; so only that its distortion or elaboration is so proportioned to the other objects and intentions of his work as to promote its success in the eyes of the beholder.

There are no fallacies greater than the prevalent ones conveyed by the expressions "out of drawing" or "untrue to nature." There is no such thing as correct drawing or an outside standard of truth for works of art.

"The conception of every work of art carries within it its own rule and method, which must be found out before it can be achieved." "Chaque oeuvre à faire a sa poétique en soi, qu'il faut trouver," said Flaubert.

Truth in a work of art is sincerity. That a man says what he really means—shows us what he really thinks to be beautiful—is all that reason bids us ask for. No science or painstaking can make up for his not doing this. No lack of skill or observation can entirely frustrate his communicating his intention to kindred natures if he is utterly sincere. An infant communicates its joy. It is probable that the inexpressible is never felt. Stammering becomes more eloquent than oratory, a child's impulsiveness wiser than circumlocutory experience. When a single intention absorbs the whole nature, communication is direct and immediate, and makes impotence itself a means of effectiveness. So the naïveties of early art put to shame the purposeless parade of prodigious skill. Wherever there is communication there is art; but there are evil com-

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munications and there is vicious art, though, perhaps, great sincerity is incompatible with either. For an artist to be deterred by other people's demands means that he is not artist enough; it is what his reason teaches him to demand of himself that matters, though, doubtless, the good desire the approval of kindred natures.

A work of art addresses the eye by means of chosen proportions; it may present any number of facts as exactly as may be, but if it offend the eye it is a mere misapplication of industry, or the illustration of a scientific treatise out of place; and those that choose ribbons well are better artists than the man that made it. Or again it may overflow with poetical thought and suggestion, or have the stuff to make a first-rate story in it; but, if it offend the eye, it is merely a misapplication of imagination, invention or learning, and the girl who puts a charming nosegay together is a better artist than he who painted it. On the other hand, though it have no more significance than a glass of wine and a loaf of bread, if the eye is rejoiced by gazing on the paint that expresses them, it is a work of art and a fine achievement. Yet, it may be as fanciful as a fairy-tale, or as loaded with import as the Crucifixion; and, if it stimulates the eye to take delight in its surfaces over and above mere curiosity, it is a work of art, and great in proportion as the significance of what it conveys is brought home to us by the very quality of the stimulus that is created in return for our gaze. For painting is the result of a power to speak beautifully with paint, as poetry is of a power to express beautifully by means of words either simple things or those which demand the effort of a well-trained mind in order to be received and comprehended. The mistake made by impressionists, luminarists, and other modern artists, is that a true statement of how things appear to them will suffice; it will not, unless things appear beautiful to them, and they render them beautifully. It will not, because science is not art, because knowlege is a different thing from beauty. A true statement may be repulsive and degrading; whereas an

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affirmation of beauty, whether it be true or fancied, is always moving, and if delivered with corresponding grace is inspiring —is a work of art and "a joy for ever." For reason demands that all the eye sees shall be beautiful, and give such pleasure as best consists with the universe becoming what reason demands that it shall become. This demand of reason is perfectly arbitrary? Yes, but it is also inevitable, necessitated by the nature of the human character. It is equally arbitrary and equally inevitable that man must, where science is called for, in the long run prefer a true statement to a lie. From art reason demands beautiful objects, from science true statements: such is human nature; for the possession of this reason that judges and condemns the universe, and demands and attempts to create something better, is that which differentiates human life from all other known forces—is that by which men may be more than conquerors, may make peace for the universe; for

> A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
> For then both parties nobly are subdued
> And neither party loser.

Of such a nature is the only peace that the soul can make with the body—that man can make with nature—that habit can make with instinct—that art can make with impulse. In order to establish such a peace the imagination must train reason to see a friend in her enemy, the physical order. For, as Reynolds says of the complete artist:—

> He will pick up from dung-hills, what, by a nice chemistry, passing through his own mind, shall be converted into pure gold, and under the rudeness of Gothic essays, he will find original, rational, and even sublime inventions.

It is not too much to say that the nature both of the artist and of the dunghills is "subdued" by such a process, and yet neither is a "loser." Goethe profoundly remarked that the highest development of the soul was reached through worship first of that which was above, then of that which was beneath

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it. This great critic also said, "Only with difficulty do we spell out from that which nature presents to us, the *desired* word, the congenial. Men find what the artist brings intelligible and to their taste, stimulating and alluring, genial and friendly, spiritually nourishing, formative and elevating. Thus the artist, grateful to the nature that made him, weaves a second nature—but a conscious, a fuller, a more perfectly human nature."

T. Sturge Moore.

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MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

I. REVERIE

BRING not bright candles, for his eyes
In twilight have sweet company;
Bring not bright candles else they fly—
His phantoms fly—
Gazing aggrieved on thee!

Bring not bright candles, startle not
The phantoms of a vacant room,
Flocking above a child that dreams,
Deep, deep in dreams,—
Hid, in the gathering gloom!

Bring not bright candles to those eyes
That between earth and stars descry,
Lovelier for the shadows there,
Children of air,
Palaces in the sky!

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II. THE MASSACRE

The shadow of a poplar tree
  Lay in that lake of sun,
As I with my little sword went in—
  Against a thousand, one.

Haughty and infinitely armed,
  Insolent in their wrath,
Plumed high with purple plumes they held
  The narrow meadow path.

The air was sultry; all was still;
  The sun like flashing glass;
And snip-snap my light-whispering steel
  In arcs of light did pass.

Lightly and dull fell each proud head,
  Spiked keen without avail,
Till swam my uncontented blade
  With ichor green and pale.

And silence fell: the rushing sun
  Stood still in paths of heat,
Gazing in waves of horror on
  The dead about my feet.

Never a whir of wing, no bee
  Stirred o'er the shameful slain;
Nought but a thirsty wasp crept in,
  Stooped, and came out again.

The very air trembled in fear;
  Eclipsing shadow seemed
Rising in crimson waves of gloom—
  On one who dreamed.

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III. ECHO

"WHO called?" I said, and the words
Through the whispering glades,
Hither, thither, baffled the birds—
"Who called? Who called?"

The leafy boughs on high
Hissed in the sun;
The dark air carried my cry
Faintingly on;—

Eyes in the green, in the shade,
In the motionless brake,
Voices that said what I said,
For mockery's sake;—

"Who cares?" I bawled thro' my tears;
The wind fell low:
In the silence, "Who cares? who cares?"
Wailed to and fro.

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IV. FEAR

I KNOW where lurk
The eyes of Fear ;
I, I alone,
Where shadowy-clear,
Watching for me,
Lurks Fear.

'Tis ever still
And dark, despite
All singing and
All candlelight,
'Tis ever cold
And night.

He touches me ;
Says quietly,
" Stir not, nor whisper,
I am nigh ;
Walk noiseless on,
I am by ! "

He drives me
As a dog a sheep ;
Like a cold stone
I cannot weep.
He lifts me
Hot from sleep

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In marble hands
To where on high
The jewelled horror
Of his eye
Dares me to struggle
Or cry.

No breast wherein
To chase away
That watchful shape!
Vain, vain to say
"Haunt not with night
The day!"

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V. THE MERMAIDS

Sand, sand, hills of sand;
And the wind where nothing is
Green and sweet of the land;
No grass, no trees,
No bird, no butterfly,
But hills, hills of sand,
And a burning sky.

Sea, sea; mounds of the sea,
Hollow, and dark, and blue,
Flashing incessantly
The whole sea through;
No flower, no jutting root,
Only the floor of the sea,
With foam afloat.

Blow, blow, winding shells;
And the watery fish,
Deaf to the hidden bells,
In the waters plash;
No streaming gold, no eyes
Watching along the waves,
But far-blown shells, faint bells,
From the darkling caves.

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VI. MYSELF

THERE is a garden grey
With mists of autumntide;
Under the giant boughs,
Stretched green on every side,

Along the lonely paths,
A little child like me,
With face, with hands like mine,
Plays ever silently;

On, on, quite silently,
When I am there alone,
Turns not his head; lifts not his eyes;
Heeds not as he plays on.

After the birds are flown
From singing in the trees,
When all is grey, all silent,
Voices, and winds, and bees;

And I am there alone:
Forlornly, silently,
Plays in the evening garden
Myself with me.

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VII. AUTUMN

There is wind where the rose was;
Cold rain where sweet grass was;
  And clouds like sheep,
  Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was;
Nought warm where your hand was;
  But phantom, forlorn,
  Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was;
Tears, tears where my heart was;
  And ever with me,
  Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

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VIII. WINTER

Green Mistletoe!
O, I remember now
A dell of snow,
Frost on the bough;
None there but I:
Snow, snow, and a wintry sky.

None there but I,
And footprints one by one,
Zigzaggedly,
Where I had run;
Where gimp and powdery
A robin sat in the tree.

And he whistled sweet;
And I in the crusted snow
With snow-clubb'd feet
Jigged to and fro,
Till, from the day,
The rose-light ebbed away.

And the robin flew,
Into the air, the air,
The white mist through;
And small and rare
The night-frost fell
Into the calm and misty dell.

And the dusk gathered low,
And the silver moon and stars
On the frozen snow
Drew taper bars,
Kindled winking fires
In the hooded briers.

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And the sprawling Bear
Growled deep in the sky;
And Orion's hair
Streamed sparkling by:
But the North sighed low,
"Snow, snow, more snow!"

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

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FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XV

THE SECOND DESPATCH

DOMINIQUE GUYON departed shortly before noon; and a week later half a dozen *habitants* arrived from Boisveyrac to work at the entrenchment which the Commandant had already opened across Sans Quartier's cabbage plot. The Commandant himself donned a blouse and dug with the rest; and M. Etienne, and even old Jérémie Tripier, though grumbling over his rheumatism almost as bitterly as Sans Quartier over his wasted cabbages. Every one, in fact, toiled, and with a will, at the King's *corvée:* every one, that is, except the women, and John and Menehwehna (whose Indian dignity revolted against spade-work), and old Father Joly, the chaplain of the fort, who was too infirm.

From him, as they sat together and watched the diggers, John learned much of the fort's history, and something, too, of his hosts'; for Father Joly delighted in gossip, and being too deaf to derive much profit from asking questions kept the talk to himself—greatly to John's relief. His gossip, be it said, was entirely innocent. The good man seemed to love every one in his small world, except Father Launoy. And again this exception was fortunate; for on learning that John had been visited and exhorted at Boisveyrac by Father Launoy, Father Joly showed no further concern in his spiritual health.

[1] Copyright 1904 by A. T. Quiller Couch in the United States of America.

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He was perhaps the oldest parochial priest in New France, and since leaving the seminary at Quebec had spent almost all his days at Boisveyrac. He remembered the Seigneur's father (he always called the Commandant "the Seigneur"). "Such a man, monsieur! He stood six feet four inches in his stockings, and could lift and cast a grown bullock with his own hands." John pointed out that the present Seigneur—in his working blouse especially—made a fine figure of a man; but this the old priest could hardly be brought to allow. "A heart of gold, I grant you; but to have seen the old man striding among his *censitaires* on St. Martin's Feast! It may be that, having watched M. Philippe from childhood, I still think of him as a boy. . . ."

Of Fort Amitié itself Father Joly had much to tell. It dated from the early days of the great Frontenac, who had planted a settlement here—a collection of wooden huts within a stockade—to be an *entrepôt* of commerce with the Indians of the Upper Lakes. Later, it became a favourite haunt of deserters from the army and *coureurs de bois* outlawed by royal edict; and, strangely enough, these had been the days of its prosperity. Its real decline began when the Governor, towards the end of his rule, replaced the wooden huts with a fortress of stone. The traders, trappers, ne'er-do-wells and Indians deserted the lake-head, which had been a true camp of amity, and moved their rendezvous farther west, leaving the fortress to its Commandant and a sleepy garrison.

From that time until the war the garrison had been composed of regulars, who lived on the easiest terms with their Commandant and his officers, and retired at the age of forty or fifty, when King Louis presented them with a farm and farm stock and provisions for two or three years, and often completed the outfit with a wife.

"A veritable Age of Gold, monsieur! But war has put an end to it all—war, and the greed of these English, whom God will confound! The regulars went their ways, leaving only Sergeant Bédard; who had retired upon a farm, but was per-

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suaded by the Seigneur to come back and drill the recruits of the militia."

"Who take very kindly to garrison life, so far as I can see."

"Fort Amitié has its amenities, monsieur," said Father Joly, catching John's glance rather than hearing the words. "There are the allotments, to begin with—the fences between them, you may not have observed, are made of stakes from the original palisade; the mould is excellent. The Seigneur, too, offers prizes for vegetable growing and poultry raising; he is an unerring judge of poultry, as one has need to be at Boisveyrac, where the rents are mostly paid in fowls. Indeed, yes, the young recruits are well enough content. The Seigneur feeds them well, and they can usually have a holiday for the asking and go a-hunting in the woods or a-fishing in the river. But, for my part, I regret Boisveyrac. A man of my years does not readily bear transplanting. And here is a curious thing, monsieur; deaf though I am, I miss the sound of the rapids. I cannot tell you how; nevertheless, it seems to me that something has gone out of my daily life, and the landscape here is still and empty."

"And how," John managed to make him hear, "did the Seigneur come to command Fort Amitié?"

Father Joly glanced nervously down the slope and lowered his voice. "That was M. Armand's doing, monsieur." Then, seeing that John did not understand, "M. Armand—mademoiselle's brother and the Seigneur's only son. He went to Quebec, when the Governor had given him a post in his household—a small post, but with good prospects for a young man of his birth and address. He had wits, monsieur, and good looks; everything in short but money; and there is no better blood in the province than that of the des Noel-Tilly. They have held Boisveyrac now for five generations, and were Seigneurs of Deuxmanoirs and Pré aux Sources even before that. Well, as I say, the lad started with good prospects; but by-and-by he began to desert the Château St. Louis for the Intendant's Palace. Monsieur has heard of the Intendant

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Bigot—is perhaps acquainted with him? No? Then I may say without hurting any one's feelings what I would say to the Intendant himself were he here—that he is a corrupter of youth, and a corrupter of the innocence of women, and a corrupter of honest government. If New France lies under the scourge to-day it is for the sins of such men." The old man's voice shook with sudden anger, but he calmed himself. "In brief, there was a gambling debt—a huge sum owing; and the Seigneur was forced to travel to Quebec and fetch the lad home. How he paid the amount I cannot tell you; belike he raised the money on Boisveyrac, but pay he did. Dominique Guyon went with him to Quebec, having just succeeded his father, old Bonhomme Guyon, as Boisveyrac's man of business; and doubtless Dominique made some arrangements with the merchants there. He has a head on his shoulders, that lad. M. de Vaudreuil, too, taking pity on a distressed gentleman of New France, gave the Seigneur the command of this fort, to grow fat on it, and hither we have all migrated. But he will never grow fat, monsieur; he is of the poor to whom shall belong the Kingdom of God."

John did not clearly understand this, being unacquainted with the official system of peculation by false vouchers—a system under which the command of a backwoods fort was reckoned to be worth a small fortune. His mind recurred to Dominique and the Commandant's uneasiness at Dominique's mention of business.

"A queer fellow, that Dominique!" he muttered, half to himself; "and a queer fate that made him the brother of Bateese."

The priest heard, as deaf men sometimes will hear a word or two spoken below ordinary pitch.

"Ah!" said he, shaking his head, "you have heard of Bateese? A sad case—a very sad case!"

"There was an accident, I have heard."

Father Joly glanced at John's face, and reading the question bent his own dim eyes on the river. John divined

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at once that the old man knew more than he felt inclined to tell.

"It was at Bord-a-Loup, a little above Boisveyrac, four years ago last St. Peter's tide. The two brothers were driving some timber which the Seigneur had cleared there; the logs had jammed around a rock not far from shore and almost at the foot of the fall. The two had managed to get across and were working the mass loose with handspikes when, just as it began to break up, Bateese slipped and fell between two logs."

"Through some careless push of Dominique's, was it not?"

But Father Joly did not hear, or did not seem to.

"He was hideously broken, poor fellow. For weeks it did not seem possible that he could live. The *habitants* find Dominique a queer fellow, even as you do; and I have observed that even Mademoiselle Diane treats him somewhat impatiently. But in truth he is a lad grown old before his time. It is terrible when such a blow falls upon the young. He and Bateese adored one another."

And this was all John learned at the time. But three days later he heard more of the story, and from Mademoiselle Diane.

She was seated in an embrasure of the terrace—the same, in fact, in which she had taken measurements for John's new tunic. She was embroidering it now with the Béarnais badge, and had spread Barboux' tunic on the gun-breach to give her the pattern. John, passing along the terrace in a brown study, while his eyes followed the evolutions of Sergeant Bedard's men at morning parade in the square below, did not catch sight of her until she called to him to come and admire her handiwork.

"Monsieur is *distrait*, it appears," she said, mischievously. "It must be weary work for him, whiling away the hours in this contemptible fortress?"

"I do not find Fort Amitié contemptible, mademoiselle."

She shook her head and laughed. "If you wish to please

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me, monsieur, you must find some warmer praise for it than that. For in some sort it is my ancestral home, and I love every stone of it."

"Mademoiselle speaks in riddles. I had thought that every one of the Commandant's household—except the Commandant himself, perhaps—was pining to get back to Bois-veyrac."

She let her needlework lie for a moment, and sat with her eyes resting on the façade of the Commandant's quarters across the square.

"It is foolish in me," she said musingly; "for in the days of which I am thinking not one of these stones was laid. You must know, monsieur, that in those days many and many a young man of family took to the woods; no laws, no edicts would restrain them; the life of the woods seemed to pass into their blood and they could not help themselves . . . . ah, I myself understand that, sometimes!" she added, after a pause.

"Well, monsieur," she went on, "there came to Fort Amitié a certain young Raoul de Tilly, who suffered from this wandering fever. The Government outlawed him in the end; but as yet his family had hopes to reclaim him, and, being powerful in New France, they managed to get his sentence delayed. He came here, and here he fell in love with an Indian girl, and married her—putting, they say, a pistol at the priest's head. The girl was a Wyandot from Lake Huron, and had been baptized but a week before. For a year they lived together in the Fort here; but when a child was born the husband sent her down the river with it to his father's seigniory below Three Rivers, and himself wandered westward into the Lakes, and was never again heard of. The mother died on the voyage, it is said; but the child—a daughter—reached the seigniory and was acknowledged, and lived to marry a cousin, a de Tilly of Roc-Ste. Anne. My mother was her grand-daughter."

Why had she chosen to tell him this story? He turned to

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her in some wonder. But, for whatever reason she had told it, the truth of the story was written in her face. Hardly could he recognise the Mademoiselle Diane who had declaimed to him of Joan of Arc and the glory of fighting for New France. She was gone, and in her place a girl fronted him, a child almost, with a strange anguish in her voice, and in her eyes the look of a wild creature trapped. She was appealing to him; but again, why?

"I think you must be in some trouble, mademoiselle?" said he, speaking the thought that came uppermost. Something prompted him to add, "Has it to do with Dominique Guyon?" The question seemed to stab her. She stood up trembling, with a scared face.

"Why should you think I am troubled? What made you suppose——" she began hurriedly, and stopped again in confusion. "I only wanted you to understand. Is it not much better when folks speak to one another frankly? Something may be hidden which seems of no importance, and yet for lack of knowing it we may misjudge utterly, may we not?"

Heaven knew that of late John had been feeling sorely enough the torment of carrying about a secret. But to the girl's broken utterances he held no clue at all, nor could hit on one.

"See now," she went on, almost fiercely; "you speak of Dominique Guyon. You suspected something—what, you could not tell; perhaps it had not even come to be a suspicion. But, seeing me troubled—as you think—at once Dominique's name comes to your lips. Now listen to the truth—how simple it is. When Armand and I were children . . . you have heard of Armand?"

"A little; from Father Joly."

"Papa thinks he has behaved dishonourably, and will scarcely allow his name to be uttered until he shall return from the army, having redeemed his fault. Papa, though he seems easy, can be very stern on all questions of honour. Well, when Armand and I were children, we played with the

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two Guyon boys. Their father, Bonhomme Guyon, was only my father's farmer; but in a lonely place like Boisveyrac, and with no one to instruct us in difference of rank and birth—for my mother died when I was a baby——"

"I understand, mademoiselle."

"And so we played about the farm, as children will. But by-and-by, and a short while before I left Boisveyrac to go to school with the Ursulines, Dominique began to be—what shall I say? He was very tiresome."

She paused. "I understand," replied John quietly.

"At first I did not guess what he meant. And the others, of course, did not guess. But he was furiously jealous, even of his brother, poor Bateese. And when Bateese met with his accident——"

"One moment, mademoiselle. When Bateese fell between the logs, was it because Dominique had pushed him?"

She wrung her hands as in a sudden fright. "You guessed that? How did you guess? No one knows it but *I*, and Father Launoy, no doubt, and perhaps Father Joly. But Dominique knows that *I* know; and his misery seems to give him some hold over me."

"In what way can I help you, mademoiselle?"

"Did I ask you to help me?" She had resumed her seat on the gun-carriage and, drawing Sergeant Barboux' tunic off its gun, began with her embroidery scissors to snip at the shanks of its breast-buttons. His cheeks were burning now; she spoke with a strained accent of levity. "I called you, monsieur, to say that I cannot, of course, copy these buttons, and to ask if you consent to my using them on your new tunic, or, if you prefer to put up with plain ones. But it appears that I have wandered to some distance from my question." She attempted a laugh; which, however, failed dolefully.

"Decidedly I prefer any buttons to those. But, excuse me," persisted John, drawing nearer, "though you asked for no help and need none, yet I won't believe you have

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honoured me so far with your confidence, and all without purpose."

"Oh," she replied, still in the same tone of hard, almost contemptuous, levity. "I had a whim, monsieur, to be understood by you, that is all; and perhaps to rebuke you by contrast for telling us so little of yourself. It is as Felicite said—you messieurs of the army keep yourselves well padded over the heart. See here——." She began to dig with her scissor point and lay bare the quilting within Barboux' tunic; but presently stopped, with a sharp cry.

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?"

For a second or two she snipped furiously, and then—"This is the matter!" she cried, plunging her fingers within the lining. "A despatch! He carried one after all!" She dragged forth a paper and held it up in triumph.

"Give it to me, please. But I say that you must and shall, mademoiselle!" John's head swam, but he stepped and caught her by the wrists.

And with that the paper fell to the ground. He held her wrist; he felt only the magnetic touch, looked into her eyes, and understood. From wonder at his outburst they passed to fear, to appeal, to love. Yes, they shrank from him, sick with shame and self-comprehension, pitifully seeking to hide the wound. But it would not by any means be hid. A light flowed from it, blinding him.

"You hurt! Oh, you hurt!"

He dropped her hands and strode away, leaving the paper at her feet.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DISMISSAL

The Commandant tapped the despatch on the table before him, with a *rusé* smile.

"I was right then, after all, M. à Clive, in maintaining that your comrade carried a message from the General. My

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daughter has told me how you came to discover it between you. That you should have preserved the tunic is no less than providential; indeed, I had all along supposed it to be your own."

John waited, with a glance at the document, which lay with the seal downward, seemingly intact.

"It is addressed," the Commandant pursued, "in our ordinary cypher to the Marquis de Vaudreuil at Montreal. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that it instructs him—the pressure to the south having been relieved by the victory at Fort Carillon—to send troops up to us and to M. de Noyan at Fort Frontenac. My good friend up there has been sending down appeals for reinforcements at the rate of two a week, and has only ceased of late in stark despair. It is evident that your comrade carried a message of some importance to Montreal; and I have sent for you, monsieur, to ask: Are you in a condition to travel?"

"You wish me to carry this despatch, monsieur?"

"If you tell me that you are fit to travel. Indeed, it is a privilege which you have a right to claim, and M. de Vaudreuil will doubtless have some reward for the bearer. Young men were ambitious in my day—eh, M. à Clive?"

John, averting his face, gazed out of window upon the empty courtyard, the slope of the terrace and the line of embrasures above it. Diane was not there beside her accustomed gun, and he wondered if he should see her again before departing. He wondered if he desired to see her. To be sure he must accept this mission, having gone so far in deceit. It would set him free from Fort Amitié; and, once free, he could devise with Menehwehna some plan of escaping southward. Within the fort he could devise nothing: its four walls stifled him. He did not yet understand that his real prison was his own breast. He winced under the Commandant's kindness, but blessed it for offering, now at last, a term to his humiliation.

"M. de Vaudreuil will not be slow, I feel sure, to recognise

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your services," pursued the Commandant genially. "But that there may be no mistake about it, I have done myself the pleasure to write him a letter commending you. Would you care to hear a sentence or two? No?"—for John's hand went up in protest—"Well, youth is never the worse for a touch of modesty. Be so good, then, monsieur, to pass me the seal yonder."

John picked up and handed the seal almost without glancing at it. His thoughts were elsewhere as the Commandant lit a taper, heated the wax, and let it drop upon the letter. But just as the seal was impressed, old Jérémie Tripier entered without knocking, and in a state of high perturbation. "Monsieur! Monsieur! A whole fleet of boats in sight—coming down the river!"

The Commandant pushed back his chair.

"Boats? Down the river? Nonsense, Jérémie, it is up the river you mean; you have the message wrong. They must be the relief from Montreal."

"Nay, monsieur, it is down the river they are approaching. The news came in from Sans Quartier, who is on sentry-go up-stream. He has seen them from Mont aux Ours, and reports them no more than three miles away.

"Please God no ill has befallen de Noyan!" muttered the Commandant. "Excuse me, M. à Clive, I must look into this. We will talk of our business later."

But John scarcely heard. His eyes had fallen on the seal of the letter. It stared back at him—a facsimile of the one hidden in his pocket—a flying Mercury, with cap, winged sandals, and caduceus.

He pulled his wits together to answer the Commandant politely, he scarcely knew how, and followed him out to the postern gate. Half a dozen of the garrison—all, in fact, who happened to be off duty—were hurrying along the ridge to verify Sans Quartier's news. John, still weak from his wound, could not maintain the pace. Halting on the slope for breath, while the Commandant with an apology left him and strode

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ahead, he turned and caught sight of Diane, and waited for her.

She came as one who cannot help herself, with panting bosom and eyes that supplicated him for mercy. But Love, not John à Cleeve, was the master to grant her remission—and who can supplicate Love?

They met without greeting, and for a while walked on in silence, he with a flame in his veins and a weight of lead in his breast.

"Is papa sending you to Montreal?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper.

"He was giving me my orders when this news came."

There was a long pause now, and when next she spoke he could hardly catch her words.

"You will come again?"

His heart answered, "My love! O my love!" But he could not speak it. He looked around upon sky, forest, sweeping river—all the landscape of his bliss, the prison of his unutterable shame. A wild intolerable longing seized him to kill his bliss and his shame at one stroke. Four words would do it. He had but to stand up and cry aloud, "I am an Englishman!" and the whole beautiful hideous dream would crack, shiver, dissolve. Only four words! Almost he heard his voice shouting them and saw through the trembling heat her body droop under the stab, her love take the mortal hurt and die with a face of scorn. Only four words, and an end desirable as death! What kept him silent then? He checked himself on the edge of a horrible laugh. The thing was called Honour! and its services steeped him in dishonour to the soul.

"You will come again?" her eyes repeated.

He commanded himself to say, "It may be that there is now no need to go. If Fort Frontenac has fallen——"

"Why should you believe that Fort Frontenac has fallen? she broke in; and then, clasping her hands, added in a sort of terror, "Do you know that—that now—I hardly seem able to

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think about Fort Frontenac or to care whether it has fallen or not? What wickedness has come to me that I should be so cruelly selfish?"

He set his face. Even to comfort her he must not let his look or voice soften; one touch of weakness now would send him over the abyss.

"Let us go forward," said he. "At the next bend yonder we shall know what has happened."

But around the bend came a procession which told plainly enough what had happened; a procession of boats filled with dark-coated provincial soldiers, a few white-coats, many women and children. No flags flew astern; the very lift of the oars told of disgrace and humiliation. Thus came Payan de Noyan with his garrison, prisoners on *parole*, sent down by the victorious British to report the fall of Frontenac and be exchanged for prisoners taken at Ticonderoga.

Already the Commandant and his men had surmised the truth, and were hurrying back along the ridge to meet the unhappy procession at the quay. John and Diane turned with them and walked homeward in silence.

The flotilla passed slowly beneath their eyes, but did not head in toward the quay. An old man in the leading boat waved an arm from mid-stream to the folk assembled there—or rather, lifted it in salutation, and let it fall again dejectedly.

This was de Noyan himself, and apparently his *parole* forbade him to hold converse with his countrymen before reaching Montreal. On them next, for aught the garrison of Fort Amitié could learn, the enemy were even now descending.

Diane, halting on the slope, heard her father call across the water to de Noyan, who turned, but shook his head and waved a hand once more with a gesture of refusal.

"He was asking him to carry the despatch to Montreal. Since he will not, or cannot, you must follow with it."

"For form's sake," John agreed. "It can have no other purpose now."

They were standing at the verge of the forest, and she half

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turned towards him with a little choking cry that asked, as plainly as words, "Is this all you have to say? Are you blind that you cannot see how I suffer?"

He stepped back a pace into the shadow of the trees. She lifted her head and, as their eyes met, drooped it again, faint with love. He stretched out his arms.

"Diane!"

But as she ran to him he caught her by the shoulders and held her at arms' length. Her eyes, seeking his, saw that his gaze travelled past her and down the slope. And turning in his grasp she saw Menehwehna running towards them across the clearing from the postern gate, and crouching as he ran.

He must have seen them; for he came straight to where they stood, and gripping John by the arm pointed towards the quay, visible beyond the edge of the flagstaff tower.

"Who are these newcomers?" cried Diane, recovering herself. "Why, yes, it is Father Launoy and Dominique Guyon! Yes, yes—and Bateese!—whom you have never seen."

John turned to her quietly, without haste.

"Mademoiselle," said he in a voice low and firm, and not altogether unhappy, "I have met Bateese Guyon before now. And these men bring death to me. Run, Menehwehna; for me, I return to the Fort with mademoiselle."

She stared at him. "Death?" she echoed, wondering.

"Death," he repeated, "and I deserve it. On many accounts I have deserved it, but most of all for having stolen your trust. I am an Englishman."

For a moment she did not seem to hear. Then slowly, very slowly, she put out both hands and crouched from him.

"Return, Menehwehna!" commanded John firmly. "Yes, mademoiselle, I cannot expiate what I have done. But I go to expiate what I can."

He took a step forward; but she had straightened herself up and stood barring his path with her arm, fronting him with terrible scorn.

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"Expiate! What can you expiate? You can only die; and are you so much afraid of death that you think it an atonement? You can only die, and—and—" she hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Menehwehna, help me! He can only die, and I cannot let him die!"

Menehwehna stepped forward with impassive face. "If my brother goes down the hill, I go with him," he announced calmly.

"You see?" Diane turned on John wildly. "You will only kill your friend—and to what purpose? The wrong you have done you cannot remedy; the remedy you seek would kill me surely. Ah, go! go! Do not force me to kneel and clasp your knees—you that have already brought me so low. Go, and let me learn to hate as well as scorn you. You wish to expiate? That only will I take for expiation."

"Come, brother!" urged Menehwehna, taking him by the arm.

Diane whispered a word in the Indian's ear, and, returning, looked John in the face.

"Are you sorry at all? If you are sorry you will obey me now."

With one long searching look she turned and walked down the slope. Menehwehna dragged him back into the undergrowth as the postern door opened, and M. Etienne came through it, followed by Father Launoy, Dominique, and Bateese.

Peering over the bushes Menehwehna saw Diane descend to meet them—he could not see with what face.

Marvellous is woman. She met them with a gay and innocent smile.

Her whispered word to Menehwehna had been to keep by the waterside. And late that night, when the garrison had given over beating the woods for the fugitives, a canoe stole up the river, close under the north bank. One man sat in it; and after paddling for a couple of miles up-stream he began to sing

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as he went—softly at first, but raising his voice by little and little—

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t à pleurer.

No answer came from the dark forest. He took up his chant again, more boldly :

Tu as le cœur à rire
Moi je l'ai-t à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver.
—Lui y'a longtemps que je l'aime,
Jamais je ne l'oublierai.

He listened. A low call sounded from the trees on his right, and he brought the canoe under the bank.

" Is that you, Bateese ? "

" Monsieur, forgive me ! I said as little as I could, but the Reverend Father and Dominique were too clever for me. And how was I to have known ? . . . . Take the canoe and travel fast, my friends ; they will be searching again at dawn."

" Did mademoiselle send the canoe ? "

" Yes ; and she charged you to answer one question. It was her brother—M. Armand—whom the Iroquois slew in the Wilderness. Ah, that cry ! Can one ever forget ? "

" Her brother ? " John's hand went to his breast in the darkness.

" Monsieur did not know then ? I was sure that monsieur could not have known ! For myself I did not know until four days ago. The Iroquois had not seen us, and we escaped back to the Richelieu—to Sorel—to Montreal, where I left my wounded man. Ah, monsieur, but we suffered on the way ! And from Montreal I made for Boisveyrac, and there my tongue ran loose—but in all innocence. And there I heard that M. Armand had been crossing the Wilderness . . . . but monsieur did not know ? "

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"That, at least, I never knew nor guessed, Bateese. Was this the question Mademoiselle Diane desired you to ask me?"

"It was, monsieur. And, according to your answer, I was to give you her word."

"What is her word, Bateese?"

"She commends you to God, monsieur, and will pray for you."

"Take back my word that I will pray to deserve her prayers, who can never deserve her pardon."

CHAPTER XVII

FRONTENAC SHORE

"AND what will my brother do?"

For minutes before John heard and answered it the question had been singing in his ears to the beat of the paddles. He supposed that Menehwehna had asked it but a moment ago.

"I cannot tell. Let us press on; it may be we shall find my countrymen at Frontenac."

"As a child breaks down a lodge which another child has built, and runs away, so your countrymen will have departed."

Fort Amitié lay far behind. They were threading their way now among the Thousand Isles, and soon Lake Ontario opened before them, spreading its blue waters to the horizon. But John heeded neither green islands nor blue lake, nor their beauty, nor their peace, but only the shame in his heart. He saw only the dazzle on the water, heard only the swirl around his paddle, stroke by stroke, hour after hour; prayed only for fatigue to drug the ache and bring about oblivion with the night.

Coasting the shore they came at the close of the day upon the charred skeletons of three ships lifting their ribs out of the

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shallows against the sunset, and beyond these, where the water deepened, to a deserted quay.

They landed; and while they climbed the slope towards the fort, out of one of its breaches its only inhabitant crawled towards them—a young dog, gaunt and tame with hunger.

The dog fawned upon Menehwehna. But John turned his back on the smoke-blackened walls in a sick despair, seated himself on the slope, and let his gaze travel southward over the shoreless water. Beyond the rim of it would lie Oswego, ruined by the French as the English had ruined Frontenac.

The dog came and stretched itself at his feet, staring up with eyes that seemed at once to entreat his favour and to marvel why he sat there motionless. Menehwehna had stepped down to the canoe to fetch food for it, and by-and-by returned with a handful of biscuit.

"He will be useful yet," said Menehwehna, seating himself beside the dog and feeding it carefully with very small pieces. "He cannot be more than a year old, and before the winter is ended we will make a hunter of him."

John did not answer.

"You will come with me now, brother?" Still Menehwehna kept his eyes on the dog. "There is no other way."

"There is one way only," answered John, with his eyes fastened on the south. "Teach me to build a canoe, and let me cross the water alone. If I drown, I drown."

"And if you reached? Your countrymen are all gathering back to the south; until the snow has come and passed, there will be no more fighting. You are better with me. Come, and when the corn begins to shoot again you shall tell me if you are minded to return."

"Menehwehna, you do not understand."

"I have studied you, my brother, when you have guessed it not; and I say to you that if you went back now to your people it would be nothing to their gain, nor to yours, for the desire of fighting has gone out of you. Now in my nation we

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do not wonder when a man loses that desire, for we put it away as men by eating put away the desire of food. All things come to us in their season. This month the corn ripens, and at home my wife and children are gathering it; but anon comes the Moon of Travel, and they will weary of the village and watch the lake for me to arrive and lead them away to the hunting-grounds. So the beasts have their seasons; the buck his month for belling, and the beaver his month for taking shelter in his house which he has stored. And with us, when the snow melts, it may happen that the war-talk begins—none knowing how—and spreads through the villages: first the young men take to dancing and painting their faces, and the elder men catch fire, and a day sees us taking leave of our womankind to follow the war-path. But in time we surfeit even of fighting, and remember our lodges again."

Menehwehna paused a while, and patted the dog's head.

"Therefore, brother, were you of our race, I should not wonder that the spirit of war has gone out of you. I myself am weary of it for a season; I forget that Frenchman differs from Englishman, and think of the sound of thin ice above the beaver's wash, the blood of the red-deer's hocks on the snow, the smell of his steak over the fire. But of the pale-faces some are warriors, some are not; and the warriors fight, year in and year out, whenever they can. That is your calling, brother, is it not?"

"I am not grown a coward, I hope."

"No," said Menehwehna thoughtfully, "you are not a coward; else my heart had never gone out to you. But I think there is something dead within you that must come to life, and something alive within you that must die, before you grow into a warrior again. As for your going back to-day, listen——

"There was war once between our nation and the Pottawatamies, and in an open fight our braves killed many of their enemies and scattered the rest to their villages. Great was the victory, but mournful; for in the chase that followed it an

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arrow pierced the throat of the leader of the Ojibways. His name was Daimeka, and he a chief in my own island of Michilimackinac. Where he fell there he lay. His people lifted the body and propped it against a tree, seated, with its face towards the forest into which the Pottawatamies had fled. They wiped the dirt from his head-dress, set his bow against his shoulder and so, having lamented him, turned their faces northward to their own country.

"But Daimeka, although he could neither speak nor stir, saw all that his friends did, and heard all that they said. He listened to their praises of him and their talk of their victory, and was glad; he felt the touch of their hands as they set out his limbs against the tree, but his own hands he could not lift. His tears, indeed, ran as they turned to abandon him; but this sign they did not see, and he could give no other.

"The story says that little by little his hot tears melted the frost that bound him; and by-and-by, as he remembered the cry of home-coming—'*Kumad-ji-wug*, We have conquered!'—his spirit put forth an effort as a babe in its mother's travail, and he found his feet and ran after the braves. Then was he mad with rage to find that they had no eyes for him, and he no voice to call their attention. When they walked forward he walked forward, when they halted he halted, when they slept he slept, when they awoke he awoke; nay, when they were weary he felt weariness. But for all the profit it brought him he might still have been sitting under the tree; for their eyes would not see him, and his talk to them was as wind.

"And this afflicted him so that at length he began to tear open his wounds, saying, 'This, at least, will move them to shame, who owe their victory to me!' But they heeded nothing; and when he upbraided them they never turned their heads.

"At length they came to the shore where they had left the canoes, and put across for the island. As they neared it the men in Daimeka's canoe raised the war-shout, '*Kumad-ji-*

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wug! We have conquered!' and old men, wives and children came running from the village, his own father and wife and children among them. 'Daimeka is dead!' was shouted many times in the uproar; and the warriors spoke his praises while his father wept, and his wife, and his two small ones.

"'But I am alive!' Daimeka shouted, for by this time he was in a furious passion. Then he ran after his wife, who was fleeing towards his own lodge, tearing her hair as she went. 'Listen to me, woman!' he entreated, and would have held her, but could not. He followed her into the lodge and stood over her as she sat on the bed, with her hands in her lap, despairing. 'But I am alive!' he shouted again. 'See how my wounds bleed; bind them, and give me food. To bleed like this is no joke, and I am hungry.' 'I have no long time to live,' said the woman to one of the children, 'even now I hear my man calling me, far away.' Daimeka, beside himself, beat her across the head with all his force. She put up a hand. 'Children, even now I felt his hand caressing me. Surely I have not long to live.'

"'I was better off under the tree,' said Daimeka to himself, and strode forth from the lodge. By the shore he launched one of the canoes; and now he felt no wish in his heart but to return to the battlefield and sit there dead, if only he could find his body again which he had left—as he now felt sure—sitting beneath the tree.

"On the fourth day he reached the battlefield. Night was falling, and as he sought the tree he came on a blazing fire. Across it he could see the tree plainly, and at the foot of it his body with the light on its face.

"He stepped aside to walk round the fire; but it moved as he moved, and again stood in his path. A score of times he tried to slip by it, but always it barred his way, and always beyond it stood the tree with his own face gazing across the blaze.

"'Fire, I am a fool,' said he at the last; 'but, fire, thou art a worse fool to think that Daimeka would turn his back!'

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And so saying he strode straight through its flame. At once he found himself seated with his back to the tree in his dress of war, with his bow resting against his shoulder. 'Now I am dead,' said he, contentedly; nevertheless, he began to finger his bow. 'On what do the dead feed themselves?' he wondered; and, for a trial, fixed and shot an arrow at a passing bird—for above the tree there was clear sky, though darkness lay around its foot, and in the darkness the fire still burned. The bird fell; he plucked it, cooked it at the fire, and ate.

"'In life I never ate better partridge,' said Daimeka, 'but now that I am a real ghost I will return once more to Michilimackinac and frighten my wife out of her senses, for she deserves it.'

"So when the fire died down he arose, warm in all his limbs, and started northward again. On the fourth day he found his canoe where he had left it, and pushed off for the island. But, as he neared the shore, a man who had been standing there ran back to the village, and soon all his folk came running down to the beach, his wife in their midst.

"'Daimeka!' they cried. 'It is indeed Daimeka returned to us!'

"'That may be,' said Daimeka, as his wife flung her arms around him; 'and again, it may not be. But, dead or alive, I find it good enough.'

"Such, my brother, is the tale of Daimeka. Is it better, now, to return to your people as a ghost or as a man who has found himself?"

John lifted a face of misery.

"Come," said Menehwehna, looking him straight in the eyes, and letting his hand rest from patting the dog, which turned and licked it feebly.

"I will come," said John.

(To be continued.)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

FEBRUARY 1904

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A NEW POET AND AN OLD ONE

I

NO one will buy poetry nowadays. And yet every year produces one or two volumes of poetry which sell by the thousand. There is, then, a kind of poetry which is in favour, and a kind or kinds for which there is no demand. Putting aside the work of thoroughly minor poets—often very good, but naturally not of general interest—it would probably not be far from the truth to say that the line of popularity is drawn, by the present generation of readers, between the poetry which stirs emotion and that which awakens thought. The public long to feel; they do not like being made to think. And with an English public the case is aggravated by the fact that quick as they are to perceive beauty of emotion, they are very backward in believing or delighting in the beauty of thought or imagination. The lyric is at present enjoying a complete triumph; it has taken all life for its province, and deals with national sport and imperial defence as well as with the old cries—the life-born joy and the personal sorrows that touch the mind of man. But there are not wanting among us poets of high courage who will go their own way even if they have to go alone, and face the chance of leaving to a remote posterity a great inheritance and an obscure name.

It is only a chance that they face. Beauty, after all, is never friendless, and one by one even the poets, even in their

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own lifetime, come by their own in some degree. Mr. Bridges is no longer, to his ever-widening circle of readers, the author only of his "Shorter Poems," but from the poetical throne of his generation rules as many provinces as any of his august predecessors. Mr. Binyon, of whom we wrote two months ago, has been welcomed to his due fame by a tardy but unanimous acclamation; and we shall be disappointed if the same distinction is not now accorded to Mr. Sturge Moore, whose two little volumes[1] just published finally mark him off from the minor or the amateur writer of verse.

These poems are idylls of the more dramatic kind; their motive is description, whether of things seen or things lt—their method is that of vivid dialogue. Seeing that Browning has already turned the name "Dramatic Idyll" to his own uses, it would be safer, perhaps, to speak of them as Idyllic Dramas; and there can be no doubt that but for the difficulty of representing the half-human upon the stage they might be acted with charming effect. As it is, they raise in the mind pictures after the manner of Piero di Cosimo, fit for an Italian frieze or a wedding-chest; and with these we must be content, as well we may.

The old Centaur, Pholus, lies among the boulders on the Thracian hills, gazing forth into the deepening twilight. In the city below he sees the torches of an angry mob, pursuing his brother Medon to a cruel death. He himself will be now the last of the Centaurs, powerless even to avenge.

> Nor will I shed a tear,
> Who still have known
> How vain hope would appear
> When truth was known;
> We were not born to grow
> And gather sway,
> But to a weakling foe
> To yield each day;

[1] "The Centaur's Booty" and "The Rout of the Amazons." By T Sturge Moore. Duckworth & Co., 1903. Each 1s. net.

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Since numbers and not worth
The Gods decree
Shall rule and foul the earth,
What is, must be.

This is the keynote of the Centaur character, as conceived by the poet: the character of a race of beings "more and other than noblest man, than grandest steed," superhuman not only by their greater animal strength and swiftness, but—in their own opinion—by their resolute, even ferocious, belief in health and power. They bow to no gods, hope not at all, pity no weakness either in others or themselves, hold but one principle of right—"that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

Medon, the younger Centaur, has gone on a foray among the homes of men, the weaklings. He is not killed as Pholus feared, but presently returns to his companion, bringing a human child as spoil.

He wept himself to sleep: behold these limbs,
Sturdy, well-knit! . . . Would that there were more light
And thou should'st see a child as brave for health
And strength, as violent and full of passion . . .
Despite his two legs, 'tis a centaur nature.

He tells the tale of his day's work: how he saw first a beautiful maid, then a matron, the mother of his captive, and other human creatures; he remembers his dead centaur mate, Hipponoë, and then again the maid, whose beauty entranced him for a moment. Pholus is alarmed and angry.

Ah! Medon, Medon, how didst thou escape?
For every woman is a thing of pity,
That teaches love of weakness to the strong . . .
They dream of pity when their hands do naught,
And if they smile, have thought on tenderness. . . .
They spread this madness through the race of men;
For men were once as centaurs, proud of strength,
And scorned to win by numbers—men were once
Our equals, and their wives wholesome as ours,
Obedient to the male and calm with health!

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Medon hears him out but turns to the child, henceforth their foster-son, their successor, and their avenger.

> Behold, the moon doth rise;
> Her light, see, steals
> Across the lichened surface of this slab:
> It reaches now his little foot, behold!
> What roads, what seashores and what craggy heights
> Softly and firmly planted, shall this tread
> And carry with it all our will's success:—

Pholus, "old grumbler," at last gives way and consents to rear the child; he catches fire at the thought of vengeance, and the two sing in galloping rhythms of what the boy's life shall be among the mountains, wild, free, and irresistible; Pholus glorying in the thought of the fierce eyes that, like those of the centaurs of old

> Shall glow without hindrance of pity,
> Shall burn without let from remorse,
> As havoc from city to city
> He hounds on his destinied course.

Medon in a less ferocious vein:

> But first, in high valleys,
> When June is in blow,
> He shall sleep and run naked
> Till hairs on him grow!
> Or in the hale winter
> Shall powder their snow
> Till hooves on him grow!
> Till hooves on him grow!

And so, up valleys and across ridges, they pass away "into the heart of the range, by turns carrying the child and arousing the echoes." Many other echoes they arouse, in the heart of the reader, for this is a poet who has put into his art that "fundamental brainwork" of which Rossetti spoke. His pictures are beautiful and new, but there is more in them than the impression, caught and perpetuated, of that which has met, or might have met, the eye. There is "that which

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must have been," the full logical content of the subject, not half divined by the flashlight of inspired ignorance, but patiently and joyfully tracked in the daylight of reason under a golden sun. We shall not wake to-morrow feeling that we have been perhaps a little morbid overnight; we shall take this insight and this humour with us all day and be the stronger for it. The thought itself will wear; it is neither new nor old; it was not new in the days of Nimrod, it is not out of date in the generation of Nietsche.

With this poem the "Rout of the Amazons" is well matched. In both we delight in the strength of a horse, in both we think on pity and ferocity. But with the Amazons the parts are reversed: here it is the women who are fierce and ambitious of a more than human strength; it is the faun and the shepherd, gentle dwellers in the fields, who are pitiful and curious. The faun comes to Laomedon, busy at his upper fold, with a wild creature's terrified and half coherent story of cruelly wounded beauty:

> . . . dragged by one foot from the fight,
> Amid the horrors whirled by a frantic steed,
> Her head trailed through the dust, her poor bruised face
> Like a downbeaten muddied flower, fainted,—
> Her white hands trodden upon,
> Her white hands trodden upon.
> What pain! alas, what pain!

Laomedon at first will not believe; but the faun is earnest, and sets himself to describe the march of the Amazons against the men of Attica.

> It was for beauty like a fleet at sea,
> Or like an hundred swans
> Sailing before the breeze across a lake. . . .
> I thought the night had borne me heavenward
> And in Olympus I had waked from sleep;
> And when their war-song rose
> Long tears of rapture ran across my face;
> Apollo made it, or, if 'twas not he,
> Why, Marsyas died for nought.

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The fight is heart-breaking to the faun, for it is merciless on both sides: the fair women are beaten down or driven flying; he follows them through the forest and comes on one fallen and dead. His voice tolls to a kind of chant as he describes her silent helpless beauty lying "At foot of tall and grandly towering pines." Moved by the wonder of the picture, Laomedon suspects the other has been dreaming.

> No, no! no dream!
> Not far from where that lovely warrior lay
> I sate me down in deep and solemn mood . . .
> And it grew cold.
> And the damp spring-tide evening settled in;
> Between the tall sad trunks the light grew grey,
> And green gave place to blackness in the grass . . .
> Mutely I prayed
> That she to joy might even now return,
> Then looked and saw the stars shine through the boughs,
> And far away I heard a silver sound . . .
> A hallali on horns of crystal sounded.

It was the nymphs of Artemis winding the death-note over those dead queens, and making them ready for burial: a sight of weird and moving splendour.

> So come, for we may see them at their work
> And in our hearts put by so pure a vision,
> That though old age and blindness fall on us,
> We shall know hours of rapture till the end.

Laomedon consents, and the piece ends with a masterly little scene, a tender and humorous anti-climax, in which the wife and children of the shepherd send him off well packed with warnings and a wallet of food.

> If it be wise to try and see the gods
> I know not: but your father is a man,
> And men will not be cautious in such things;
> So let us get to bed and pray for him.

We have written at some length of these two poems because though but of modest extent—some twelve hundred

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lines together—in them their author seems to us to have once for all proved his hand. They have no purple passages, and none without interest and beauty; they rely more on soundness and lucidity than on scattered felicities of style, but the metre is varied successfully throughout, and the reasoned order of the thought is matched by the certainty of the touch; every line, beautiful or not as you will, is evidently the work of a man who knows his art and can draw his curve with unfaltering skill. But these are minor merits: the poems must stand or fall by the imagination which gives them life. Of this they will speak for themselves; and they will speak, too, to all thoughtful readers, of a civilisation older and greater than our own; of a culture that still comes far nearer to the heart of life than any of the hasty, unreal and boastful systems by which barbarian generations have thought to supersede it.

II

In a country garden far away grows a strange laburnum tree, bearing blossoms golden and pink and white. It is not nearly so beautiful as the common laburnum—it would never be liked so well. Certain unpopular poets resemble this tree. The flowers of their genius are not all golden; and though they may be more unusual than these that are, there is something apart from nature about them, something that half repels by oddity. Such a poet was George Darley, whose best work has of late been gathered together by Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, and republished in a charming little volume,[1] with a frontispiece taken from "The Followers of Bacchus" in the British Museum. The notes are capricious. Why should it be necessary to explain such words as "shepherdry," "Panacee," "enorm," when such words as "prore," "resty," "meiny," and "foundless" are left to look after themselves? The Intro-

[1] A Selection from the Poems of George Darley. Methuen & Co. 1s. 6d. net.

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duction is excellent, and contains most interesting passages from Darley's letters. Alas, poor Darley! A stammer which rendered him almost unintelligible made his life one long solitude, and nobody cared to read his poems except Miss Mitford. Even Miss Mitford never read "Nepenthe" through, though she wrote him a few words of praise that called forth in response a letter as terrible as letters written in blood, the unveiling of an agony of loneliness, of a rapture of gratitude for what was, after all, but courtesy, that might draw tears to-day from any one who cares about human pain. No! People would not have him at any price. There were too many blossoms on the tree, and they were not all golden.

And yet he was a fine poet. Mr. Streatfeild underrates his power of borrowing. "Another fault, if it be a fault, is that he sometimes recalls other writers." This is weak report of the faculty by which he deceived such judges as Mr. Palgrave, and, we presume, the late Laureate. "It is not Beauty I demand" was printed for many years among the Cavalier lyrics in "The Golden Treasury," and only turned adrift when something other than the style of it had satisfied the critic that it was by an Early Victorian. There is a rich Shakespearean passage in "Nepenthe," closing with a variation of the Dirge in *Cymbeline*:

> Cliff, of smoothest front sublime,
> Tablet for that old storier Time!
> What huge aboriginal sons
> Of Earth, beat down by vengeful waves,
> Sleep beneath these obliterate stones
> In unmeasurable graves?
> What mystic word inscribed can show
> His terrible might who sleeps below? . . .
> The sands of thy own life, Renown,
> Run between two creations down,
> Few centuries apart! What need
> Glorious thought, or word, or deed,
> When all mortal grandeur must
> Lie with oblivion in the dust?

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Some of the loveliest lines in "Sylvia" come straight from *The Merchant of Venice*:

> Yet it is strange!
> There is a melancholy in sun-bright fields
> Deeper to me than gloom; I am ne'er so sad
> As when I sit among bright scenes alone.

There is yet another passage from "Nepenthe" that Milton would hardly have blushed to write in the days when he wrote the "Allegro" and "Penseroso"; and Keats and Shelley were doubtless fellow workers with him, though Darley did not know it. The echo at the end of each verse of "The Enchanted Lyre" recalls a most pathetic scene in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy"—the more so that few poets have tried this effect, considering it perhaps too obvious. Sometimes, however, it was not Darley who was the borrower; and when he lent he lent magnificently. Those who know and treasure Mr. Meredith's "Love in a Valley" will be the first to acknowledge his debt and theirs to the author of the "Serenade of a Loyal Martyr":

> Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers
> Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
> Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
> Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.
>
> Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
> To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:
> O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming
> I too could glide to the bower of my love!
>
> Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
> Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
> Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
> To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

There can be no question here to whom the credit of originality is due. Sometimes, too, Darley happened upon not only a rare method, but a rare subject. The sons of Apollo are often thrown together with the sons of Thalia, yet there are few

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good poems addressed to actors—it may be once more on account of a certain obviousness which makes the former shy. Darley's Sonnet "On the Death of Talma" deserves high praise. The Happy Actor could not be better described than in the lines:

> Thy life contracted many a glorious age,
> Thou madest the virtues of all years thine own.

The point of view is different from Schiller's in the great Prologue of *Wallenstein*, and Sonnet and Prologue will repay detailed comparison. Again, when we think of the high favour in which the stars are held among the sons of Apollo, it seems odd that there should be so few poems on Shooting Stars. Darley caught one and it is welcome in our English tongue though it be not so fair a fallen star as Béranger's. He thoroughly understands the Moon, of course, as every poet should:

> Through dusky glens now peeps the zenith Queen
> Raining her light upon the glittering turf.
> White hoods are thick upon the dale; the fir
> Lights all its prickly spires, and the tall reeds,
> Sharpen'd with visionary cusps of steel,
> In scatter'd groups, gleam down the silver vales.

He sees and shares the true poetic life in all things. He is a bird with the birds, a flower with flowers. The heather smells sweet, the bees hum on the mountain. He knows the path to that enchanted pleasance where

> Millions of blossoms, fruits and gems
> Bend with rich fruit the massy stems;
> Millions of restless dizzy things
> With ruby tufts and rainbow wings
> Speckle the eye-refreshing shades,
> Burn through the air, or swim the glades.

If Allingham were not the Laureate of the Fairy Queen, he might lay claim to that distinguished position:

> Voices! ho! ho! a band is coming,
> Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,

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Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen,
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small and riband-slung
Over their gallant shoulders hung!

Lohengrin would have envied for his pilot the bird in "Sylvia":

Look on the feeding swan beneath the willows,
How pure her white neck gleams against their green
As she sits nesting on the waters!

ROMANZO. Beautiful!
She is the lady of the reed-girt isles!
See! how she swells her navigable wings
And coasts her sedgy empire keenly round!
She looks a bird of snow dropt from the clouds
To queen it o'er the minnows

SYLVIA. Doth she not?
Side-looking, slow, disdainful one!

ROMANZO. The bright,
The pearly creature! Lone and calm she rides,
Like Dian on the wave when night is clear,
And the sleek west wind smooths the billows down
Into forgetfulness, that she may see
How fast her silver gondola can boom
Sheer on the level deep.

Stillness—another great element of beauty—Darley expresses so powerfully as to make one forget that, after all, it has to be expressed in words:

I seem like one lost in a deep blue sea
Down, down beneath the billows many a mile,
Where naught of their loud eloquence is heard,
Save a dead murmur of the rushing waves
Fleeting above, more silent than no sound.

We have quoted enough to show how admirable he is in choice of epithets. His similes are not made up of mere frigid resemblance, but quick with life like those of a child:

The music that I hear
Makes me dance onward like the thistledown
Timing its gait to the winds' eloquence.

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To talk about "un-Atlantic shoulders," "my Lancastrian cheek" was perhaps a little hard on Atlas and the House of Lancaster; but such an exquisite conceit as this absolves him;

Once on a time, when Love was young,
  When light as his own dart he flew,
Where'er a gentle lay was sung,
  E'en there would Love be singing too.

But now, alas! that Love is old,
  Beauty may e'en lay down her lute,
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,
  He will not come and warble to 't.

Or like a tottering tiny sire,
  With false voice and false-feathered wing,
Will only to a golden lyre
  And for a golden penny sing.

His songs are not all equal (anything worse than the first verse of "My Bower" it were hard to conceive), but at his best he is as dainty-sweet as Beddoes, and now and then he strikes the intense personal note which Mangan uttered in "Dark Rosaleen," and in one other unforgettable poem. He strikes it in the lines "To My Dead Mistress," and with this stanza—the finest in the book—we will conclude;

Buried for ever in my heart shall be
  The image of that form I once adored,
Clasping it as a shrine on bended knee,
  To gain one smile or sweet auspicious word!
In sooth it was more fond idolatry
  Than woman should accept or man accord
  To aught but One—and death avenged the Lord!

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ON THE LINE

In his preface to the **Life and Campaigns of Hugh, Viscount Gough**, by Robert S. Rait (Constable, 31*s.* 6*d.* net), which appears more than fifty years after the popular veteran's last command of an army in the field, and thirty years after his death, Mr. Rait, his biographer, tells us that

> The delay has been due to the fact that the years of Lord Gough's Indian command were marked by a series of controversies with other eminent representatives of the British power in India. Viscount Gough himself decided that it was unadvisable, in his own lifetime, to reveal the differences of opinion that existed between the military and the civil authorities, and he preferred to permit his whole military policy to be misunderstood by the Press and the public rather than to defend himself by embarking upon an embittered personal controversy. This attitude was maintained by his family after his death, and statements which are demonstrably unfair to Lord Gough have passed unquestioned in numberless works relating to India, or to military history.

The admittedly controversial character of the book before us does not spoil the narrative, which carries us back to the Peninsular War, and to that novel experience of British Commanders, our first Chinese War (1842), and to the Conquest of the Punjaub. The exploits of Colonel Gough at Talavera and Barrosa and Tarifa, where he commanded the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) are romantic and famous from the fame of the enemy, but not more stirring than those of Sir Hugh Gough on the heights of Canton, and in the other sieges which led to the fruitful peace of Nankin, or his well-known march in 1845, when the Sikh hosts suddenly invaded

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British India in time of peace, and Sir Hugh (with Hardinge. the new Governor-General, second in command under his orders) defeated the invaders by sheer hard fighting at Moodki, Ferozeshah and Sobraon. Gough, now Baron Gough of China, Maharajpore and the Sutlej, was the first Commander-in-Chief to command at Lahore, that is to say, to form military India, as we know it this day, from our rule over its most warlike province, the Punjaub. The way to understand our hold on its wild and chivalrous tribes is to see British and Native regiments in India, which is perhaps not the way politicians imagine. Controversies both on military policy and the sacrifices at which some of his battles were won, surrounded Gough—"controversy between the Commander-in-Chief in India and the Governor-General is almost invariable," Mr. Rait says—and as regards the bloody victory of Moodki (with loss of seventeen guns and thirteen officers, amongst whom was the hero of the 13th Somersets, Sir Robert Sale, the distinguished Quarter-Master-General of H.M.'s forces), he shows us that Gough was hampered in his preparations to meet the first sudden irruption of the Sikhs by a policy of inactivity forced upon Lord Hardinge by circumstances. In 1845 the Punjaub revolted and the Second Sikh war was fought. Again one of the bloodiest victories ever known in India was Gough's at Chillianwalla. In his recently published memoirs Lord Wolseley alludes to it: "A disabled officer told me that on the evening of that unfortunate battle, where British courage was a more distinguishing feature than the tactical ability of the general commanding, the dead bodies of thirteen of his brother officers lay on the dining-table in their mess tent." The severe loss seems to have been due to the failure of a subordinate officer, but Gough's generous nature made him brave the newspaper attacks without a word of self-justification. Sir Charles Napier was sent out to supersede him; but before the change could take place Gough had re-established his reputation by his crushing defeat of the Sikh armies at

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Goojerat (1849), followed by their unconditional surrender. But he saw no more active service. The silence which settles upon such a military achievement is a little melancholy, but the public have now every means of judging of the difficulties of his Indian command. We live in an age of biography, and it is well when the subject of it is a brave old warrior, all honour and highmindedness; a noble presence, a reputation for having fought more battles than any officer of the century except the Duke of Wellington, a power of inspiring his men, a patriarchal life in Ireland (Gough became Viscount and field marshal in 1862 and died in 1869), complete the picture. We quote the following to show the Irish character of leader and men of the renowned battalion of the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) in the Peninsular War; their famous charge at Barrosa had won the first "eagle" taken from the French. Now they were defending Tarifa's citadel (which we may all see some day, it is so near Gibraltar, on the extreme south of the Andalusian coast on the Straits), against the French attack:

About 2000 French grenadiers moved up to the breach (to the right in the wall of the Portcullis tower [1]). Gough, who had instructed his men that "wherever there is opportunity, the bayonet must be used," drew his sword and ordered the band to strike up an Irish air, "Garry-Owen." So furious was the fire that the enemy, finding the breach less practicable than Laval had anticipated, diverted their onslaught to the Portcullis. Here, too, Gough and the 87th were ready to receive them, and to the music of "St. Patrick's Day" prepared to meet the advancing foe. The French could not stand the attack of the Faugh-a-Ballagha; their leader fell outside the bars of the Portcullis, close to where Gough stood in person at the head of his men; and the wounded Frenchman gave up his sword to Gough, in token of surrender. Gough received it through the bars of the Portcullis. The main difficulty now was to restrain the impetuosity of the 87th. "Colonel," pleaded one of the regiment, as his commander forbade him to pursue, "Colonel, I only want to tache 'em what it is to attack the Aiglers." But not even the appeal to the glories of Barrosa could win the desired permission, and he had to be content with the hope that "next time they come, we'll give them 'Garry-Owen to glory' again."

Mr. Rait has done his part well to vindicate Lord Gough

[1] Whence the Portcullis in his arms, granted as an augmentation of honour.

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as a General, writing in the comparative seclusion of New College whilst in communication with more than one distinguished and experienced officer, and his work forms one of several parallel narratives, notably those of Sir Harry Smith's and Lord Seaton's lives, which reveal a line of Peninsular warriors, like statues lost awhile in the sands of time with limbs broken off and scattered, now restored as an imposing whole with subsequent contests which have enlarged and confirmed the Empire.

Canon Ainger's beautiful taste—his dainty sense of all that is exquisite either in sadness or in gladness—finds a fair field in the work of **Crabbe.** (Macmillan, 2*s.* net.) A world in which Crabbe should be popular would be indeed a dismal world to contemplate, a world where the sun never shone, a world the citizens of which dressed always and infallibly in brown. Yet the world, as at present coloured, would lack something if Crabbe were not popular—and very popular—among those few hard readers who read to please themselves and not the daily paper. Scott, whose judgment was so catholic that he loved almost everything, delighted in him; Fitzgerald, whose judgment was so exclusive that he loved almost nothing, did the same. Clearly here is a shade who will not be toasted in the water of Lethe, and if we dare not agree with his biographer that he and Wordsworth "played an equally important part in the revival of the human and emotional virtues of poetry," we have no right to dispose of him with a light heart because he called a spade a spade and in his work the spades outnumber the diamonds, and because the rhymed couplet in which he wrote becomes intolerably monotonous to an ear trained on the varied metrical effects of an age that cares about style. He was a great prose writer writing in poetry, just as Ruskin was a great poet writing in prose.

His life is much as it might have been had he himself invented it—the very names are names that he would choose. He went to school at *Bungay*, his earliest editor was *Mr.*

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Wheble, his orphaned lady-love bore the name of *Sarah Elmy*, and lived with an uncle and aunt called Mr. and Mrs. Tovell. Fate showed a nicer sense than usual of what is fitting when she sent him to live in the flat country about Aldeburgh. It is easy enough to believe that he suffered from the kindness of the great as from the unkindness of the humble—that his poor wife was quietly mad for many a long year before she died—that his parishioners rang the bells to welcome his successor before he had quitted the Vicarage. Now and then (fortunately for us it is only in books that people are consistent) he acted out of character. He stood for hours at a bookseller's counter, absorbed in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," he took it into his head to visit Scott at the very moment when George IV. did—with what fantastic consequences readers of Lockhart know well; he indulged, as ancient poets will, in flirtation, and stuffed a blackcock sent him by Miss Joanna Baillie for fear she should think it too beautiful to be eaten. Beside his poems, however, he counts for little. His letters, except one dignified and pathetic appeal, are too formal to attract, and dashes appear to represent the most interesting part of his diary. His genius was a carefully tended lamp, not a flame of fire that kindled his whole being. There are poets like Shelley and Keats who are poets every hour of their life; there are others who keep the poet and the man distinct, and Crabbe was one of these. Canon Ainger has done what he could for the man; but he has done his best by the poet. We are relieved to escape from the chronicle of nothing in particular to the clear, thoughtful criticism of lines and passages that rank among the great possessions of the English language.

Every new book by Miss Mary Findlater takes a higher place than the last; because, to her great natural gifts she adds that faculty of taking trouble which makes the true artist. The characters in "A Narrow Way" were excellent. The characters in **The Rose of Joy** (Methuen, 6*s.*) are just as good, and they are in themselves more interesting, while the plot is

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woven with far greater care and skill. A firm, live hand seizes the reader and will not let him go. The beginning and the end are unfortunate—the beginning because it inevitably suggests comparison with the peerless beginning of one of Scott's masterpieces and because it points out a track which is not followed up—the end because it is not an end but a kind of leaving off which leaves the audience as unsatisfied as the actors. Half a loaf may be better than no bread as a matter of fact, and as a matter of fact it may be the usual portion of most men and women, but it is hard measure for a heroine so friendly as the sweet, appealing Susan, and though we cannot for an instant doubt that it is natural, we cannot help a wistful, secret wish that, for once in a way, something unnatural had happened. A gentler, dearer being than Susan it is hard to imagine. Her mother, her little brothers and sisters, her terrible family-in-law, are drawn with the finest humour. The men are those exceptional men about whom women like to write because they find them easier to understand than the normal type; but men like these exist, and they exist like this. Dally, the animal whom animals understand even better than Susan, artist and child, could understand, is admirable, and Archie makes an admirable foil. Whether Susan, being what she was, would ever have left Dally, seems questionable, but then she was Scotch; they were all Scotch. As for Juliet, every one in the book is her lover; every one out of the book will be her lover too; to fall in love with one girl and to love the other for life is the fate of whoso takes this "Rose" into his hand. We may as well mention that the spots on Mrs. Murchison's drawing-room wall-paper could not have numbered four hundred and seventy-eight one day and five hundred and seventy another, and that Colonel Hamilton should be above a misquotation from Coleridge.

Mr. W. G. Waters's admirable translation of **The Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy by way of Switzerland and Germany in 1580 and 1581** (Murray, 3 vols., 15*s.* net)

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is most welcome, for the Journal itself has nearly every good quality which a book of its kind can have. Even its bibliographical history has a touch of romance. The MS., partly written by a secretary from Montaigne's dictation and partly written (in French and Italian) by Montaigne himself, was accidentally discovered in a chest at his château, and published in 1774. Discoveries like this (and they are not so uncommon as might be supposed) set the mind upon a pleasant train of reflection regarding other treasures which may one day be revealed. Montaigne started soon after the first edition of the "Essays" had been published, and he and his companions visited a great number of places in France, Switzerland, the Empire and Italy. Opinions may differ as to which part of the record is most interesting, but the whole Journal is fascinating, not only as a description of contemporary life and manners, but, still more, as a revelation of the character of "the wisest Frenchman that ever lived." From the point of view of the social historian, Montaigne was indeed an ideal traveller. Nothing was beneath his curiosity, and nothing escaped his attention. One of his few regrets was that he had not consulted more books which would have told him what sights he ought to see, and that he had not taken with him that sixteenth-century guide-book known as Münster's "Cosmographia." He discussed theology with learned divines, Catholic and Lutheran, but was not above describing the inns at which he stayed, the food, the wine, the beds. "In order to make full trial of diverse manners and customs of the countries he visited," his secretary writes, "he always conformed to local usage, however greatly such a usage may have irked him." One object of his journey was to seek a cure for the kidney trouble from which he suffered, and he gives a detailed account of the many baths he visited for this purpose. The chief of these were Plombières, Baden and Lucca, but nearly every Italian town seems in those days to have boasted some curative water, the use of which betrayed a curious mixture of science and superstition. Montaigne had a high

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opinion of German cooking. After praising the "vast abundance" of their provisions, he adds that "nothing in our own way of living can be found equal to it." "Their kitchens," he says, "are incomparably superior to those of our great houses;" and he was sorry he had not brought his cook with him to learn the German methods.

The chief interest of the book, however, lies in the revelation it affords of the character of Montaigne himself, his urbanity, courage, and serenity of mind. He must have suffered acute pain, for he went about, to use Sainte-Beuve's vivid phrase, "semant ses pierres et graviers sur les routes," but he was always alert, cheerful, even happy. This character is revealed unconsciously and with complete consistency on every page of the Journal, nowhere perhaps more fully than in the account of Montaigne's long stay at the Baths of Lucca, where, he tells us, "one night the country people danced together, and I joined in the sport so as not to seem over ceremonious"; and where, on another night, he himself gave a ball. This function involved the giving of presents to the ladies, and there is a pleasant Cinderella-like touch about the fact which he records, that one pair of shoes went "to a pretty girl who did not come to the ball."

A deeply interesting book, and yet it is hardly known in England (a translation by W. Hazlitt the younger was annexed to his edition of the Essays in 1842), and even in France, as Mr. Waters tells us with surprise, it never roused much enthusiasm. Why? Two reasons are, we think, suggested by Sainte-Beuve's delightful essay on "Montaigne en Voyage" in the *Nouveaux Lundis*. Sainte-Beuve there admits that the book is of no interest in a literary point of view, and that Montaigne indulges in hardly a single reflection. That is a large admission and accounts for the disappointment of readers who take up the Journal, not as a record of travel and a piece of autobiography, but in the hope that they will find something like a volume of posthumous *Essays*. Again, Sainte-Beuve contrasts Montaigne and Chateaubriand. Mon-

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taigne travelled for the sake of travelling, to see and learn; he was "le curieux amusé de la vie." Chateaubriand, on the other hand, was "l' artiste qui voyage"; he travelled that he might describe when he got home the things which he had seen with an artist's eye during his travels. In other words, to put the matter bluntly, Chateaubriand travelled for "copy," while Montaigne travelled to extend his mind; and the general reader in modern times is plainly on the side of Chateaubriand.

Mr. Waters has added many useful notes identifying the various persons whom Montaigne met, and the volumes contain most appropriately a number of old views taken from the "Civitates Orbis Terrarum," and Piranesi's "Views of Rome."

We will not attempt to review under one heading so miscellaneous a volume as Bishop Creighton's **Lectures and Addresses** (Longmans, 5*s.* net). We would rather look upon it as a contribution to his own biography, a picture of a man in whom learning, not so much profound as discursive, combined with natural rapidity of intelligence and comprehensiveness of view made up one side of a complex character, whilst the other is that of a hardworking and vigorous man of the world, as solid as he was brilliant, thought unorthodox by those who did not understand his faith, and frivolous by those who did not understand his seriousness, not suffering fools gladly, but combating stupidity by paradox; a brilliant living personality; an intellect which converted all forms of sustenance, whether found in books or in the converse of men, into vital fibre. The world seemed to grow younger when he came into a room; and in reading these lectures the first impression is that of youthfulness.

In the next place, Bishop Creighton was above all an Englishman, in his love of historical institutions, his distrust of reforms which were not developments but novelties, his combination of business with literature and of common sense

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with learning. There is danger of spoiling our historians and scholars by turning them into bishops; but though the world may be poorer by some volumes, no one can reasonably regret the course of events which brought Bishop Creighton to Peterborough and London, and made him for a few years the centre of life and vigorous action in the Church of England.

As was the man, so we see him in this volume. Few men are able to generalise widely and safely as Creighton did; but those are the writers who teach. To him the teaching of ecclesiastical history is not an inculcation of dogma nor the propagation of a view, but the study of the Church and the world together. "Theology," he says, "has become historical and does not demand that history should become theological." Ecclesiastical history is not politics nor biography nor the history of opinion alone, but all these, viewed in relation to the present, if it is to be more than a series of pigeon-holes stuffed with documents. Mediæval facts and primitive facts are here shown to resemble facts of later history; English history is compared with foreign history. The English character of Bishop Grosseteste or of Elizabeth and her bishops and statesmen is well brought out and illustrates the writer's own strongly national character. Indeed he seems almost to interpret the great Queen's ecclesiastical policy as little more than "a desire to express the wishes of the English people so far as it was possible to do so." This is brought out more fully in the Lecture on "The English National Character"; in reading which we are conscious that the bishop, like Ulysses, was helped to understand his own nation by having observed so many others. The same temper of mind appears in his preference of the continuity of national life to the sudden dramatic and picturesque incidents which enliven it. Yet, however scientific his treatment, we can hardly think that if Bishop Creighton had been choosing a book to feed his mind and elevate his imagination he would have preferred Seeley's *Life of Stein* to Froude's *History*.

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We hope that our heroes may never want as faithful and competent biographers as Mr. Moore Smith, who in his **Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton** (Murray, 16*s.* net), has put before us another picture of the Happy Warrior. "Few men are like him; indeed, except the Duke of Wellington, I know no officer in the British Army his equal," wrote Sir George Napier in 1828; and Colborne and Harry Smith, true brothers in arms and officers of the same immortal 52nd Regiment, may serve as patterns of the British soldier in his graver and gayer aspects; Smith full of dash and enterprise, with a vein of sentiment which sometimes issued in rhodomontade, Colborne serious, thoughtful and resolute; both indomitably brave, both thought and proved worthy for employment which demanded statesmanship as well as military prowess.

John Colborne was born in 1778, and was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow of Coleridge and Lamb; but at the age of ten he was removed by his stepfather, Mr. Bargus, to Winchester, which school honours him so highly as to put his name as fourth in the list of their worthies, after Grocyn, Ken and Selborne. He joined the army at sixteen, served in the Helder expedition, and showed from the first that he was a soldier who could think as well as act. Such a slight incident as his concluding the probability of an attack from seeing a Dutch officer measuring the depth of a dyke with a stick, shows the habit of mind which the Duke described as guessing at what might be on the other side of the hill or round the corner. This habit of close observation and induction, combined with that of preparedness and presence of mind, came out on two famous occasions, at Orthes and Waterloo, as we shall see.

After serving with the 20th Regiment at Alexandria in 1801 and in the Calabrian Expedition of 1805, during which he commanded a company in the battle of Maida, he was present at Vimiero in August 1808, being attached to Sir John Moore as military secretary. He fought at Corunna, and was

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one of the few officers who saw Moore die and laid him in his grave. Moore might have been forgotten but for Wolfe's poem, which has preserved his well-earned fame. It is satisfactory to know that Colborne defended his reputation from all attacks, and considered him as a general worthy to be put by the side of Wellington.

He was offered the post of military secretary to Sir Arthur Wellesley when leaving for the Peninsula, but declined it (officers seem to have done much as they liked in those days) and embarked for Spain, apparently unattached, "to see further service." Soon afterwards he was appointed as Lieut.-Colonel to the 66th Regiment. At Albuera he commanded the 1st Brigade on the right of the Allies, and bore the brunt of the action, his own regiment, the 66th, losing its colours and being almost destroyed.

Soon after Albuera Colborne was appointed to the 52nd, one of the regiments of Crauford's famous Light Division. Of a brilliant feat of arms accomplished by himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, he wrote thus: "Success in assaults can only be expected from high discipline and order, and not from bayonets and forlorn hopes without a fire on the defences." On this occasion, some order having been misunderstood by Sir Harry Smith, then a captain in the 52nd, that officer writes: "Many an officer would have stormed like fury. He only thought of storming Fort San Francisco, which he carried in a glorious manner."

He showed extraordinary personal gallantry at Vera in October, and at Nivelle in November 1813. "There was I," he wrote, "on the top of this hill, heading the 52nd, and exposed to a most murderous fire, the balls and shell falling like hailstones. I saw Harry Smith fall with his horse on him, and thought he was killed. My aide-de-camp, Captain Fane, dismounted, and entreated me to do the same. 'Pray get off, sir, pray get off.' I was never in such peril in my whole life, but thinking the boldest plan was the best, I waved my handkerchief and called out loudly to the

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French leader on the other side of the wall, 'What nonsense this is, attempting to hold out,' . . . and so the French officer, after some hesitation, surrendered and marched out with the honours of war."

At Orthes, trusting to the discipline of the 52nd, who "marched down as evenly and regularly as if on parade," he deployed into the low ground, crossed the marsh and carried the hill, and so stopped the French advance. "This attack," wrote Lord Wellington, "dislodged the enemy from the heights and gave us the victory." "He could not help saying that," was Colborne's comment.

At Waterloo, at the supreme moment, when Napoleon's last columns were advancing upon the Guards, Colborne took upon himself the responsibility of "advancing the 52nd and wheeling its whole line on its left as a pivot as if it had been a single company," a thing altogether unprecedented, and well described as "one of those promptings of inspiration that mark the mind of a great general." By this movement he was able to take the column of the Old Guard in flank and break it. It was at this moment that the Duke ordered the general advance; it was the turning-point of the day; and Colborne's unexpected and unpremeditated manœuvre was the action which immediately decided the battle of Waterloo.

Victorious generals do not always do justice to their subordinates; and Wellington in his despatch reserved all the glory to the Guards and made no mention of the 52nd. It is one of the marks of greatness in Colborne that he never blamed the Duke. He rebuked some officers of the 52nd who were making complaint of this neglect. "For shame, gentlemen! one would think the 52nd had never been in battle before!"

We cannot go fully into the history of Colborne's services in Canada and the Ionian Islands. He had to put down two rebellions in Canada, and to govern an angry and discontented people, and showed good sense and statesmanship both in severity and mercy. The question of Canada was so fiercely

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discussed that no public man who held office there could escape unfavourable criticism, and Colborne came in for his full share of misrepresentation from political opponents, and neglect from the Ministers whom he served. In the Ionian Islands, if his action seemed at variance with the conservative principles which guided him at home, he acted in accordance with the wishes of the population, and it is easy to see from his own words that he thought the ultimate annexation of the Seven Islands to Greece was an event to be welcomed rather than feared.

In the biography of a soldier the personal portrait is as interesting as the deeds of arms. All that we hear of him tells of goodness as well as greatness. We are reminded of Lord Albemarle's story, how Colborne called him, a young subaltern, into his tent and gave him a cup of tea on the wet chilly morning of Waterloo. Lord Seaton had not the Duke's gaiety and alertness, he was of a more stately and severe presence, but as gentle as he was noble. He was a Christian hero of the grand type, and was deeply loved as well as admired by friends and relations. Just before his death, at the age of eighty-five, it is recorded of him that "there was no air of the feebleness of old age about him, no bending, no decay, but the same affectionateness, the same serenity and sweetness, the same quiet depth of dutiful trust and undemonstrative devotion that had been his through life."

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
hanc Remus et fratres; sic fortis Etruria crevit.

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THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST

THE crisis in the Far East has been developing itself for the last four or five years, but during the past three months the tension between Russia and Japan has ever been growing more and more marked. Even if the breaking-point has not been reached before this article meets the reader's eye, there is abundant justification for the utmost apprehension. At the moment of writing diplomacy continues its laborious efforts to avert war; but those best informed with regard to all the elements in the situation are not sanguine that the issue will be peace, as vast national interests, not only apparently, but in reality irreconcilable, are involved. Meanwhile the concentration of fleets and armies within the area of probable conflict, the accumulation of gigantic stores of war material at central points, and the purchase of cruisers, transports, and enormous quantities of coal and provisions in outside markets by one or other or both of the two opposed empires, sufficiently indicate how far matters have gone. Short of actual war, the position could not be more grave.

And the utterance of a deeper and far more sinister and more menacing note is heard, like the heavy rumble of thunder, distant yet foreboding the onset of the storm; for there are not wanting those who see in the struggle, should it result in victory for Japan, the opening of a new chapter in the history of the world, on whose pages the Yellow Peril is written large, while those who forecast an opposite event

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prophesy the absorption of China by Russia, and another long step taken towards the overmastering predominance of the Slav. And behind all this there lies the fear it may not be possible to "localise" the contest, and that other Powers may be drawn in; thus is raised the grim spectre of universal war.

In my opening sentence I wrote advisedly that the crisis had "been developing itself." From a philosophical point of view, the crisis is natural, inevitable, and was bound to come sooner or later, having its roots deep in history, its branches far outspread by forces always working in great living strenuous races. It is a crisis that comes about because of expansion in both empires, because of pressure from within, because of the necessary reaching out for, and the seizing of opportunity if it is to be taken advantage of before it passes away for ever. In these respects the story of the nations for the last two generations has been all of one piece whenever and wherever it was possible, and this has been conspicuously true of Anglo-Saxondom.

To the great relief of Germany, in whose heart there abides the fear of her colossal neighbour, Russian expansion has found scope in Asia, where, up to the present time, it has encountered but small resistance. With scarcely a halt, hardly a check, the descendants of Rurik and Yermak passed across Siberia to the Pacific. For a while they rested on the north bank of the Amur, casting a longing gaze on the other and better side, waiting for the day to dawn when they should go in and possess this Land of Promise. The day came, but not before Russian expansion had become acutely sensible of the fact that it was threatened with opposition.

Prior to Japan's victorious war with China it is doubtful if Russia paid any particular attention to the rising "Island Empire" of the Far East; but the result of that campaign opened her eyes, and she recognised, though contemptuously enough, a possible rival. Determined to oust Japan from the footing she had obtained in 1895 by conquest on the mainland

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of Asia, she, helped by France and Germany, compelled Japan, unable to offer effective resistance to this powerful combination, to retrocede the Liao-tung Peninsula to China. Then followed, as everybody knows, the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, the Boxer Rising, the Russian invasion of Manchuria, and the completion of the Transasiatic Railway. In everything but name Manchuria became a Russian province.

It appeared as if the Powers on the whole were willing after some faint show of protest to acquiesce in this wholesale appropriation of Chinese territory; but Japan, who in the interval had acquired a powerful fleet and had in other ways immensely strengthened her position, objected strongly to it—she did so from the first. It is not generally known, but it is the case, that the publication in 1901 of the Russo-Chinese Convention all but brought about a war in the spring of that year between Russia and Japan. The British Government, it is understood, advised Japan to restrain herself and to wait to see if Russia would evacuate Manchuria, as she had specifically promised she would in October 1903. A little later the mind of England was shown plainly by the conclusion of a treaty of alliance between herself and Japan, the treaty, of course, being intended to bring pressure upon Russia.

In the summer of last year the Russians drafted a large number of labourers into the Yalu Valley on the Korean side, where they claimed to have a timber concession from the Emperor of Korea, granted as far back as 1896. This was to touch Korea, a country which Japan has long regarded as sacrosanct to herself. Finally, the Russians did not evacuate Manchuria in October, and it was evident to all disinterested observers that their designs covered Korea as well as Manchuria. But Japanese expansion requires room for growth just as much as, or, rather, much more at present than, Russian. And so it comes to pass that Russian expansion finds itself at length face to face with Japanese expansion, and it seems as certain as anything can be that what is to succeed and prevail can only be determined by trial by battle,

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For the first time in the Far East the forward movement of Russia, which to some people appears to have something about it of the character of the resistless force of a law of dynamics, is seriously challenged, the gage being offered, as it were, by the forward movement of Japan. Thus seen, the crisis is natural and inevitable—the only possible question that could arise being as to the time when the collision would take place.

But there is expansion *and* expansion. There is the expansion which is born of aggression, of the lust for land, of restless and ever dissatisfied ambition; and there is the expansion that takes place because of the excess of population seeking an outlet. At the same time, it is not seldom impossible to institute a clear and definite distinction between the two in a given case. In the high rare air of world-politics, with what might be termed its unmoral atmosphere, it is often as difficult as futile to make any such distinction. When we Englishmen attempt to do so we are instantly reminded that our own hands are by no means quite spotless, and, in fact, that British expansion has not always shown that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and that some at least of our promises to the world remain unfulfilled to this day. It is sometimes usual in this country to speak of Russian aggression as if it belonged to some specially base and malign type; yet the friends of Russia, it must be frankly admitted, do not entirely lack some effective pleas for her.

To put the case from both points of view. It is urged, and with unquestionable accuracy, that time after time successive Czars have given the most explicit assurances to our Ambassadors at St. Petersburg that the limits of Russian expansion in Central Asia had been reached, and that no further advance was contemplated or would be sanctioned; yet the advance has invariably occurred. It is pointed out, and with perfect truth, that as regards Manchuria she remains in that province of China in defiance of her own confessed obligations to evacuate it. It is represented, and with force, that in her

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huge Asiatic dominions, apart altogether from Manchuria, to say nothing of Korea, Russia has an area into which settlement might go for a long period without, to phrase it mildly, the slightest fear of overcrowding. It is stated, and it is the fact, that even as things are, Amuria is being neglected, that Blagovestchensk and Vladivostock are declining, because of Russia's preoccupation in Manchuria, and that colonisation in Manchuria means the denuding of Siberian and Amurian settlements of their inhabitants. Yet it is only fair and candid to concede that there are extenuating circumstances to be taken into account. As in Europe, so in Asia, Russia's imperial necessities, or what is popularly known as her "manifest destiny," cause her to seek the "warm sea" and make her desire to exchange a poor and sterile territory for a rich and fertile one. And in this connection it is impossible for us not to remember, in considering the case from the side of Russia, that the Prime Minister of England as good as invited her to establish herself at a "warm sea" port in the Far East, even if our people in that part of the world thought and said he spoke with far too much of the "light heart." On the whole it must be admitted, I think, that Russian expansion in Manchuria finds some justification even from ourselves. Then, in addition, there is the question of the protection of the great railways she has constructed through the country at an enormous cost of lives and money.

So much for these aspects of Russian expansion in Manchuria. With respect to Korea the pro-Russian argument is not nearly so good, but this brings me to the case for Japan. From the very outset it is evident that Japanese expansion in Korea bears a very different character from Russian expansion in Manchuria, and that Japan has far better and stronger claims than her rival.

The accounts which are given of Japan's appearance as a factor in the life of Korea as far back as the almost prehistoric days of the Empress Jingu (201–269 A.D.) partake largely of the mythical, and are of importance only as indicating that

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Japan and Korea were mutually interested, as might be expected from their contiguity to each other, from very early times. But in 1592 we touch actual history, for in that year a Japanese army, sent by the Regent Hideyoshi, a great soldier and a man of such Napoleonic ambitions that he dreamed of making himself Emperor of Asia, landed in Korea and conquered it. After the death of Hideyoshi the Japanese army was withdrawn, but for more than two centuries the Koreans sent tribute to the Tokugawa Shoguns, the virtual sovereigns of Japan. In 1871 tribute ceased to be paid, and had it not been that Japan was only slowly recovering from the effects of the civil war which resulted in the restoration of the Mikado to the sole supreme power, there would have been a fresh invasion. A few years later an expedition was sent, but there was little or no fighting; a treaty of peace and friendship was signed between the two countries, and two Korean ports were thrown open to Japanese trade. There had long been a small, unimportant, much restricted Japanese trading-post at Fusan, but this treaty marks the beginning of what may be styled the modern Japanese idea that Korea is the special and inalienable annexe of Japan. Japanese influence slowly gained ground, but that it was not particularly strong was shown by an attack on the Japanese Legation in the capital in 1882, when the Minister's residence was burnt and the Minister himself had to take refuge in flight. Neither have the Koreans any particular affection for the Japanese at the present time.

Notwithstanding the Japanese conquests of Korea, China had for many centuries regarded the latter as one of her vassal States, and up till the war of 1894–95 her influence was constantly arrayed against that of Japan, but after her defeat it steadily declined. By the Treaty of Shimonoseki the two Empires definitely recognised Korea as an independent kingdom. Later, the King of Korea took to himself the title of "Emperor." After the war with China, Japan set about the peaceful, industrial and commercial exploitation of the peninsula, planting settlements at the ports, planning railways, constructing

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telegraphs, and carrying out other enterprises for opening up the country. The number of Japanese already in Korea is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. Mr. Angus Hamilton, in the able and very interesting book he published a few days ago on Korea,[1] places the number at twenty-five thousand, but I understand the higher figure is nearer the mark. The Japanese Government have always consistently maintained that they were sincerely desirous of preserving the independence of Korea, or if it was impossible to preserve its independence, that they could not allow it to fall into any hands but their own.

The grounds on which they took and take up this alternative position are now well understood. They may, however, be briefly summarised:

1. As the population of Japan increases at the rate of something like half a million annually, emigration is necessary or soon will be. Korea, a sparsely peopled country, with its resources largely undeveloped, is the outlet indicated to her by her geographical situation.

2. Japan generally requires a large part of the produce of Korea to supplement her own; it is a matter of great importance, therefore, that she should keep the control of Korea, otherwise her home population and industries would be crippled by dear food.

3. Korea, from the point of view of its strategetical position, would, if in the possession of a strong Power, command Japan, and threaten her very existence as an independent nation. Korea's immense coast-line and its excellent harbours, most of which are open all the year round and capable of easy defence, make that peninsula of enormous value when sea-power is considered. A naval Power holding Korea would have the dominance of the Far Eastern seas. If it must be held by a naval Power, the Japanese think, naturally enough, that they are the Power. With Korea in their hands, they deem Japan safe, so long as the Power in possession of

[1] "Korea." By Angus Hamilton. 1904. Heinemann.

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Manchuria is not too strong. Korea, indeed, it is hardly too much to say, is vital to Japan.

Contrasting the two cases, the Russian and the Japanese, admitting that either of these Powers has any "right" to lay claim to Korea, and comparing the necessities of the two with absolute impartiality, it is sufficiently obvious which has the better claim. Nor can it be alleged by Russia that Japan has left her in ignorance of the manner in which she regards Korea; Japan has all along made the safeguarding of Korea, since 1895, the chief keynote of her foreign policy. As a matter of fact, two Conventions or Agreements dealing with Korea have been interchanged between Japan and Russia. The first of these was signed in May 1896, the second two years later.

In the earlier Convention both Powers pledged themselves to keep no more troops than were absolutely necessary for the efficient protection of their respective settlements in the country, with the addition, in the case of Japan, of a maximum force of two hundred guards to be stationed in small bodies at various points along the line of telegraph from Fusan, on the coast opposite Japan, to Seoul, the capital, the telegraph being to all intents and purposes an enterprise of the Japanese Government. The Convention definitely fixed the number of troops which might be stationed—four companies of two hundred men each, for the guarding of the settlements at Seoul and the two chief open ports. As Russia had no settlements at these places, her rights under this Convention have not been exercised, though within the last few weeks she has thrown a force into Seoul, as, indeed, have several of the Powers.

The second Convention, in the form of an Agreement by Protocol signed by the then Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Russian Minister at Tokyo, was concluded in 1898. Its first Article expressly set forth that the two Imperial Governments recognised Korea as a sovereign independent State, and they engaged to abstain from any direct interference with its domestic affairs. Another Article provided that Russia should not impede or interfere in any way with the industrial

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and commercial exploitation of Korea by Japan—which has been done so thoroughly that it is estimated three-fourths of the whole foreign trade of the "Hermit Kingdom" belongs to the Japanese, and thus constitutes a very material vested interest.

Then, in the language of fiction, a strange thing happened, though, bearing in mind Russian methods, it was perhaps not so very strange. Suddenly, last year, there was sprung upon the world the astonishing announcement that the Russians had appeared on the Korean side of the Yalu River, which forms the north-western frontier between Manchuria and Korea. It thereupon was stated that when the King of Korea was a refugee in the Russian Legation in 1896, during the political *bouleversement* of that year, he had granted to a Russian subject a concession for cutting timber in the Valley of the Yalu. For seven years not only had no action been taken under this concession, but not a word had been heard of it; indeed, its exact terms have never been made public. What actually has happened is that timber has been cut very extensively in districts in the Yalu country which the Koreans declare were not included in the original concession. East of Wi-Ju stands the sacred Peng-Ma, a mountain whose slopes were covered with fine trees, but these have fallen, to the great indignation of Korea. And along with the gangs of Chinese coolies who did the deforesting came the Russian soldiers. The wave of Russian expansion had struck Korea, and an acutely critical situation was at once developed.

The Korean Government, another name for weakness, protested, but in vain; the Russian Minister at Seoul let remonstrances pass unheeded, contenting himself with asserting that the Russian lumbermen were keeping perfectly within the rights given them under the concession, and that these rights covered the building of railways, the making of roads, the purchase of land, and anything and everything else which might be deemed expedient or necessary to the success of the undertaking. Houses were acquired or erected in several

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localities, notably at Yong-an-po and Yong-chyön. At the former an area of thirty-six square miles was bought from the natives, and a fort with guns and a garrison of a hundred and fifty men was established. Yong-an-po is in itself a place of no importance, but it was there that the Japanese troops disembarked during the war with China; it possesses something of a natural harbour, which can be easily fortified—if it were, it would command one side of the entrance to the Yalu, and if held in conjunction with An-tung on the opposite side would command it altogether. Of course, the Russians were already at An-tung.

Russian action on the south side of the Yalu could convey but one impression to Japan, and that was that her rival had commenced her occupation of Northern Korea, and from that as a base would proceed to the occupation of the entire country. The Japanese Government, however, preserved an appearance of tranquillity and calm, though the passions of the people at large were quickly inflamed to a dangerous pitch, and they endeavoured, first of all, to check the Russian forward movement by diplomacy. Locally, Japan strongly urged Korea to declare Yong-an-po and the neighbouring town of Wi-ju open to foreign trade, and her representations were as strongly supported by Great Britain and the United States. Korea was willing to agree to take the necessary measures, but M. Pavloff, the Russian Minister at Seoul, interposed and peremptorily negatived this course, thus showing that, for the time at least, Muscovite influence was paramount with the Korean Emperor. M. Pavloff is the diplomat who, in a recent interview, said, "It is impossible to allow Japan to secure a preponderating influence in Korea," and went on to characterise the Japanese as "pagan invaders," and as a "superficially civilised people of the Middle Ages with a veneer of modernity," expressions which form a striking contrast with the pacific words and demeanour of his Imperial Master at St. Petersburg on the Russian New Year's Day, but which unquestionably voice forth the sentiments and ideas

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of the great majority of the Russian official and higher classes. M. Pavloff, in the same utterance, represented Russia as the champion of Korean independence—a pose which will certainly not deceive anybody; rather will be seen and heard in it the true, veritable note of Russian expansion.

But the aims of Japan have gone beyond the preservation of Korea from Russia. It has been discovered—there is no secret about it now, though the matter has caused great surprise in certain quarters—that Japan's policy insists, with admirable and undeviating imperturbability of manner but at all costs, on the maintenance of the sovereignty of China over Manchuria, while acknowledging that Russia has established vested interests in the railways she has built in that province which she has the right to protect. Naturally, Russia is far from content with this attitude. Japan also takes her stand on the "open door" in Manchuria.

At this point it may be useful to give some of the main features of the diplomatic action that has taken place between Russia and Japan during the last few months of the history of the crisis.

It was on June 28 of last year that a conference was held in Tokyo, at which were present the Elder Statesmen or Genro (Marquis Ito, Marquis Yamagata, Count Matsagata, Count Inouye, and Marquis Oyama), the Prime Minister, Viscount Katsura, and the other Ministers of the Japanese Empire. They agreed upon a policy, necessitated by the non-observance of Russian undertakings to evacuate Manchuria, and that policy remains unchanged in all important particulars to the present time. A diplomatic correspondence, or rather *pourparlers* were begun between Tokyo and St. Petersburg, but without any tangible result. In October it was manifest that there was no sign of the Russian evacuation which had been explicitly promised by the 8th of that month. On the 18th the Genro and the Cabinet again met in Tokyo, and determined that the policy they had resolved upon at their former conference should be embodied in a Note to

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Russia, which was drafted, reviewed on the 24th, agreed upon, and finally sanctioned by the Emperor. It was handed to the Russian Minister in Tokyo on the last day but one of October.

For six weeks there was no reply; it was not till December 11 that Russia sent her answer to Japan, warlike preparations in the interval being pushed forward with all vigour on both sides. It was soon known that the terms of the Russian Answer were unsatisfactory to Japan. The fate of Manchuria was a matter, it stated, which was no concern of Japan's, but rested solely in the hands of China and Russia; no third Power had any *locus standi*. And with respect to Korea, there was made a tentative proposal of spheres of, or dual, influence. Five days after the receipt of Russia's Answer the same Japanese statesmen met again at the capital, and the issue of this fourth conference was that a second Note was despatched, requesting Russia to reconsider her decision. Since then there has been a second Answer on the part of Russia, which was so little relished by Japan that, after a fifth conference on January 11, she sent a third Note on the 18th, restating, but without modifying her position. Whether the next Answer from St. Petersburg will close or continue this correspondence between the two Empires is uncertain; but, in the published words of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister to England, "Japan has nothing further to say." No doubt Notes and Answers have all been couched in the most courteous terms of phraseology, in the most velvety of words; but unless Russia gives way, which is an undiplomatic though accurate manner of putting it, there is nothing left but war.

Up to the present the honours of the latest diplomatic phases of the struggle do not lie with Russia. China, whose backbone has been stiffened by the assurances and the whole attitude of Japan towards Russia, has ratified a treaty with the United States by which Mukden, the most flourishing and important city in Manchuria, though later Kharbin may

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dispute its supremacy, and An-tung, on the Yalu, are made open ports, and another treaty with Japan providing for the opening of Ta-tung-tao, on the Manchurian coast, not far from the mouth of the Yalu. These are valuable concessions to general trade, for these "ports" are now open to all the world, and Russia cannot close them without finding herself opposed by all the Powers. She was, perhaps, making a virtue of necessity when, in her Circular Note, dated the second week of January, she assured the Powers she would scrupulously regard all the rights conveyed to them by China. It has also been publicly announced that Japanese representations at Seoul have induced the Emperor of Korea to proclaim Wi-ju an open port. If this statement is correct a fresh difficulty has been thrown in the path of Russian expansion in Northern Korea, and adds some colour to the statement that she has proposed the neutralisation of that part of the peninsula.

The opening by China of these three "ports" in Manchuria is of more than ordinary significance as indicating the falling off of Russian and the growth of Japanese influence at Pekin. One of the questions which recently have been asked is what course China will pursue in the event of war. It has been thought by some that the Celestials would throw in their fortunes with their race-kinsmen of Japan; while others, and these not the least well informed, have said that it would be impossible for them to do anything else. It may be that circumstances will compel the Chinese to take up arms, but this is certainly not what Japan expects of them; it would suit her in every way better to have China "at peace" with Russia. The day is still distant, though having in mind the steadily growing *rapprochement* between the two Mongolian races it may not be so very distant, when Japan might put into the field masses of Japanese-officered, Japanese-drilled, Japanese-equipped Chinese soldiers—armies of the most formidable kind. Japan's main anxiety with respect to China in the present crisis is that the Celestial Empire should continue free from such internal

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disturbances as might afford a pretext for intervention from outside, say to Germany in Shantung, or to France in Yunnan. It cannot too often be repeated that what Japan chiefly desires is the integrity of the sovereignty and independence of China, Manchuria included. She fears that a Russian Manchuria will next mean a Russian North China, a Russian Pekin, as most probably in the course of time it would, and therefore it is that she has insisted in her Notes to Russia on keeping Manchuria a province of China. The foremost men in China, men like Chang-Chi-Tung, Viceroy of the Yangtse, and Yuan-Shi-Kai, the leader of her forces in the North, thoroughly understand and appreciate the attitude of Japan, and it is to Japan that they look for light and leading.

British trade interests in the Far East, still very considerable, though not perhaps so great as once they were, make the crisis of peculiar importance to us. And as England is by treaty the ally of Japan, and in certain definite and prescribed contingencies would be called on to aid her, its issue is of the profoundest consequence. I understand on the highest authority that should war break out Japan asks nothing from us but to stand by and keep the lists, so to speak, while she fights out her duel with Russia. Mr. Balfour has lately taken occasion to state publicly that England will stand by and keep the lists in the event of war, for this is the meaning of the passage in his recent speech at Manchester, in which he said that this country will fulfil her treaty engagements and obligations. And such expressions as these, if no other considerations helped, make it more than tolerably certain that France will not come to the help of Russia. There seems to be some doubt if the secret treaty between France and Russia calls upon the former to go to the aid of the latter in the Far East. What is certain is that the French are in no mood to do so; indeed, it is highly improbable that any French Government which proposed such a course would live for a single day. The last visit of the Czar to France was not a notable success —else why was he not taken on to Paris? The explanation

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was that it was felt that his reception there would be somewhat mixed. The truth is that the days of enthusiasm for the Franco-Russian Alliance are past in France. But in any case, our own attitude ensures that France will remain quiet and passive.

To attempt any forecast of the future, or to give an estimate of the fighting strength of Russia or Japan in the Far East, does not come within the scope of this article; but as I contributed to this REVIEW a paper in October 1901 on "The Financial Condition of Japan," I may be permitted to add a few words on the present position of Japan as regards her possession of the sinews of war. Since I last wrote on this subject the finances of Japan have materially improved in every way, and, speaking generally, it is no more than just to say that her commercial and industrial development has been quite as remarkable as her military and naval, though the latter is better understood in England. Twenty years ago Japan's revenue from all sources was eighty-three million *yen*; for the current fiscal year the estimate is two hundred and fifty million, and a large excess of revenue over expenditure is confidently anticipated. Let this serve as an indication of her growth.

It is said that Russia has in her war-chest some £75,000,000 in gold. Japan is able to find about one-third of that amount, but she believes this sum to be amply sufficient. She has in the vaults of the Bank of Japan between eleven and twelve millions sterling, anEmergency Fund, or moneys that can be treated as such, of five millions, and in London between three and four millions. There are besides large reserves in the other Japanese Government banks amounting in the aggregate to several millions. And, further, money is plentiful in the country, owing to the past season having been one of great abundance; this appears distinctly from the market rate of interest, which is now a little above 6 per cent., whereas a year ago it stood at 10 to 12 per cent. Thus, Japan can borrow at comparatively low rates at home. Another element in the

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situation is that a war will necessarily cost Russia a great deal more than Japan. It is the opinion of Japanese experts that the cost of maintaining their army and navy in the field, apart from the charges for the munitions of war, would not be much more than one-tenth of that payable by Russia. And already Japanese patriotism has opened a large war subscription-list to supplement the national war-chest, and a war loan of ten millions sterling is about to be placed in Japan's local markets.

As I revise the proofs of this article, the newspapers are giving prominence to much talk of peace being maintained in the Far East. These pacific assurances, for the most part, are of continental origin, and meet with no support from Japan. It is, of course, possible that the period of peace—of peace with negotiation—will be prolonged, but it is not easy to see how it can be prolonged indefinitely in presence of these two natural but irreconcilable policies of expansion. Much is heard of the pacific disposition of the Czar, though there is good reason to believe that the Mikado desires war no more than he does. A stronger reason for the hesitation of Russia exists, no doubt, in the fact that she is none too well prepared for a great campaign. But should peace-counsels prevail, and war be postponed for a time, it will be at the cost to Russia of a greatly diminished prestige not only in the Far East but in all Asia, where prestige counts for so much, and throughout the world, while the prestige of Japan will have become sensibly enhanced.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

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AUDIENCES AND EXITS

THERE was a day in the world's history when men had need to be reproved for supposing that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell were sinners above all their neighbours; and if at the present time we are wiser than to see in a sudden destruction of life the punishment of the victims, yet are we ever ready, when any conspicuous calamity occurs, to recognise in the disaster a vengeance upon human error in some responsible person or persons. Indeed, the habitual attitude of mankind towards such accidents as the recent Chicago fire is an ever-recurring proof alike of our distrust of individuals and of our confidence in the race. We are always sure on the one hand that "somebody blundered," and sure on the other hand that human wits are capable of devising a means which will render impossible a recurrence of the disaster.

This attitude, to be sure, is right and proper; it is a development or symptom of one of the instincts of our species. It is part of the great life-preserving panoply which is the attribute of man no less than of his brother animals. And the optimism which in all departments of existence is always looking hopefully forward (in spite of the evidences of history) to a time when the disabilities, discomforts, and inconveniences of life, as well as its perils, shall, one by one, have been faced by infallible cures and prophylactics, is no mere delusion of sanguine temperament, but a positive condition of that

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existence with whose preservation it is concerned. That life-saving (egotistic or altruistic) is part of the main business of life I need not argue here, nor need I dwell for more than an instant on a very painful reflection which the subject suggests. We think with deep sorrow as we read of a calamity like that of Chicago, not merely on the lives suddenly cut off, nor on the lingering agonies of those to whom death did not show the mercy of swiftness; nor is our greatest remorse even for them who have suffered by the loss of those they loved, for surely the most pitiable victims of that awful hour are the men or women (especially the men) who realise after the event that they owe their present safety to an impulse, sudden, unexpected, and, as they had thought, alien to their whole nature, which led them to struggle for their own lives literally at the expense of those of others. One asks oneself, after reading the account of that mad rush for existence, one horrible question, a question to which the only answer is a *Ne nos inducas.*

The causes of the fire in the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago are still the subject of inquiry. It is therefore impossible to discuss at the present time the question of personal responsibility. We must not ask whether architect, management, or staff are open to blame; but we may very properly review the reported facts of the occurrence, and ask ourselves whether the modern methods of theatre construction are satisfactory from the point of view of such horrible possibilities, and whether there are any practical means by which the risks thus brought so strikingly before us can be obviated, or at least diminished.

The facts, as gleaned from the various reports, can be very shortly stated.

On Wednesday, December 30, 1903, a pantomime was in progress. The second act had been reached, the lights were lowered for a moonlight scene, when "a little flickering fire high up in the scenery" made itself visible to some among the audience. A few, acting on the right impulse, rose, and began a quiet escape, while others, who received a warning from the

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attendants to do likewise, but did not themselves realise the danger, were unwilling to treat the advice as serious. Almost simultaneously the officials on the stage began to lower the asbestos curtain, which in this, as in most modern theatres, is provided as a fireproof barrier between the auditorium and the scenery. The curtain stuck; for some cause it could only descend half its proper distance; and its action, instead of barring the flames, created a diminished opening and a consequently increased draught, with the result that a sheet of fire rushed from the stage into the body of the theatre and set light to parts of the structure of the auditorium. Meanwhile a cry of "fire" had been raised and a stampede had begun. The occupants of the area or stalls would, it appears, have made good their escape, in spite of the rush of flame over the orchestra, if it had not been that they were hampered in the exits by those fleeing from the upper parts of the house and impeded by others who jumped down from the upper tiers. There were many exits from the theatre, but some would appear to have been ignored by the delirious crowd: others were found to be barred by iron doors that could not be opened, and one (an emergency outlet) was no more than a doorway in the external wall, fifty feet above the pavement, provided with no means of descent! The women and children in the audience suffered terribly in the stampede (especially in the galleries and stairways) by being literally trampled under foot, and though many died of actual asphyxiation due to the direct action of the fire a large proportion were evidently the victims not so much of the conflagration itself as of the consequent struggle for life. The total death-roll was 587.

It is clear from these statements that, apart from the outbreak of fire on the stage, which in a well-arranged theatre need not result in loss of life at all,[1] there were at least four

[1] The fireproof curtain, now obligatory in new theatres, and the use of automatic sprinklers should keep any stage fire out of the auditorium. Many small outbreaks on the stage have been quelled without reaching the knowledge of the spectators at all.

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other contributory causes of death: the exits, though numerous, were not all capable of use; the asbestos curtain, so far from doing its work, positively fostered the spread of the mischief; the passages of egress appear to have been so arranged that the out-flowing crowds from different parts of the house met and hindered one another; and finally, it would seem that the theatre, though nominally fire-proof, was not entirely so. To these I suppose I must add those properties of human nature which drive a crowd, under the stress of panic, to abandon reason for instinct, and to do, under the bidding of that instinct, the very things that make for an increase of their own and others' danger. It might be said that human nature must be taken as we find it, and that we have to reckon with that at least as one of the unalterable conditions of the problem, a condition to be provided for but not to be changed. But need we take this view? Only within the last few months a day-school took fire and the children were all saved by the simple means of a march played by a mistress upon the schoolroom piano. The pupils, obedient to an emotion which in their case was at least as strong as the instinct of panic, marched in order from the building. Is it too much to hope that we may some day hit upon a means of subjecting an ordinary London audience to a simple discipline which will facilitate the rapid and safe emptying of a place of amusement even under the stress of danger? Three or four minutes suffice, under favourable circumstances, for the clearing of almost any of our London houses, but there are many of them which, if the audience were delirious with the impulse of fear, might present a barrier to egress that would render all their fire precautions nugatory.

The problem of the rapid emptying of theatres is by no means a new one. Keen brains have more than once set themselves to its solution. More than once has a model theatre[1] been designed, irrespective of any particular site or

[1] Notably the Asphaleia model, prepared by a Vienna syndicate in 1881; the Irving model, designed by Alfred Darbyshire (and adopted, with modifica-

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of any particular conditions as to cost, which was intended to embody its author's ideas on perfect conditions of safety. These solutions serve to show, not that when once fairly grasped the problem is a simple one, but that, on the contrary, the conditions which best contribute to the comfortable seating of a large audience in a small space (and within easy view and earshot of the stage) are very difficult to reconcile with the perfect conditions of egress. The question is not by any means merely one of expense, as I shall endeavour to show. It is, indeed, a much less simple matter than the mere provision of the necessary space for doors, passages, and stairs. Its difficulties are wrapped up in an apparently inherent antagonism between the conditions of perfect view on the one hand and perfect egress on the other. A friend with whom I was discussing the matter the other day said, that if only people could be trusted not to enter a theatre without paying for their seats all would be well, as then it would not be necessary to bring them in through narrow entrances, each controlled by a ticket-taker, and they would consequently have the advantage of wider and more numerous doorways, both for entrance and exit. But the trouble does not begin and end here. Nor would my friend's ingenious alternative suggestion that the back walls behind the auditorium should be a mere slender screen, easily broken down under the pressure of a crowd, get rid of our troubles; for it is one of the few ascertained facts as to human conduct under panic, that the members of an audience demented by fear almost invariably make for the entrance by which they individually came into the theatre. The chances are that the frangible screen would remain intact at the end of a stampede, and that the witless audience would prefer to risk a death by crushing, each at the doors they knew of, rather than attempt the doubtful expedient of charging through a wall. It is a strange, but, I believe, a proved fact, that in cases of panic the doors marked

tions, in the Manchester "Palace" and at Exeter); and the designs known as the Sturmhoefel and the Young.

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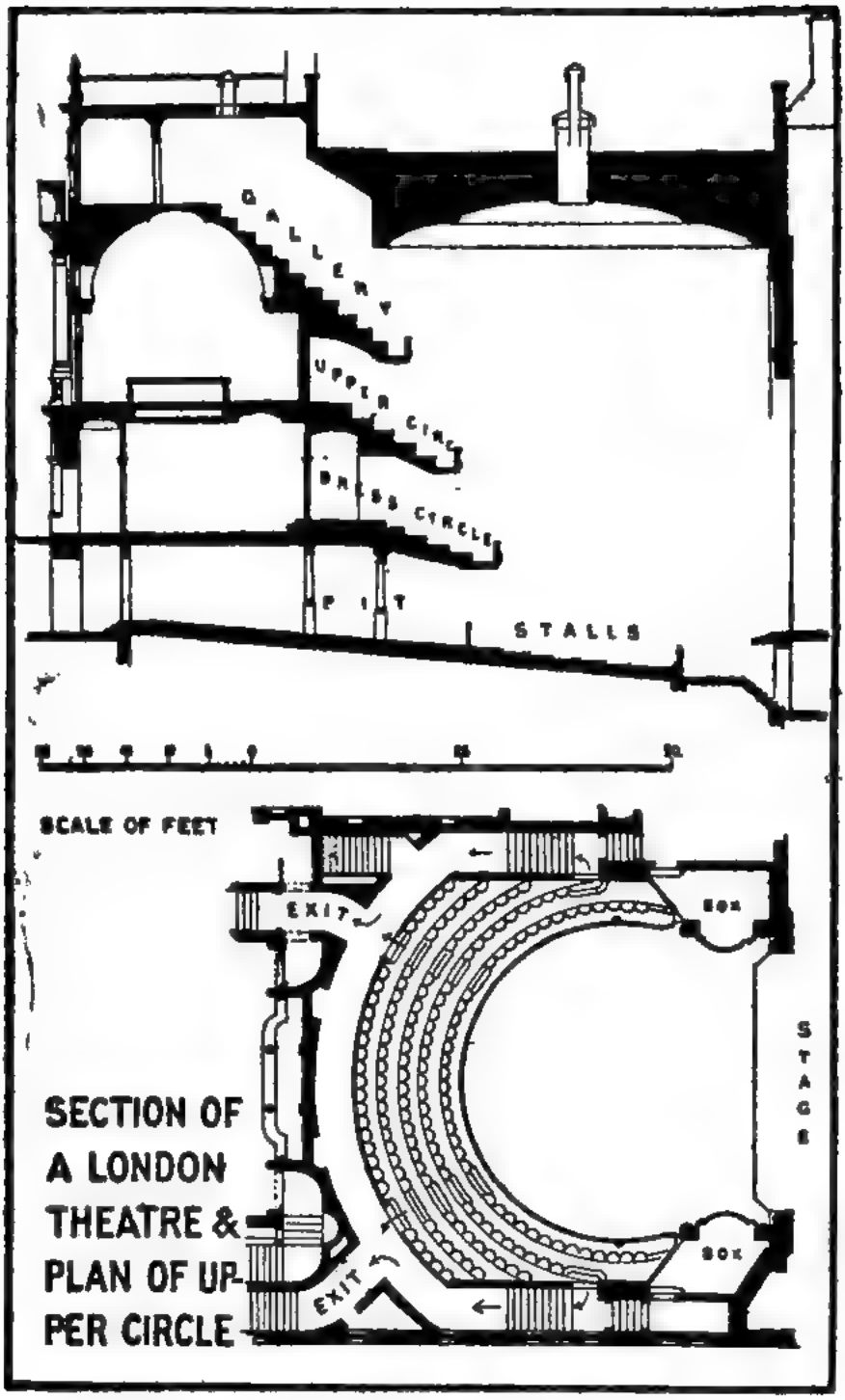

SECTION OF A LONDON THEATRE & PLAN OF UPPER CIRCLE

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"emergency exit only" are frequently left alone in favour of those doors which, having been personally proved as entrances, are known with certainty to have a connection with the street.

The section and plan of a London theatre which I show in my illustration,[1] exhibit very clearly the difficulties of the problem which the theatrical architect has always before him, and also the methods which are generally adopted to meet those difficulties. I have selected this particular example because it appears to strike the balance between the maximum of accommodation and comfort and the minimum of wasted space with a fair measure of justice and success. A glance at the section will make the situation clear. It is obvious that the task of emptying the lowest floor, which contains the stalls (and the pit if there be one), is much simpler than that of clearing the upper stages, because, in the first place, its floor is nearly flat. It is in many places merely an inclined plane, and, in this instance, the surface is only broken near the stage by a few shallow steps. Moreover, in most theatres the flooring of the stalls is practically on the ground level, so that the access to the entrance lobbies and the street is by doorways only, without the intervention either of long corridors or of staircases. That in this instance the floor of the stall area is below the street is due to a very proper expedient, which, though it is only occasionally adopted, consults the general convenience of the whole house much more fairly than the arrangement that makes the stalls level with the street. By entering the theatre at the level of the first tier, commonly known as the dress circle or grand circle, the height of the staircases necessary for reaching the upper circle and the still higher gallery is greatly diminished, and, in the case of a concert-room such as the Queen's Hall, where the grand circle seats

[1] I have adapted this from one of the plates in "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," by E. O. Sachs, a work remarkable not merely for the large field which it covers, but also for the author's active interest in the fire and panic question.

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are as good as those in the area, the owners may feel that they are consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number without even the drawback of putting their best patrons at a slight disadvantage.

It will be noticed that for obvious reasons, which the theatre-goer easily appreciates, the tiers above the area are constructed at different pitches of inclination. The higher a tier is, the more steeply does it need to be inclined in order to secure for its occupants an adequate view over the heads of those who may sit in front of them. It is also obvious that, as under ordinary conditions of site, &c., the entrances and exits to the tiers are placed behind the spectators, the occupants of the forward seats have to ascend on leaving the theatre before reaching their appropriate staircases, and that the higher the tier is the greater will be this preliminary ascent. The patrons of the gallery are, in this respect, doubly handicapped, for not only is the gallery steeper in pitch than the lower tiers, but in most cases, as in this one, it contains at least double the number of rows of seats, and, of course, its greater initial height adds to the height of the staircase by which the occupants have to descend to the street after they have climbed to the level of the back seats. It would be a long and a rather unduly technical process to discuss the possibilities of exit from every part of the house. For purposes of this article I have selected the second tier or upper circle for illustration, and the plan which I show represents that part of the house. It has for many years now been recognised as an essential in theatre planning that there should be two distinct staircases from each part of the auditorium, and that each of these staircases should lead directly to the street or to the grand lobby without any intervening approaches from other parts of the house. The intention of this latter restriction is, of course, to prevent the possibility of a descending crowd being met in its descent by a side influx from another quarter of the building. In the theatre here selected these conditions are very ably met, and the planning of the many staircases on a rather restricted

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site has been accomplished with skill. It will be seen from this plan that there are two gangways between the seats, and that these are well placed, so as to come directly opposite the doors leading to the staircases, and, further, that the occupants of the two front rows have the option of using side outlets to the staircases adjoining the boxes. It remains to be considered whether this entire arrangement is as good as it can be; and whether, in view of what has recently occurred at Chicago, there are any points in our typical London theatre plan which can be improved in the direction of safety with or without the loss of seating accommodation. That an arrangement, such as is here shown, will empty a theatre very rapidly, when the audience is cool and orderly, we know full well; but are there any possibilities that a scare and panic could produce results such as those we are now deploring?[1]

Happily, most of us have no experience of what takes place in an auditorium under circumstances of sudden alarm; but if in the light of this recent calamity we set ourselves to criticise as severely as possible the plan of which my illustration is a type, the questions we shall probably ask are the following: Is there not a chance that people ascending the gangways between the seats may get blocked or thrown down by those who are rushing laterally into these same gangways from every row of seats which the gangways pass? Further, is it not possible that persons whose seats are near the centre of the centre block may attempt to rush upward over the backs of the seats instead of proceeding along the gangways, a manœuvre which would lead almost certainly to falls and to their awful consequences? And finally, would it not be well to avoid these possibilities by obviating the arrangement which is primarily the cause of them both? It is evident that if the outgo from these upper tiers could be by doors at the side rather than at the back of the seats we should avoid both the

[1] The new Gaiety Theatre (planned by Messrs. Runtz and Ford), favoured by its exceptional street frontages, presents a good example of the normal London system in its most complete and successful development.

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conflicting of crowds in the gangways and the temptation to escape by a short cut over the backs of the seats. In fact, we naturally inquire why there cannot be lateral doors leading into side halls, or (since this arrangement presents a special difficulty, due to the fact that a hall is level while a gallery is sloping) why should not such lateral doors lead on to a staircase running parallel to the ends of the seats and descending towards the stage, that is to say, with a line of descent correspondent to the angle of descent of the gallery or tier in question.

The designers of modern theatres have not been so uninventive in these matters as might appear. "Safety" theatres of one sort or another have, as I mentioned before, been designed in profusion, and there is hardly a possible solution of the problem before us which has not had its advocates, at least on paper. The side staircase, parallel to the seat-ends, has perhaps never had a fair trial. It is to be seen in a rudimentary form[1] in the plan of one London house, but its normal use is there for ascent in exit not descent, and it is obvious that where such a staircase has a large number of doors delivering on to it laterally, it is open, unless it be exceptionally wide, to all the objections that can be urged against any passage in which persons in flight are liable to be met in their progress by others rushing in at right angles.

The most conspicuous example of the use of side halls is the great Wagner Opera House at Beyreuth. The audience there sits in one immense *cuneus;* there is but one long tier extending from the orchestra pit to the Royal box, which is no less than 90 feet from the stage. Every four or five rows of seats have their own side door right and left, leading into large vestibules on the flanks of the building, the differences of level being made up by flights of stairs varying in height. It may be said at once that the conditions of the Beyreuth house, as regards site, are by no means those which prevail in the

[1] The germ of such a staircase is to be seen in the illustrated example, as in most theatres, in the stepped passage leading to the boxes.

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town plots upon which ordinary London theatres are built; and it is at least doubtful whether the principle, which has its inconveniences even at Beyreuth, could be successfully applied to a building in which the seats are not in one but in several tiers. The system, however, would be, at least, worth a trial and would be much less incommodious, as regards the absence of central gangway, in a house forty feet wide than in the eighty or ninety feet width of the Wagner auditorium.[1]

It will occur to most people who think over this problem of exits that the ideal site for a theatre would be one on the slope of a hill of such a gradient that the outgo from each portion of the house might be by external doorways more or less on a level with the particular tiers to which they pertain. Such conditions of street level are not common, but I understand that the exits in the newly re-erected Savoy theatre are to some extent arranged upon this principle.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that if we are to improve on the conditions of modern English theatre planning, which it must be owned are very greatly in advance of those that our forefathers knew, it will probably be in the direction of side exit from the upper tiers and in the avoidance of the necessity of ascent before descent; but is it not possible that the immunity for which we strive with so courageous an optimism is to be got not merely by successive changes of the playhouse but by the bolder measure of an appeal to the audiences themselves?

The shout of "fire" in a crowded house is a far worse enemy than flame itself, but need it be? Surely something might be done in a general and educational way by the simple spreading of information on the necessity and the right method of orderly exit on such occasions? And, in particular, might not the managers of theatres, however much they may dislike to remind their patrons of such things as fire and panic, issue printed

[1] The idea has been employed in the Prince Regent Theatre, at Munich, at least for the stalls, but whether it prevails in the upper tiers I cannot say.

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instructions on programmes or on tickets, which would save a world of trouble and perhaps scores of lives in an emergency. In schools and colleges all over the country fire-drill is taught with extraordinary success; the exit from a theatre is child's play compared to escape by windows from an attic dormitory—why should not people learn the one as they learn the other? The objector will answer that audiences are always changing, and that they are an ever shifting mass, which you cannot approach for the purpose of teaching even the simplest lessons as to the precautions upon which the safety of a crowd depend. But the objection is not a fair one. The bulk of every audience is composed of habitual theatre-goers who, if they do not come constantly to the same house, are continually visiting theatres of closely similar arrangement. Most men think but little about fire, and when fire or its false alarm comes are off their guard and off their mental balance. To this aggregate of *insouciance* when taken by surprise we owe the disturbance of mental and moral equilibrium which, if multiplied by the numbers of a crowd, makes panic. Can we not substitute for this an aggregate of preparation—a state of accumulated corporate foreknowledge? In that would lie safety.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

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ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN

By COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

Member for the Second Electoral District of Rome in the Italian Parliament, Member of the General Budget Committee, Leader of the Italian Liberal Party (Crispi section)

I AM requested to estimate the chances of an ultimate reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, together with its eventual consequences as regards each party in particular, and international policy in general. Now, this is a problem infinitely more difficult to treat than that of last month; a problem, indeed, so essentially delicate and so far beyond the competence of any single individual, that the mere attempt at a solution may not unreasonably be termed a sin against common wisdom.

In view of my unswerving and life-long devotion, both in word and deed, and in private no less than in public or official life, to the old Liberal creed, a renewed profession of faith would no doubt appear superfluous on my part. It is, however, in this comforting and bracing attachment that I shall find the required strength to express myself quite frankly, not to say brutally—and with my customary impenitence!—on the subject under consideration, and likewise to ignore all accusations of confessional Toryism or Liberal Opportunism which may eventually be levied against me.

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This preliminary apology is not uncalled-for. In Italy, as elsewhere, it has long been the fashion, not among the public, as a rule so sensible and healthy-minded, but among "trading politicians" and sectarian irreconcilables, to brand as "clericals" all revolutionists, however convinced, who refuse to subject their individual free thought to the ambitions of cliques and shady conventicles, truly a shocking anachronism at the dawn of the twentieth century. For my part I am fully conscious of the moralising and beneficent influence which religious sentiment brings to bear on the conduct of the man and the citizen, and I do not fear to assert that the irresistible love of the fatherland can perfectly harmonise and blend with the observances of divine worship.

On this opinion, which I have repeatedly championed, I dwelt again in the course of my recent speech on the external budget, remarking on the occasion that although I regarded the Italian national claims on Rome as indisputable, yet I could not help feeling deeply afflicted by the fatal differences between Church and State, for which the latter was certainly not responsible. And, quoting the examples of Great Britain, Germany, and other minor Protestant States in support of my contention, I proceeded to express the warmest hope that, for the benefit of the country at large, the existing hostility, which I held to be more apparent than real and based on none but artificial grounds, would cease in a more or less remote future.

But I cannot adhere too closely to the truly national line of policy defined as follows by that great King, Victor Emmanuel II., during the Sella-Minghetti ministry, in one of the parliamentary speeches from the throne: "Whilst firmly resolved to respect the spiritual independence of the Pope, we shall never allow the cloak of religion to shield attacks on the security of the State." The generous feeling, so graphically expressed, had taken deep and wide-spread root in the noble, tactful, and heroic soul of the first sovereign of our reconstituted and henceforth imperishable Italy.

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From what I have already said it would be easy to disclose my own conclusions. To summarise with the clearness of daylight a policy equally patriotic and conciliatory, which would ensure for the Pope not only profound and heartfelt reverence, but unrestricted liberty in the exercise of his spiritual mission, a single phrase, or rather axiom, will suffice; an axiom deserving of universal recognition, for it embodies, so to speak, the mathematical formula of the sole agreement between the civil and ecclesiastical powers which, as I think, can meet the modern requirements of perfect justice and harmony; I mean that of "L'Église libre dans l'état libre." I may add, without fear of contradiction, that to this formula the new-born kingdom has ever paid the most stringent and scrupulous observance, regardless of manifold obstacles, both without and within, of animosities not unfrequently brusque and offensive, and sometimes even of violent provocations. In fact, nearly all our Italian statesmen have, under the guidance of the Crown, taken their cue from the lofty and wise maxim of Cavour, and any popular acts of discourtesy towards the Holy See have been generally insignificant, being nothing but the vain exploits of sectarian spite and rowdiness, designed and prepared with a view to make difficulties for the Royal Government rather than to heap insults on the Pope himself. They were accordingly repressed with a prompt and easy hand. But I should, in all fairness, add that if, on the one side, this idea of an agreement, at the same time respectful of the Papacy and mindful of the national rights of the State, has invariably proved the guiding spirit of our statesmen, on the other, it has found but little encouragement among the intriguers of the Vatican, who, actuated by foreign interests, have not stopped short of counteracting the Papal will itself in order to overcome every patriotic and conciliatory impulse from this exalted quarter. Such was indubitably the case with Leo XIII., from whom, at his accession, one might reasonably have expected the most pacific attitude, judging at least from his earlier life, and the outcome of his studies and other high pursuits prior to the Tost

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incident, which will afford us presently some material for discussion. Meanwhile, leaving aside the consequences implied by an agreement or its equivalent in the form of a sincere and official *modus vivendi* or compromise, the bitterness of which would affect the Vatican in form rather than in substance, I shall do well to record a few facts concerning the political history of the young kingdom.

Cavour excepted, and unless we take into account the occasional gropings of other Italian politicians, including the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, towards a similar end, we must come to the time of Francesco Crispi to find any concerted action by the Government to settle, or at least to smooth and soften by mutual concessions, the lamentable differences between Church and State. Herein lay the great and all-absorbing political design of Francesco Crispi, a design truly worthy of that great genius. In the pursuit of his ideal of an Italy second to no other Power he had perceived what colossal, what invincible strength the realisation of this statesmanlike conception would bring to his country; and to secure a patriotic and long-desired peace with the Church, Crispi made no small use of his personal friend, Mgr. Carini,[1] a fact with which Englishmen are possibly unacquainted.

In a valuable work, but little known to the outside world, a work which I had the opportunity and good fortune to consult, Francesco Crispi remarked most appropriately that Italy had atoned by fourteen centuries of bondage for the crime of having conquered the old world. It is a fact that those very barbarians, whom our fathers sought to civilise, were not content to overrun the Peninsula, but partitioned it as the result of their murderous rivalries, without ever daring to reunite the various segments under one rule. It may be that they grudged Italy

[1] This young and gifted prelate was the son of that gallant Sicilian general, who took part in the heroic expedition of the "Mille," and who, in later days, as a general in the royal army and the commander of the division stationed at Perugia, entertained most cordial relations with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Umbria, afterward Leo XIII.

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her former domination; at all events, they watched most anxiously, and impeded with due celerity, any move which might have led to her material reconstitution. Meanwhile the temporal power of the Pope was compelled to establish itself on these barbarous ruins, ever subservient to the will of foreign rulers, and an easy prey to the aggressive encroachments of their tyranny.

Before 1870, within a period which may fairly well be labelled contemporary, the temporal power of the Popes was abolished on three successive occasions: on February 10, 1798, by a resolution of the people assembled at the Capitol after the entrance of the French under General Berthier; again, on May 17, 1809, by a decree of Napoleon I.; and, finally, on February 19, 1849, by virtue of a law of the Roman Republic.

Thus the decree of October 9, 1870, and the subsequent law of December 31 of the same year, were not without precedent; but the exceptional amenity shown by the Italian Government and Parliament in connection with a proclamation of such far-reaching influence deserves no mean tribute of admiration.

For, in 1798, and likewise in 1809, not only was the Pope expelled from Rome, but, as the relations between the Holy See and the Empire became more strained, and, as the war was renewed with greater activity, Napoleon did not hesitate to send the unfortunate Pius VII. to the very theatre of operations, no doubt in order to keep him in closer custody, and to open his eyes to the glowing enthusiasm of the French armies.

In a letter from the Emperor to Prince Eugène, dated March 12, 1814, we find these memorable words:

> J'ai donné ordre que le Pape fût envoyé, par Plaisance et Parme, aux avant-postes. J'ai fait savoir au Pape, qu'ayant demandé, comme evêque de Rome, à retourner dans son diocèse, je le lui ai permis. Ayes donc soin de ne vous engager en rien relativement au Pape, soit à le reconnaître, comme à ne pas le reconnaître.

I have not the least desire to anticipate my judgment concerning the Papacy, a point I argue below, but I really cannot

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close this record of the doings of the French Revolution without a few words of comment. From what I have just said, a comparison betwen the past and the present suggests itself quite naturally, and this comparison, which bears witness to our forbearance towards the Head of the Catholic Church, also demonstrates very clearly the supreme injustice of the war waged against the Italian kingdom by the political element within the Vatican. Italy has carefully avoided all similar manifestations of rancour ever since the decree and law abolishing the Temporal Power, and for over twenty years the Pope has lived in perfect repose among the throng of Cardinals and higher dignitaries of the Church.

It was self-evident that from the day when Italy had decided on a constitutional union, no portion of her territory could be allowed to remain outside the national frontiers, cut off, as it were, from the commonweal and condemned to perpetual enslavement. Reunion in such a case was merely a matter of time, but its natural and legal rightness could not be disputed.

I should add that, thanks to her time-honoured traditions and prestige, Rome was the sole capital in face of whose claims other great cities, Naples, Florence, Turin, Milan, could be expected to silence their otherwise legitimate ambitions, to which the constitution of the kingdom had given fresh impulse. Nor can I afford to spare my readers other secondary yet important considerations.

Rome, under the Papal Government, and in spite of the Papal goodwill, was as a sore which would inevitably in the long run have corrupted the whole organism of the nation. After the upheaval of 1860 she had become the refuge of all the fallen dynasties, and the retreat of the brigands who infested the southern provinces of the Peninsula. Hence the redemption of the Eternal City was the logical and necessary condition of the pacification of our country. The freedom and independence of a people constitute a right both anterior and superior to any principle of government or international contract. Conquest, usurpation, or the successful genius of a

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tyrant may temporarily suspend its exercise, but they cannot weaken, still less cancel that right. The nation, within its natural limits, is an immanent and imprescriptible element, which is only awaiting its release from the bonds of sacerdotal and civil despotism in order to vindicate anew its essential autonomy.

The question of the Temporal Power has absorbed for countless years the attention of our leading statesmen; it is certainly the most intricate problem whose final solution they have still to face, owing to the universal character which attaches to the mission of the Head of the Roman Church.

Cavour had thought to put an end to the Temporal Power by pacific measures and with the consent of the Catholic Powers. The illustrious minister was the first among our contemporaries to devote himself to the study of this great question, but he unfortunately died too early to realise the failure of his generous policy.

Garibaldi was hardly more fortunate in his endeavour to cut the Gordian knot, yet had it not been for his batteries the Holy Gates would be still closed and the nation as yet unable to settle within the walls of the capital.

Turning now to contemporary writings and to Cavour's personal correspondence, recently issued from the press of MM. Roux and Co., at Turin, it is clear that as early as 1860 this great statesman strove hard to open negotiations with the Holy See. This explains why Baron Ricasoli disbanded at that time the Garibaldian legion, raised in Tuscany for the purpose of occupying the Roman territory. Count Cavour's confidential agent was then Dr. Diomede Pantaleoni—afterwards a senator of the kingdom—whom, in a letter dated October 1856, he had styled "l'expression la plus fidèle et la plus distinguée du parti libéral modéré." With M. Pantaleoni were associated later Fathers Passaglia and Bertetti, the latter the general of the Rosminian Order. Within the Sacred College itself, Cardinals Santucci and D'Andrea were both in favour of an agreement between Italy and the Holy See.

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Their confidential agent was D'Andrea's secretary, the Abbé Antonio Isaia.

On November 28, 1860, Count Cavour had despatched to Rome his proposals for a treaty which, among other stipulations, confirmed the Pope in his spiritual independence and in the free exercise of his spiritual authority over the Catholic world. He asked whether it would not be advisable under the then existing circumstances to include another Rosminian, Father Pagani, among the negotiators, and similarly, on his side, to send a secret agent who would possess his full confidence. He hoped, by this intermediary, who would have continual intercourse with the Papal Court, to succeed finally in persuading the latter of the necessity of accepting his proposals. The basis of the agreement was to be the surrender of the Temporal Power and of Rome to the King of Italy.

As we shall see below, Cavour was ready to make very wide-reaching, nay excessive, concessions to the Vatican, and we may thank heaven that they were not accepted. Yet, in the earlier stages of the negotiations, both Pius IX. and Antonelli seemed inclined to adapt themselves to the idea of relinquishing the civil authority of the Church. In a telegram sent by one of the negotiators from Rome, and dated January 18, 1861, we read:

> Le Cardinal Santucci, malgré mes instances, a cru devoir tout dire au Pape, qui lui demandait quel était ce projet d'arrangement. Le Cardinal Santucci lui a parlé de la perte inévitable du Temporel et des propositions reçues amicalement. Le Pape a montré se résigner à tout. On a appelé Antonelli. Il a d'abord opposé, mais après il s'est résigné aussi, et il a demandé au Pape de relâcher lui et Santucci du serment pour traiter du possible abandon du Temporel. Ils verront Passaglia Vendredi 18, et celui-ci me demande de leur part, que l'on nomme pour négocier officieusement, ou quelqu'un d'ici, ou de Turin.

The cession of the Temporal Power was to find expression in a quasi-feudal formula. The Pope, whilst reserving his higher suzerainty, would have made over to Victor Emmanuel and his successors the Vicariate and civil government of the

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provinces which formed the patrimony of St. Peter. To the Pope were guaranteed:

(*a*) All the prerogatives of sovereignty, his personal inviolability, and the immunity of his palaces.

(*b*) The inviolability of the Conclave and of the Cardinal Camerlengo *sede vacante*.

(*c*) The right to appoint *nuncii*, to receive ambassadors from foreign states, who were also to enjoy personal and territorial immunity.

(*d*) For his personal maintenance and that of his court a specific invested fund which would meet the requirements of the Papal decorum.

From Rome a further guarantee of these conditions by the international agreement between the Catholic Powers was earnestly entreated, but to this request Count Cavour thought it wiser to refuse his consent. He replied accordingly, that although prepared to accept the friendly services of mediators he did not see his way to admit any international guarantee, nor any other arrangement which might give rise to foreign contentions and interference.

Additional proposals, embodying an extension of ecclesiastical rights and prerogatives, were put forward by the clergy. Cavour made but slight opposition and accepted them with a few modifications. Count Cavour was quite convinced of the ultimate success of his negotiations with the Vatican. Indeed, in a letter dated February 17, 1861, and addressed to the Berlin Cabinet, which took deep interest in this grave question, General Lamarmora expressed himself in the following terms:

> Comment en finirez-vous avec Rome, demanda encore M. de Schleinitz? Je répondis que le Comte de Cavour n'avait pas perdu l'espérance de voir se résoudre avec le temps cette grave question; qu'ainsi qu'il l'avait dit à la Chambre, il croyait possible que le Pape restât à Rome avec le Roi d'Italie.

Pius IX., whose natural disposition was as gentle as his temper was easily roused, was, after all, most anxious to shake off the political yoke of Napoleon III. He was tired of the

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French soldiers, to whose licentious conduct he could not be reconciled. He was glad to consider any solution which might rid him of foreign pressure, and to this wish, on more than one occasion, he gave open expression, as, for instance, in his correspondence with the Emperor, or in his conversation with the French ambassador. I have perused a private document, of which the following is a faithful transcript, literally translated; the original was drafted, at the Pope's instance, by Cardinal Antonelli, to be specially communicated to the Duc de Grammont:

> After all the previous representations made to the predecessor of the present French Ambassador, concerning the evacuation by the foreign troops; after the Paris Conference of 1856, in the course of which the alleged abnormal condition of the Papal States came up for discussion, a condition due to the permanent presence within the same States of the aforesaid troops which should have been withdrawn and which have not been withdrawn in fact, and this, by no means at our request, but by the will of him who sent them and in opposition to the above-mentioned Conference: after the letter I wrote his Majesty the French Emperor in August 1857, which elicited no reply as far as the troops were concerned; after the communications made latterly by the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Ambassador, in accordance with the instructions I gave him with regard to complete evacuation by the aforesaid troops,—I never imagined that I should be treated in a manner which every honest man is bound to characterise strongly, by the sending of fresh reinforcements,—as I have just this very moment been informed.
>
> I must therefore make these facts known to the whole world; in the meantime let the Ambassador be informed of my keen displeasure. May he do all within his power to ensure that the reinforcements about to arrive may be stopped at Civitavecchia, whence, with far less unpleasantness, and with the shortest possible delay, they can return to France. Inform the Ambassador that I speak, and shall continue to speak openly, as is my conscientious duty.

During February the negotiations were continued amid delays and difficulties. In order to clear the fresh obstacles which had arisen Father Passaglia travelled to Turin. There, in collaboration with the ministry, he drafted the articles which were destined to serve as a basis for the negotiations, and returned with them to Rome.

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On his return he found everything pointing to a favourable issue, and if the credentials and instructions promised by Count Cavour had arrived at any earlier date, some arrangement might have been reached, but the despatches were only received after a delay of twenty days, which circumstances made it impossible to retrieve.

One day—it was in March—the prelates who were in the habit of conferring with Pius IX. on Italian matters, found him in a state of exasperation. Father Bertetti was much alarmed at the sight, whilst Cardinal Santucci, on the contrary, endeavoured to take advantage of the Pope's condition to press the negotiations and bring things to a conclusion.

His efforts were fruitless. On March 18 Pantaleoni was expelled, and Passaglia, after a final effort to reopen the negotiations, gave up all hopes of a successful issue.

Several factors contributed, in my view, to this sudden and much-discussed change of front in the policy of the Vatican.

During the three months devoted to the discussion of the proposed agreement the secret had not been kept. Antonelli imputed the responsibility for this indiscretion to the Italian negotiators, whilst Cavour denounced a certain prelate, who, by reason of his office, was in a position to be well-informed. It is certain, however, that the Jesuitical party, when cognisant of the facts, worked with untiring perseverance and cleverness to intimidate Pius IX., assuring him that the Piedmontese minister was insincere and faithless, and would end by treating him in the same way as Napoleon I. treated Pius VII. To confirm his suspicions, they recalled the proscription of all religious associations by the laws of Umbria and of the Marche, and the decrees hostile to the Church enacted by the Royal Lieutenancy of the Neapolitan province. Their endeavours received further support from the influence exercised over the Pope's mind by the ceaseless insinuations of the ex-Queen and King of Naples, whose expulsion from Rome had been vainly demanded by Cavour from the French Government. Francis II. was still treated by General Gojon as the

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legitimate sovereign of the Two Sicilies, and more than once reviewed the French troops at their commander's request. Apart from this, the solution proposed by Cavour and welcomed by the Roman Curia was viewed with disfavour in Paris. The reconciliation of the two Powers would remove all grounds for the interference of Napoleon III., who would have been compelled to withdraw his troops against his own interests. In this connection Prince Jerôme Napoleon wrote to Count Cavour:

> The Emperor, who has occupied Rome for the past twelve years, is anxious that the evacuation of this city should not partake of a character in contradistinction with his policy, nor appear as a retreat before the Italian Unity, which has been established against his advice.

He suggested accordingly, in the name of his cousin, the terms of a treaty which was afterwards embodied in the September Convention, and added:

> The Emperor will adhere strictly, in face of public opinion in Europe, to the programme designed by him, *i.e.*, to the Temporal Power of the Pope in Rome and within the Patrimony of St. Peter.

No one is entitled to question the honesty of Count Cavour in his conduct of the negotiations with the Vatican, but his correspondence shows clearly that he made a *bonâ fide* mistake in keeping the Emperor ignorant of all the efforts which were being made to bring about this delicate settlement. But on December 27 he considered it wise to reveal his intentions to Napoleon III., hoping thereby to obtain the latter's friendly co-operation. This may be gathered from his letter to Dr. Pantaleoni, of which the following lines have been often quoted:

> The Emperor is certainly desirous of an agreement being reached between the King and the Pope, as such an agreement would enable him to withdraw his troops from Rome. But his mind is as yet unsettled with regard to the terms thereof. The result of our scheme will be, I hope, his better comprehension of our mind, in which case we shall be able to rely on a new element of success.

In the same spirit Count Cavour wrote to M. Vimercati, his Paris agent, on January 18, 1861:

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Teccio informs us that the Pope, having asked the Cardinal (Santucci) for the draft of an agreement, the latter, in spite of Pantaleoni's warning, thought he would do well to communicate to him our ideas. His Holiness readily consented. The Pope then called Cardinal Antonelli, who, after offering some slight opposition, consented at last to examine the question of a full abdication of the Temporal Power. They are to confer on Friday with Father Passaglia. Let the Emperor be immediately informed of all these proceedings, and assure him that we have no desire to bind ourselves to any negotiations which would be in open opposition to his wishes.

What Napoleon really wanted was made amply clear in the already quoted lines of Prince Napoleon. From the Tuileries they replied on January 15, 1861, to Cavour's telegram, that whilst the Emperor wished every success to their negotiations, he entertained but little hope as to their eventual issue. The key-note both to his true intentions and to the doubts herein expressed is to be found in the revelations made by the Abbé Isaia in his memorandum.

Cardinal Antonelli, however, maintained the utmost secrecy with regard to the conduct of the negotiations, and, whenever questioned by the French Government, gave a most emphatic denial to the rumour that a treaty between Italy and the Vatican was under consideration. He did not wish to make any disclosures to the diplomatic world before the signature of the Convention. But his plans were thwarted owing, perhaps, to the lack of reserve betrayed by the Turin Cabinet, and certainly to the premeditated opposition of Paris. I will remark here that the Triple Alliance was as yet non-existent, and that France, whether from the political or from the military standpoint, had no ground for holding Italy in suspicion.

The Abbé Isaia gives the following account:

How it all happened we cannot exactly tell. But it is a fact that the Duc de Grammont, the French Ambassador to the Holy See, was repeatedly approached by his Government with a view to ascertaining whether negotiations were proceeding in Rome between Italy and the Holy See, and invariably replied, on his part, with an emphatic denial. But one day, after receiving from his own Government the most detailed and minute information concerning the negotiations and the stage which had been reached, he went to call, with mixed feelings of anger and humiliation, on the Cardinal Secretary of State. He accused the

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latter, with a tone of bitter reproach, of having dared to open formal negotiations with the Italian Government without troubling to inform the representative of the one nation that had shown such zeal in protecting the interests of the Holy See. Thus taken by surprise, the Cardinal-Secretary denied all knowledge of the affair, and swore at the same time that he had never given his support to anything of the kind. The French Ambassador appeared satisfied by this explanation, and the incident had no further bearing on the relations between the Cardinal and the Duc de Grammont, but it affected in a very different way our relations with the Cardinal-Secretary. He was furious at the business being spoilt at its very outset.

Count Cavour, on the other hand, deceived by his confidence in the honesty of French intention, may possibly have preserved some illusions; for, on February 22, 1861, after forwarding instructions to Pantaleoni and Passaglia, he wrote the following lines to a friend:

The Emperor has been informed of everything, and takes the keenest interest in our endeavour. He has declared several times through Conneau how pleased he would be if such an agreement could enable him to withdraw the French troops from Rome. He even offers to place at our disposal all his secret means for influencing Antonelli, in order to facilitate our task.[1]

And a few days later, on March 3, 1861, when the opposition at Rome was becoming more marked, he wrote in all sincerity to Senator Pietri: "En donnant à la question romaine la solution légitime qu'attendent Rome et l'Italie, l'empereur fait pour nous plus que s'il nous délivrait tout à fait des Allemands."[2]

The negotiations between Italy and the Holy See were then abruptly broken off. We should not be surprised at this change of front, whose cause is to be found exclusively in Paris, in the unblushing unwillingness of France. The reaction came out victorious, and here begins an era of persecution against all those who had pledged their support to an agreement. Passaglia and Isaia were obliged to leave Rome, and a little later Cardinal D'Andrea retired to Naples.

FELICE SANTINI.

[1] Cavour's Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 179. [2] *Ibid.* 185.

(To be concluded)

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DANISH AGRICULTURE:

ITS PROGRESS UNDER FREE TRADE DURING THE LAST GENERATION

I

BY the war of 1864 Denmark lost the Duchies, Slesvig and Holstein, with an area of 880 geographical square miles and about 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The outward loss thus suffered by our little kingdom was grievous and hard to be borne, but the nation at once set itself the task to repair that loss by internal effort and internal progress and already, in spite of emigration, our population has increased by 800,000; while eighty geographical square miles of unproductive land have so far been reclaimed.

At a time when the world in general and Great Britain in particular is engrossed by "Tariff Problems" and "Commercial Treaties," English readers may be sufficiently interested in gathering information bearing on the question from all quarters of the globe to be not unwilling to have their attention called to a small free trade oasis, though its area be so diminutive as scarcely to count among the nations.

This, therefore, is my plea for craving, with due deference, favourable consideration of the development under diverse systems of two small countries, next of kin and very similarly placed in respect to soil and climate.

There are no absolutely reliable statistics on which

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comparisons can be based before the middle of the Seventies, when we find the values of exports of agricultural produce to be as follows:

1875.

	Denmark.			Sweden.
	£			£
Cereals . . .	1,464,000	...	...	810,000
Live stock . . .	2,275,000	...	...	314,000
Animal produce . .	1,423,000	...	...	258,000
	5,162,000			1,382,000

The decline in prices of all cereals, which set in just about that time, forced both countries gradually to exchange the more primitive form of agriculture, corn-growing, for stock-raising and feeding, as is proved by the corresponding figures for 1887:

Exports of	Denmark.			Sweden.
	£			£
Live stock . . .	1,884,000	...	...	400,000
Animal produce . .	3,900,000	...	...	1,115,000
	5,784,000			
Cereals (imports) . .	772,000	...	...	233,000
	5,012,000	...	...	1,748,000

Sweden by adopting in 1888 protective tariffs after the German fashion ceased by degrees to be an exporting country, and by the end of the century the value of her imports of agricultural produce actually exceeded her exports by £2,330,000, including such articles as bacon, eggs, &c., the production of which had become unprofitable through the artificially-enhanced price of food-stuffs. This can be proved by a simple calculation. Assume 1 lb. of bacon to equal 8 lb. of maize; then the cost of raising 1 lb. of bacon is increased twopence by a duty of one farthing per lb. on maize.

Thus while agriculture, under free trade, was a rising source of income to the country, it will be seen that through protection it has become a burden.

Denmark, on the other hand, thanks to her unrestricted

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import of maize and other foreign feeding-stuffs, which last year reached the value of £3,800,000, had by 1902 increased the value of her exports of Danish-made agricultural produce to £16,100,000, or close upon £7 per head, the proportion of our little kingdom comparing favourably with any other nation; American exports, for instance, reaching relatively less than half the above ratio *per capita*.

This stands to reason, for being the cheapest buyers of food-stuffs, we must *a priori* be the cheapest sellers of the ultimate product, and need not fear the competition of our "protected" rivals. How, indeed, should our Swedish or German colleagues, propped up on crutches in their home markets, be ever equal to a stand-up fight abroad?

To illustrate the logic of this view it is only necessary to point to Denmark's export in 1902 of 23,016 horses; 21,468 of which went to Germany, notwithstanding her high protective duty.

In this connection it is worth remarking that Denmark, by doubling her imports of bran, promptly took advantage of the drawback, which in consequence of Great Britain's temporary "corn registration fee" enabled us to buy the article cheaper than the British farmers.

How this process of turning cheap foreign food-stuffs into finished products—a boon necessarily denied to all our "protected" competitors—has increased the productiveness of our land by enriching it with fertilising matter, such as nitrogen, &c., drawn from foreign soil, is proved by the following estimates of the crops of 1875 and 1902.

	1875.		1902.	
Barrels of cereals .	19–20	millions ...	25–8	millions
„ root crops .	3–4	„ ...	6.2	„
„ potatoes .	2½	„ ...	5.5	„
Cartloads of hay .	2	„ ...	3.5	„

of a total value reckoned respectively at £16,150,000, and £23,220,000, which being the yield of an area of some

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4,500,000 acres, averages £5 8s. an acre, not counting grazing land and forests. This increase of well nigh 50 per cent. in the value of our crops is due exclusively to the change in farming tactics.

Given continued free imports of foreign food-stuffs, I, as a working farmer, see practically no limits to production; and should America choose to "dump" in Europe her surplus maize and cotton cakes gratis, I most devoutly hope that tiny Denmark may be the "dumping-ground," because in my humble opinion we should then be able with considerable profit to ourselves to turn it into butter, beef, and bacon, horses, eggs, &c., at prices which would defy all competition, and which could not fail to place even the most "protected" markets at our command. Indeed, the only seeming drawback to this chimera is the fact that the manipulation of such overwhelming imports would so hopelessly exceed our own capacities as to necessitate our drawing more freely than is even now the case on our "protected" neighbours for labourers.

Nor should the healthy influence of free trade, *i.e.*, the competition of the world, on *quality* be left unheeded. On this point the following figures speak volumes. According to the London "Board of Trade Returns" the total imports into Great Britain in 1902 were:

Butter	3,974,177 cwts.	value	£20,527,934
Bacon	5,089,704 cwts.	„	13,426,967
Eggs	18,930,513 great hundreds	„	6,299,934

of which Denmark contributed:

Butter	1,703,032 cwts.	value	£9,302,362
Bacon	1,255,627 cwts.	„	3,749,108
Eggs	3,518,212 great hundreds	„	1,366,078

that is to say, respectively:

42·9
24·7
18·0 } per cent. of the quantities, but 45·3
27·9
21·7 } per cent. of their value.

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Or, on a rough calculation, the prices paid in England have been:

	Butter Per cwt. £ s. d.		Bacon Per cwt. £ s. d.		Eggs Per great 100 s. d.
Danish . .	5 9 3	...	3 0 0	...	7 9
Average of all other countries	4 19 9	...	2 10 6	...	6 0

Based on the above quantities the difference in these prices works out at the sum total of £1,700,000 in favour of the perfectly "unprotected" Danish farmers, due to the superiority in quality of their produce over that of other more or less "protected" nations. At the same time official reports from Sweden lament that: "As a result of foreign goods being handicapped by hostile tariffs, no one will earnestly exert themselves to make prime export quality, as second grades fetch nearly the same prices for home consumption"!

Finally the deposits in our savings banks have grown from £4,000,000 in 1863 to £37,200,000 in 1901, or in round figures £16 per head. Although these savings may not be absolutely due to farming profits, it seems but fair to assume that indirectly they are due thereto, agriculture being practically our only source of income, a fact which will be gathered from the patent circumstance that, next in importance to agricultural produce comes fishery, with an export barely worth £400,000, while the insignificance of our "protected" industries is demonstrated by an import of £3,220,000 of raw materials as against nearly £10,000,000 worth of finished manufactures.

Now the argument by which protectionists at home and abroad invariably try to finally crush the teachings of these statistics is this: Such progress is evidently due not to free trade in Denmark, but to free trade in Great Britain, where the bulk of the Danish produce finds a ready sale.

To this there is but one answer: Are not British ports open alike to all, and why, then, do not our more or less "protected" rivals benefit equally by the English markets?

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II

Let it be at once admitted that "fiscal problems" such as are at the present moment occupying the attention of every Briton, are of a character so purely national that no foreign voice can claim a hearing in their discussion; yet, on the strength of the above statistics, I hope I may not be thought unduly intrusive if I venture to offer a few remarks on British agricultural prospects and on our worthy prototype, the British farmer, to whose teachings in days of yore we are all indebted for our first lessons.

We on this side fail to see good cause for the chronic state of depression depicted almost daily by the English Press; it seems to us that his position in the very centre of the market, of which we are only at the threshold, ought to enable him to skim the cream.

There is good soil and there is poor soil in both our countries; there is highly-taxed and less highly-taxed land in both; so that we seem in that respect to start at evens; as to wages, certainly our British colleague is handicapped to the extent of some 30 to 40 per cent.; but on the other hand our climate calls for more labour in so far as it allows us shorter time to work proportionately larger areas under the plough. Again, the shortness of our summer necessitates such substantial homesteads as in Great Britain are unknown, stall-feeding eight months of the year being quite the rule; our buildings are therefore frequently worth more than the land itself. Our progress under this head may be fairly estimated by the fact that the value at which our farm buildings are covered by insurance has doubled ten times during the last century, and now stands at £84,000,000.

Last, but not least, the British yeoman shares with his fellow countrymen throughout the inestimable advantage of being able to supply himself with practically all commodities

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at cost price, free of duty, whereas protective tariffs in favour of manufacturers are tacked on to our load.

Thus it would seem that, taking the matter all in all, the chances of successfully holding his own are most decidedly in favour of the British farmer; and his earnings have the full purchasing power in the open market.

Howbeit, to my mind, it seems a riddle how farmers anywhere can reasonably hope *permanently* to better their position by protection, because it must be borne in mind, and cannot be too clearly nor too often pointed out, that by whatever tariffs produce prices may be artificially raised, to the same extent at least will rents and the prices of commodities rise. Take the case of Germany: see how a modest duty grew by leaps and bounds, until protection culminated in heavy export bounties on sugar; and yet the cry is raised everlastingly for yet even more protection, for this good reason: That every new occupier, be he owner or tenant, must pay in cash for not only the actual value of the land but, into the bargain, for the estimated future benefit of protection; hence protection, like the Archimedean screw, is—endless.

Moreover, while not pretending to any knowledge of German wages, I can here assert that every summer hordes of wretched-looking Germans, men and women, seek work in our "unprotected" fields, from which I gather that, at best, the blessings of protection are not extended to the working classes.

Whence, apart from the scare of food-supplies in war-time, does that uncalled-for desire to increase the home production of bread-stuffs arise? Why, indeed, encourage farmers of "intensively" cultivated, highly valuable land to stake their very existence on vain endeavours to compete with the virgin soils of new continents? to bring forth such low-class produce, as may be termed to be but raw materials, when "refining" the more primitive products of other nations offers better remuneration?

There seems to me but little difference between growing wheat in opposition to America, and raising stock with the aid

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of over-riding the import of hides from Argentina; both courses being suicidal, only slightly different in degree.

But certainly "intensive" cultivation requires work, hard work, manual and mental, circumspect economy, and practical science, which two latter qualities, it must be owned, are not visibly displayed by the British yeoman, though in the way of work he may be second to none.

A Commission was last spring sent over here by the Department of Agricultural and Technical Instruction for Ireland, and in their very flattering report great stress is laid upon "the immense importance of the system of education at the Danish High Schools." Nearly 8000 young men and about the same number of young women, varying in age from 16 to 25 or even 30 years, and coming from all classes of society, but mainly from the peasant class, annually attend these schools, whose principal aim is to better fit their pupils for the struggle for existence.

Perhaps I may be forgiven for mentioning here a trait denoting the general desire to enlighten the rising generation. I had the honour last month to address the annual meeting of delegates representing all our various agricultural institutions on the tariff question (a strong free trade resolution being unanimously carried), when I was very gratified to find the gallery thronged with pupils from the neighbouring High School, who had been given a holiday to attend the lecture. It may be doubted if in any other country the interest of peasant youngsters would be similarly roused on questions of such economic and social importance.

In conclusion, I would ask if by hostile tariffs farmers be induced to cultivate less valuable produce; if by protection men be tempted "not to exert themselves," as witness the above report from Sweden; then is not protection a very curse to mankind, and doubly so, because protection of one kind must be paid for by another?

If, therefore, by adopting protection Great Britain, whose riches we may envy, yet on whose purchasing powers the

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world at large is so dependent, should voluntarily sacrifice her predominating rank, it would indeed be retrogression all along the line, and free trade minorities would everywhere lose heart.

Surely there is in the world room for us all to put our shoulders, each in our little way, to the wheel of progress; and every natural product will surely find its outlet without laying down the law for men's occupations. With all the advantages of a market garden and of natural purveyors of perishable produce, such as milk and butcher's meat, and being the natural nursery of pedigree stock for the world, British farming has such a start that to try by copying German methods to make wheat-growing pay in England by taxing the food of Britons would seem the direct road to ruin; while, on the other hand, their power of purchasing at lower prices than all their "protected" rivals such commodities as will make them the most efficient workers, should ensure success to the busy toilers of Britain's great mining and industrial centres.

Likewise, on the principle that the exchange of surplus stock between nations must needs be to mutual advantage, it would clearly, in our more modest way, be for the benefit of Denmark to waive all Customs duties on British manufactures.

You want our butter, bacon, eggs; we require your ironware, your woollen and your linen fabrics; and I am only expressing the opinion of 99½ per cent. at least of Denmark's peasant farmers, the humble countrymen of your beloved Queen, when I say we are most anxious and shall leave no stone unturned to effect the free exchange of these commodities without let or hindrance.

R. A. Westenholz,
President of the Agrarian League of Denmark.

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THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

UNDER this heading I have read with considerable interest an article by "Eques" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for December.[1] With considerable interest, I say, because it proves how strong the preconceived prejudices of man can be. I will at once say that I am a Cavalry officer myself, and that I have the greatest belief in the power and usefulness of my own arm and its future in modern war. Far from thinking that the days of Cavalry are over, I firmly believe that it is a more necessary and more powerful adjunct to any army than ever, and that a great field of glory lies before it, if it is handled with resolution, daring, and quickness. But where I must differ from "Eques" is, that whereas he believes that the *rôle* and tactics of Cavalry have not altered since the days of

[1] Since our December number appeared, the burning question of our Cavalry and its armament has been ably dealt with in a series of articles in the *Morning Post*, written by Mr. H. Prevost Battersby. There is now an open conflict between the views of the Commander-in-Chief and the late Colonel Henderson on one side, and those of Sir John French and the writers and soldiers of the Continental school on the other. If the public is to form any judgment upon the matter it must have before it the opinions, not only of civilians and war-correspondents, but of experienced and responsible cavalry officers on both sides. The articles of "Eques" and "Cavalry" may be taken as thoroughly representative: for well-known reasons we can give no hint as to the identity of these writers, but we guarantee that if we were able to disclose their names our readers would be more than satisfied.—EDITOR.

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Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Murat, and that the modern rifle in the hands of the enemy has not curtailed the power of Cavalry, I believe that the modern rifle in the hands of the Cavalry itself will in no way cripple its power, but, on the contrary, add to it.

In answering some of "Eques'" objections to the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum, I would like to say, that I do so in no spirit of controversy, but only because it is my endeavour, as it should be that of all Englishmen, to strive to train our soldiers on the *soundest* lines, to make them as efficient as possible for *war as it really is*, and that to do so, it is important, nay, essential, that we should not be led away into a wrong system by prejudice, or false ideas. It is only in the pursuit of truth and efficiency that I venture to point out what I consider is the false idea in the training so much advocated by "Eques."

His article commences by accusing the Memorandum of being "an attack on Cavalry." This assertion will not hold water. To advocate changes in the armament or the tactics of any arm, Cavalry, Artillery, or Infantry, cannot be said to be "attacking it." With equal truth might "Eques" accuse the modern Artilleryman, who advocates the introduction of quick-firing guns, covered by bullet-proof shields, and any change in tactics consequent thereon, with a desire to "attack" Artillery. "Eques" seems to think that the Memorandum aims at abolishing shock-tactics and giving up the *arme blanche*. But I am afraid his indignation at the supposed attack on Cavalry and the fervour of his defence of the lance and sword as the weapons of Cavalry, have somewhat obscured his vision. The tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum could not truthfully be described as abolishing shock-tactics, and he certainly does not abandon the *arme blanche;* for Cavalry retain the sword.

But the Memorandum places shock-tactics in their true place among the methods of action open to Cavalry—which is, that it is a very effective method of action *when opportunity*

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offers; but that *in war*, this opportunity is comparatively of very rare occurrence, and failing this opportunity, the charge is *not* the best method of action for carrying out the tasks that will almost daily present themselves to Cavalry, and that all these problems will almost always have to be solved with the rifle.

When "Eques" points out that the horse is the principal weapon of Cavalry, and not the lance or sword, I entirely agree with him. And when he goes on to quote "officers of the highest experience and position," who say that a really first-class Cavalry regiment, armed with broomsticks, would still be efficient (for shock-action) I am in complete accord.

But the use of this argument here is only an example of the confusion of thought that characterises this rather virulent attack on the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum. For although the writer lays due stress on the importance of the horse and the great power of mobility which it gives to Cavalry, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity. In fact, it is this great power, added to the enhanced effect of the modern rifle, which so increases the advantages possessed by the Cavalry of the future.

Again, when the writer, later on in the article, argues strongly for the sword and lance (more especially the lance), he seems to have entirely forgotten his quotation above, from "officers of the highest experience and position" on the subject of broomsticks for shock-action (for it is inconceivable that they would be useful for fire-action!). "Eques" could scarcely have found a better argument against sword and lance. For it is perfectly true that when the opportunity for shock-action does come its success will depend far more on the rapidity of the horse and the determined courage of the man, just as in the past, than on the particular weapon which the Cavalry soldier may happen to have in his hand. And to produce examples once more from the writer himself, in complete

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opposition to his deductions, he quotes as examples of successful shock-action, the Boers, who "charged and charged home." But they only had the much-abused rifle in their hands! From which it appears that it is not absolutely essential to have the sword or lance in hand, for Cavalry to possess either the spirit to charge, or the ability to make their charge a success.

In fact, "Eques" is possessed by the old fallacy, tenderly cherished by Cavalry officers of the old school, that the *arme blanche* is the great symbol of Cavalry's power, and that Cavalry will never be got to charge unless they are trained in peace to think that they can ride over everybody and everything on all and every occasion. But the opinion of "officers of the highest experience and position" and the Boer charges go to prove that the weapon is not absolutely material to the efficiency of Cavalry for shock-action; as, indeed, "Eques" himself acknowledges in parts of his article, though in other parts, with the inconsequential method which runs through the whole argument, he endeavours to make out that the lance especially is essential to Cavalry efficiency.

But the weapon for shock-action not being of vital importance to Cavalry, the argument for the lance falls to the ground. For though the lance *may* be the best weapon for shock-action (a contention which is, however, disputed, and which I do not suppose any Hussar would admit for an instant) it is so cumbersome, and interferes so greatly with that mobility which "Eques" rightly lays stress upon, that it has been most wisely discarded. Such great disadvantages does it possess for any dismounted work, especially when speed is a factor in the case (and who, with experience of war, will not know that speed is almost always an important factor in the case), that in South Africa bodies of our Lancers, who had hurriedly seized a position and opened fire from it, when they evacuated it (not necessarily in retreat), mounted and galloped away leaving their lances lying on the ground where they had been thrown in the hurry of dismounting, time not admitting of the men going through the lengthy process of strapping

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their lances to the saddle, and both officers and men being very glad of the excuse to rid themselves of so great an encumbrance!

"Eques" refers with respectful admiration to the moral and physical power of the lance. He talks of it as "this deadly weapon." Does he know that an officer who rode in the charge of Elandslaagte, wrote, referring to this charge, that "he had no opinion of either sword or lance"? Does he know that a participator in this charge estimates that "there were ten Boers killed, possibly twelve," by lances. Does he know that there were only about sixteen Boers killed by French's Brigade in the charge on the way to relieve Kimberley?

Finally, does "Eques" realise that the rifle used by men in shock-action (in the Boer charge on Benson's rear-guard) killed and wounded 123 out of 160 men on the ridge with Benson's guns, almost all in a few minutes?

The argument for the lance is largely based on the same idea of efficiency as that possessed by the White Knight in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." He, as every one knows, loaded himself with mouse-traps and "anklets," because occasions *might* arise when they would be useful! Now the Cavalry of the future must be most active and most mobile, and must not be equipped with any weapons that will only be a hamper to them for twenty-nine days out of every month, if not for ninety-nine days out of every hundred.

As for the argument in support of the lance for reconnaissance—the first and greatest duty of Cavalry, and its almost daily task in war—nothing could be more puerile. To start with one of "Eques'" unfounded assertions, when did the German Uhlan win more distinction as a reconnoitrer than other regiments in the German Cavalry? And in what war did the Cossack gain any great reputation in this line? I know of no examples to uphold for one minute either of these assertions, and I have read a good deal about the wars of 1870, and of 1877, the two last wars on a big scale that either the German or Russian nation has been engaged in.

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The proposition that for patrols in a close country, the lance is the superior weapon, because patrols will meet unawares, is not sound. In real war, patrols, however small, very seldom move without single scouts in front. These are the men who meet the enemy unawares. To imagine that the scout immediately on meeting an enemy lays his lance in rest and charges his opponent, even if only a single man, also shows a want of knowledge of what war really is. Before any man, however brave, and imbued with the so-called "Cavalry spirit," closes on an enemy, he must know something of what he is "taking on." The first question that comes into the mind of the scout coming unawares on an enemy, and before he closes on him, is always, "what's behind"? Still more will this question loom large in the minds of men in close country, where a whole regiment might possibly be concealed within a few hundred yards.

One more point before leaving this subject. Is the mounted man, with his rifle in his hand, at such a disadvantage with the lancer, who may suddenly meet him unawares? I very much doubt it. Personally, I would much prefer to be the man with the rifle in his hand and ten rounds in its magazine!

Now let us turn to the methods of thought and training for Cavalry, so strongly advocated by "Eques," and those methods which he as strongly condemns.

He supports his theories by arguments "as stale and hollow, by assumptions as false, and conclusions as unsound," as any of those which he lays at the door of the Commander-in-Chief. Great importance is laid on the so-called "Cavalry spirit," a fine expression to impose upon the ignorant, and much affected by a certain school of Cavalry officers in support of their arguments. But it is vague, and is an expression which those who are so fond of using it, find very difficult to define. What is this spirit? Is it courage, self-sacrifice, readiness to endure all hardships and fatigue cheerfully for the sake of the cause, prompt and resolute decision, and rapidity

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and soundness of judgment? For this spirit and no other is the true one leading to success in war; but why we in the Cavalry should lay claim to a monopoly of it, I do not understand. The history of the British army does not altogether support our claim, I fear!

The principles of training which "Eques" advocates for fostering the "Cavalry spirit" and maintaining the efficiency of our Cavalry for war, can be gathered from the following quotations which he produces with much unction.

(1) it should be instilled into every Cavalry soldier that his arm is invincible and more than a match *under all circumstances* (the italics are mine), for Infantry or Artillery, either singly or in masses. If he thinks otherwise, the sooner he exchanges into the Infantry the better. All should remember the old Cavalry proverb, "Commend your soul to God and charge home."

(2) the Cavalry soldier should never be dismounted to fight if you expect him to ride over masses of Infantry, and he should be educated to believe that nothing can withstand a well-executed Cavalry charge.

(3) The spirit of initiative in a charge at a critical moment is the very breath of life to a Cavalry leader.

(4) Cavalry should never be dismounted to fight where there is suitable *ground* (the italics are mine) for their employment on horseback.

(5) "Whose pride and trust is ever in their speed, good horsemanship, and the cold steel."

From these extracts it will be seen that "Eques" is firmly possessed of the old idea, that the only way to get our Cavalry to charge is to teach them to think they can "ride over everybody and everything on all and every occasion." This is a most serious and unjustifiable reflection on the courage of Englishmen in general and on our Cavalry soldiers in particular. It is wholly unjustifiable, because ever since the days of Wellington, whatever criticisms have been levelled at our Cavalry, their "reckless courage," their "headlong courage,"

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or their "stupid courage," according to the mood of the critic, has always been amply acknowledged. It is, therefore, absurd to say that our Cavalry, if trained to fight as much on foot as mounted, will never have the courage and resolution to charge if the opportunity is offered, nor the bold initiative to seize that opportunity. Nothing stultifies this argument more than the very Boer charges produced in support of his theories by "Eques," for the Boers, "without drill or arms for the purpose," and certainly without being brought up in the "true Cavalry spirit" (whatever it is) "charged and charged home," *when* they saw their opportunity.

War is a very serious business and nowadays requires a large amount of knowledge and brains, even from individuals, backed up by just as much stern, determined courage as ever was necessary in the past. The Cavalry training of the old school, so much advocated by "Eques," results in one of two things. Either the Cavalry leader is recklessly brave, and, not using his brains to think for himself, firmly believes in all he has been taught: he will lead his men to the charge "under all circumstances," and we shall hear once more the criticisms so freely levelled at our Cavalry during the South African War. "Brave certainly, but thoughtless, reckless, and with no knowledge of their profession." Or we shall have the other case, the more common, that of the cautious man, also brought up in the belief that he should never dismount to fight, if there is suitable ground to charge. He will wait under cover for the auspicious moment for this charge, which may be hours, days, but more probably months, before it appears. Meanwhile, his comrades of the other arms are fighting hard and cursing the Cavalry for their want of co-operation!

The *only* sound basis of training is to teach men what war really is like, not hiding its terrors or difficulties, but by discipline, by instilling a high sense of duty, and by imparting a sound practical instruction of what war is and how to carry it on, to teach our men to face its terrors and hardships with the same firm courage that their forefathers have always shown.

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It is *not* necessary to teach Cavalry that they can ride over everybody "under all circumstances"—for they certainly can not. The day for this teaching is past, if it ever existed. The successful conduct of war by Cavalry, as with the other arms, absolutely necessitates a thoroughly sound comprehension of what war is really like, on the part of all ranks. The officers must have a thorough grasp of their profession (which must go beyond and deeper than the Drill Book), and even the men must understand what will be required of them. The system of training—"the pride ever in the cold steel"—advocated by "Eques" merely instils the courage of ignorance. This courage is not likely to last long under the stress of war! And surely there is nothing to show that such training is necessary with the younger British Cavalry officers.

In war, while carrying out their almost daily work, Cavalry will be constantly using their rifles when in touch with the enemy. All the petty skirmishing of patrols will, perforce, be carried on with the rifle. "Eques" and all the old school of Cavalry thought, ignore or overlook the effect of the extreme range of the rifle, of its rapid rate of fire, and of smokeless powder. This effect consists in a sudden and heavy fire being opened on troops from positions they can only locate in a very general way, and by numbers that it is impossible to estimate. It is this great "uncertainty" which has increased so enormously on account of the small-bore magazine rifle and smokeless powder, and which has done more to paralyse the general use of shock-action in all the minor operations of war than the material effect in itself of modern rifle fire. It is this "uncertainty" which the arm-chair critic[1] never feels and almost always ignores.

It is absolutely certain that in war, whatever the ground may be like, the Cavalry soldier will be compelled to dismount and use his rifle twenty times for once that he may get the chance of charging. It is equally certain, if our Cavalry have

[1] This expression of course has not, and could not have, any application to "Eques."—Editor.

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the good fortune to be pitted against a Cavalry who are so foolish as to neglect the great power that the modern rifle gives, and who pin their faith only on the *arme blanche*, that our victory will be complete and decisive. The combination of a heavy fire on the enemy's horsemen, who would be exposed in the open, while our men would not even be under fire, with the charge of a portion of our Cavalry on the enemy, disordered and possibly very much demoralised by this fire, will, without any doubt, result in the complete overthrow of the enemy's horse. More certainly will this be the case if the portion of our Cavalry told off for the charge are kept back, fresh and intact, until the last possible moment.

Without laying undue stress, therefore, on which is called "the principal arm," it is certain that Cavalry will in future, constantly and every day that they are in touch with the enemy, even if that enemy should be Continental Cavalry, make use of their rifles, and that they will seldom get the opportunity of using the *arme blanche*. The new training of Cavalry inaugurated by the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum is, therefore, wise, and is moving on the soundest lines, for it is based on the *truth*, and not on theory. When the proper opportunity, or the necessity for a charge presents itself, neither "Eques," nor we British Cavalry, nor the country that it is our pride to serve, need fear that, because we know something of the real facts of our profession, that we shall not have the courage or the enterprise to make the most of our opportunity.

The principles that govern success in shock-action are not new. They are old and well-established, but it is as well to repeat them, as the advocates of the "old school," in their intense anxiety to keep alive what they call the "true Cavalry spirit," rush into extremes. If "Eques," and those who hold the same views, would go just a little deeper into their subject they would find one or all of these principles underlying the success of shock-action in almost any case of its success during the last one hundred and fifty years. For Cavalry are *not* a

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match for Infantry or Artillery "under all circumstances," any more than Infantry or Artillery are a match for Cavalry "under all circumstances."

These principles are that Cavalry can successfully use shock tactics when they can surprise their enemy, or when they have, or find that some one else has, previously demoralised them, or when they can bring superior numbers to bear, or better still, when they can attain all these advantages at once. It is absurd to quote the charge of French's Cavalry Division on the way to relieve Kimberley in support of a universal practice of shock tactics. The Cavalry Division on that occasion was composed of three Cavalry brigades, besides Mounted Infantry, and, I believe, five batteries of Horse Artillery. Out of this number of about 5000 men, at least 2500 were available and joined in the charge on the Boers, who numbered about 800 men with two or three guns. Our Cavalry had at least a superiority of eight to one! They even then did not ride *over* most of these Boers, but *past* them.

Without detracting in the very least from the great credit due to Sir John French for his prompt decision in thus dealing with the Boers on that day, this action cannot be said, by any stretch of imagination, to prove that Cavalry can ride over riflemen "under all circumstances."

"Eques," in referring to this action, says that "none but Cavalry, and Cavalry employing the true Cavalry weapons of sword and lance, could have achieved it."

On the contrary, if these 2500 charging horsemen had been riflemen, like the Boers, or had only been armed with broomsticks, the result would have been precisely the same, for the main object of the charge had nothing to do with the death of sixteen individual Boers.

The successes of the Boers in their charges on Colonel Benson's and Lord Methuen's rear-guards were brought about by the Boers first bringing a very heavy and close-range fire to bear on our men and then charging them with very superior numbers, the advance being covered by the same fire all the

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time. There is nothing in these instances to support for one moment the argument that shock tactics must almost always be the most effective, or the most general method of action for Cavalry; or that Cavalry should be trained to think that shock tactics are almost always the best.

But when "Eques" quotes the late Colonel Henderson in support of his theories, and against the new system of training our Cavalry, he is particularly unfortuuate.

First, to deal with his quotation from this able writer, viz., "a few active squadrons and not a man would have escaped" of the 38th Prussian Brigade at Vionville. Let us suppose that a "few active squadrons" of our Cavalry trained on the new lines had been there, is there the smallest reason for imagining that more of the Prussians would have escaped than if the same number of squadrons of French Cuirassiers had appeared? I entirely fail to see on what grounds "Eques" bases this suggestion. Our Cavalry could have ridden down on the Prussians with the sword with an effect presumably somewhat similar to that which the French squadrons would have produced. But if for some particular reason our Cavalry had preferred to use their rifles, and galloping down on this mass of demoralised Prussians, had dismounted on any advantageous position within a short distance of them, and then opened a rapid magazine fire, what would have been the effect? It would have meant annihilation to the Prussian Brigade.

But let me produce a few more quotations from the late Colonel Henderson, since "Eques" considers him, in agreement with all who knew him, so high an authority:

"Cavalry armed, trained, and equipped as the Cavalry of the Continent, is as obsolete as the Crusaders."

"Even our own Cavalry, when it took the field in 1899, was more or less paralysed by the burden of effete traditions."

"Our critics . . . do not seem to have realised that the small-bore rifle and smokeless powder have destroyed the last vestiges of the traditional *rôle* of cavalry."

It is these arms, this training, and these "effete traditions"

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that "Eques" so strenuously supports. Nothing could be clearer or more decided than the late Colonel Henderson's opinion on the present mode of training and arming the Cavalry on the Continent. And his opinion, as shown by the above extracts from his published writings, written since the war, is absolutely adverse to their system of training and arming, which "Eques," on the contrary, considers should be our pattern.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the great dead-weight of prejudice in favour of that encumbrance, the lance, and against the rifle, as an arm for Cavalry, will be broken down, and that our training in the future will be based on the recognition of what war is really like, and not on the so-called "Cavalry spirit," which I cannot define better than by the word "Brag." Our Cavalry, then, should be the most mobile and efficient in the world for all the many and great tasks that will fall to its lot in war, without by one whit diminishing its readiness and its ability to charge, should the opportunity arise.

CAVALRY.

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THE JEWISH PERIL IN RUSSIA

By M. O. MENCHIKOFF [1]

THE Jewish question in contemporary Russia is but the painful and tardy liquidation of one of the invasions to which the weaker half of Europe—the Slavonic—was exposed some six centuries ago. The two principal Slavonic countries, Russia and Poland, were then simultaneously and from opposite sides invaded by Asiatics; Mongolians assailed Russia, Jews assailed Poland. Russia was able to cope with the Mongolian invaders, despite their fighting qualities, but Poland failed to check the advance of the timorous Jews.

The latter were infinitely more dangerous than the Tartars. To some extent they had been allured by repeated invitations from the Polish kings themselves, and enjoyed accordingly considerable advantages. Indeed, at a time when the Jews were being expelled from almost every Western State, in Poland their lives and honour were guarded no less securely than those of the native nobility. Whilst the Slavonic plebs were still lingering in the bonds of serfdom, the Jews were free, and were even admitted to the aristocratic privilege of wearing rapiers. Any Jew might, by a mere conversion to Christianity, become a nobleman. In their capacity as stewards

[1] M. Menchikoff is one of the editors of the St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* and a distinguished exponent of Russian conservative opinion.

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of the estates belonging to the Polish magnates the Jews possessed the right of life and death over Christian slaves. They introduced into the country improved methods of trade and commerce, and thereby underworking the native third estate, gradually superseded it. They formed a wedge between the nobility and the people, and the result of the cleft thus wrought was on the one hand the complete subjection of the lower classes, on the other a chronic state of anarchy among the upper strata. In brief, their economic enslavement of Poland weakened the nation both politically and morally, and paved the way for its downfall.

Russia, on the other hand, clung steadfastly to the time-honoured European standpoint with regard to the Jews, to whom she persistently refused to throw open her frontiers. A first massacre of Jews took place at Kieff in the earliest days of Russian history, under King Isiaslav. Peter the Great, who encouraged all other alien immigrants, gave full and graphic expression to the key-note of Russian Anti-Semitism in the following outburst: "I had rather see Moslems and heathens within my empire than Jews. Jews are knaves and cheats. I mean to uproot, not to aggravate, existing evils. There will be neither room nor trade for them inside my borders, however hard they may strive for that, and bribe my courtiers." Under Elizabeth, his daughter, the Jews were altogether banished from Russia; but, after the partition of Poland, the whole Jewish population of that country was merged into the Empire. And here begins the secular and well-nigh fruitless struggle of the Russian Government with the new invaders, who threatened Russia with the fate of Poland.

The danger for Russia of the Jewish settlements may be summarised in the following points. The Jews within our Empire form a closely organised political community of some 8,000,000 souls, a community not merely foreign in creed and language, but decidedly hostile to the country. A vagrant tribe amid established nations, they are totally unfit for

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husbandry, and almost invariably season their petty trades and other transactions with various tricks and usurious practices. They are mostly keepers of bars or brothels, pimps, smugglers, receivers of stolen goods, moneylenders or pawnbrokers, counterfeiters of coin, &c.; in other words, "go-betweens" of every branch of preposterous business. Some are small farmers and contractors; as workmen they live from hand to mouth. Settled between two seas within the fifteen Russian provinces nearest to Western Europe, and residing chiefly amid two great Powers—Russia and Austria—the Jews could no more raise the culture of the country than develop a rich industry or big trade. Far from being well-off, they are part and parcel of the miserable proletariat, and quite incapable of sound work. The progressive incursions of this hungry yet well-organised alien colony is therefore justly regarded as a source of great danger for our Empire. The much-talked-of "demarcation line" is nothing but a crumbling dam, not proof against the infiltration of the turbid waves of Judaism. Together with merchants of the first-class guild, mechanics, and other workers of higher education, who all possess the legal right to reside in Russia, innumerable Jews stole in who could boast no definite trade or business. As a result, hardly a century had elapsed before the whole of the trade in South Russia was practically in the hands of the Jews. In "White Russia" they are landowners, whilst in the several capitals they have found access to the liberal professions. The Russian press, for instance, is largely Jewish property. Generally speaking, Russia is distinctly hospitable to foreigners. Our Government entertains not the slightest objection to a foreign people bringing into the country their own specific talents, knowledge, and capital. But the Jews do nothing of the kind, nor do they mix easily with the native population; it is a fact that five hundred years' residence in Poland and Litiva has failed to make them into either Poles or White-Russians. Besides, Jews, taken as a whole, are ignorant and anything but naturally gifted. With two or three excep-

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tions, they have given no remarkable men to Russia. Hostile both to Christianity and to the Russian independence, they are as a dissolvent in the national culture and organism.

How, then, does Judaism maintain its position in Russia? By the very same means that proved formerly so successful in Old Poland, *i.e.*, by the corruption of those on whom its career depends. Jews are strict, but their moral sense is paralysed by manifold reservations and deviations. The police is, as a rule, on their side, and even some governors are known to support them. The central authorities, feeling themselves too weak as yet to tackle the difficulty, are ever postponing its solution, together with that of many other questions.

Latterly, the Jews have also taken a prominent part in the revolutionary movements within the Empire, because they expect to be granted perfect equality of rights with Russian-born and Russian-bred citizens as soon as a representative Government has been established. But the fulfilment of this expectation is extremely doubtful. A constitutional government would speedily put an end to administrative venality and arbitrariness, thereby suppressing the main source of the connivance actually enjoyed by the Jews. Private folk are always more truly patriotic in feeling than officials. By virtue of the constitution of Roumania, the Jews are practically expelled, one by one, from that kingdom. Russian policy at the present hour seems to have one object in view, that of starting a free emigration of the Jews from Russia. But the total number of Jewish emigrants during the last twenty years was only about a million; so that if this be considered satisfactory, and if the means adopted for arresting the growth of Judaism had been successful, the Slavonic element might have hoped to be out of danger in a century or two. Meanwhile, the two recent massacres of the Jews demonstrate clearly that, in face of the slackness betrayed by the central powers, the people take upon themselves the solution of the problem. These massacres are but another form of the "lynch" system, which is just as bad with us as it is in America. There is no doubt but that

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more humane measures are needed, and a more thoughtful policy; otherwise a secret internecine war, not to say an open rebellion, is quite inevitable.

The Jews are the victims of their own history. They are the only race in Europe which has not been assimilated by Christianity. They should either found a kingdom of their own—outside Europe!—as the Zionists propose, or else renounce their nationality. *The real Ghetto of the Jews is Judaism itself*, an old creed which congeals its followers in a serfdom heavier than that of ancient Egypt. To me it seems that the only possible Canaan for all, including the Jews themselves, would be Christianity, and the assimilation of the Jews with those nations among whom they are now living.

M. O. Menchikoff.

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THROUGH MACEDONIA

WHEN I arrived at Sofia on August 28 last there was little to indicate that Bulgaria was in the throes of a great crisis, in which her very existence was involved. The Macedonian question was becoming every day more acute, and the Bulgarian people were most deeply affected by the sufferings of their kinsfolk across the border; but they gave no signs of hysterical excitement, nor did they indulge in any *fanfaronnade* as to what they intended to do. They were simply waiting, with that dogged self-restraint which is characteristic of this silent, unexpansive race, waiting in the vain hope that Europe would redeem her promises and come to the assistance of the Macedonians. Next spring, if nothing is done in the meanwhile by the Powers, war between Bulgaria and Turkey will be very difficult to avoid.

To enter Macedonia from Bulgaria there are four routes; you may either go by rail *viâ* Constantinople and Salonica, or *viâ* Niš in Servia and Üsküb, or by carriage *viâ* Dupnica and Džumaia, or Kjustendil and Kumanova. Throughout the summer and autumn of this year the two latter routes were closed, as it was in this neighbourhood that the bands were trying to cross the border. The Niš route, too, was closed to travellers coming from Bulgaria, for whom the Constantinople route alone remained open. As, however, C. and I had had our passports *viséd* in London direct for Salonica, we were able to go by Servia, the frontier authorities not knowing that we had been in Bulgaria

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at all. At that time there was hardly any traffic on the Turkish railways, and for several days the trains ran empty owing to the panic caused by the recent dynamite outrages. On arriving at Niš we found the town in a state of far greater excitement than Sofia; not on account of Macedonian affairs, but over King Peter's visit. There was little to detain us there, and at 10 P.M. we departed for the frontier. Only one other passenger was going to Macedonia that night, for there were wild rumours about that the insurgents had determined to blow up every train. The hours of departure had been changed, so as to avoid passing through any part of Turkish territory after dark, when it would be impossible to protect the line effectively. All night long the train toiled slowly through Southern Servia, so slowly as to give one a foretaste of Turkish travelling; and at dawn we reached Ristovac, the last Servian station. A few minutes later we passed the invisible but very real line dividing Servia from Turkey; the exact point where the railway crosses the frontier is indicated by the two sentries—the Serb in his flat Russian cap and semi-Austrian uniform on the one side, and the short, swarthy, pock-marked Asiatic in his red fez and battered attire on the other. Both present arms as the train glides by, and the next moment we have left semi-civilisation behind us, and are in the utter barbarism of Macedonia. Then comes Zibevče, the Turkish custom-house. The Ottoman *douane*, even in normal times, is a trying ordeal, but this year, when the Bulgarian insurgents were ever attempting to cross the frontier, and the authorities feared that explosives might be introduced into the country, the officials are more than usually rigorous. Although our passports proved to be quite *en règle*, and no dynamite was found in our modest luggage, we were detained for nearly two hours. But our revolvers, alas, were taken from us, for it was considered that to bring arms into Turkey was to cast a reflection on the absolute security which, as everybody knows, prevails in the Sublime Ottoman dominions; we thus had to face the terrors of a Macedonian journey with no weapons more formidable than walking-sticks and umbrellas.

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As it turned out, however, these were quite sufficient for all purposes. For although the air is full of wars and rumours of wars there is still a certain respect for the sacred person of the European in the Near East.

As soon as the frontier was crossed it became fairly evident that the country was in a state of war. The station of Zibevče was crowded with ruffianly-looking soldiers and armed Albanians, as indeed were all the other stations in Turkey. All along the line sentries were posted every few hundred yards; every bridge and every tunnel was closely guarded by large or small detachments, encamped in little white tents standing out clear against the background of brown earth and purple distance. All these precautions seemed to be effective, at least so far as this journey was concerned, and we reached Üsküb in safety.

Owing to its position at the junction of several valleys and roads this town has always been a place of great strategic importance, from the days when it was the capital of the great Servian Empire of Stephen Dušan down to the present time. During the heyday of the Ottoman power Üsküb was a name of terror for all Christendom, for it was here that the Sultan or the Beglerbeg of Rumelia[1] gathered the Turkish armies when contemplating a fresh raid into Europe. To-day when the Turks can no longer threaten the West directly they still manage to keep it in a turmoil of agitation, and still Üsküb continues to be one of the storm centres. It is situated on both banks of the Vardar, which is crossed by several bridges, one of them very old and of a picturesque, typically Turkish, design. The view of the massive brown walls of Czar Dušan's citadel rising sheer up out of the sluggish river, crowned with the dazzling white Konak, the barracks, and other public buildings, and the opalescent outlines of the mighty Schar Dagh in the background, form one of the most striking sights in this wondrous Balkan land. The streets are as dirty and ill-paved and the houses as sordid and dilapidated as those of any other Turkish town, but the varied and brilliant costumes give colour

[1] Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Armies in Europe.

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to the scene. For Üsküb is a meeting-point of many races, many creeds, and many political aspirations, and the various discordant elements which make up Macedonia are all represented here. There is an important nucleus of Osmanli Turks, settled from the early days of the conquest, and strengthened of late owing to the tendency of the Mohammedans to congregate in the towns; there are ferocious-looking Albanians of various tribes in their white head-cloths or skull-caps and white flannel trousers picked out with black braid, stolid, expressionless Bulgarians, excitable Serbs, a few Kutzo-Vlachs and Greeks, and here and there a negro, such as you find in every Turkish town. At the time of my visit the most conspicuous part of the population were the soldiers; soldiers were everywhere, the barracks were full to overcrowding, in every open space tents were pitched, and all night long the tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry patrols continued. The day we arrived the town had a festive appearance, for it was the anniversary of the Sultan's Accession. But the occasion caused some uneasiness, and the authorities had taken extra precautions, for it was whispered that the insurgents intended to celebrate the event by throwing a few bombs about, and that the Mohammedans would retaliate by a general massacre of the Christians. At night the streets were illuminated, but hardly any one dared go out; there were wild rumours that three insurgents had visited a house near the station and deposited some bombs, timed to explode at a certain hour—no one knew which! But everything passed off quietly, and nothing exciting happened.

The Kossovo Vilayet, of which Üsküb is the capital, has been the scene of two revolutionary agitations this year. In the northern districts there is the eternal feud between the Albanians and the Serbs, while the southern part of the province comes into the sphere of the Bulgaro-Macedonian movement. Üsküb has been well described as a prolongation of Servia, Bulgaria, and Albania, and Serbs, Bulgarians, and Albanians all claim it for their own. But the centre of the area of the

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Serbo-Albanian dispute is Mitrovica, about five hours north of Üsküb, and in the heart of Old Servia. The route thither passes through the wide and beautiful plain of Kossovo, a name fatal in the annals of the Southern Slaves, for it was here that in 1389 the flower of their chivalry met the hordes of Sultan Murad, and sustained a crushing defeat, which broke the power of Servia for ever, and opened the way for the Turkish conquest of the Balkans. Mitrovica is an extremely picturesque and primitive Oriental township inhabited by a mixed population of Albanians and Serbs. All the country round has for years past been in a constant state of anarchy, and the Albanians, with the connivance of the Turkish authorities, have been pillaging, murdering, and driving out the Serbs, so that large districts which were once wholly Servian have now become quite Albanian. These disorders culminated last spring, when the first Austro-Russian reform scheme threatened the Albanians' vested right to plunder their neighbours, and they broke out in open revolt. The Ottoman Government became thoroughly alarmed, fearing that Austria or Russia might use the disturbance as an excuse for armed intervention, and at last set itself to the task of subduing the lawless mountaineers. A large number of troops were sent up, and after some severe fighting the rebels were defeated for the time being, so that during the past summer Old Servia was quieter than it had ever been before. But at the time of our visit the new Russian Consul, M. Maschkoff, who succeeded the unfortunate M. Stcherbina, murdered by an Albanian soldier, was convinced that the troubles would break out again as soon as the extra troops were recalled. His house, indeed, was like a small fortress; besides the usual Consular guard of Turkish troops there were half a dozen cavasses armed to the teeth (one of them a Cossack in a marvellous sheep-skin headdress) about the premises, and eight rifles with fixed bayonets were stacked in the hall. These precautions proved to be by no means unnecessary, and when a few weeks later the garrison of Mitrovica was reduced, the Albanians

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broke out in revolt once more, wounded a number of the newly appointed Servian Christian gendarmes, and besieged them in the Russian consul's house. The outrages on the Serbs are now going on as merrily as ever, and the authorities are unable or unwilling to stop them.

This Albanian problem forms one of the most difficult points of the Macedonian question, and unless carefully handled will lead to endless trouble in the future. If any scheme of reforms is to be effective, it must begin by endeavouring, as far as possible, to separate the purely Albanian districts from those occupied by other races, whether Greeks or Slaves. A *régime* suitable to the latter would be utterly inapplicable to the former. The Turkish Government has always made use of the Albanians to persecute the Christian races, so that to place these tribesmen together and on an equal footing with those whom they formerly plundered would be to court rebellion. They are by no means devoid of good qualities, but they have been purposely kept ignorant and barbarous. They are brave, intelligent, and straightforward; when out of their own country and away from their tribal feuds they show great ability, and supply Turkey with some of its best officials and generals. The European embassies and consulates in the East usually have Albanians as cavasses, because of their absolute trustworthiness. But under the peculiar conditions of their own country they are utter barbarians, and have not produced a single great man, save Skanderbeg and Ali Pasha of Tepelen.

From Mitrovica we returned to Üsküb, and thence on to Salonica. South of Üsküb we soon get into an almost purely Bulgarian country, and we realise how strongly predominant the Bulgarian element is in Central Macedonia. Already at Kyöprülü,[1] a picturesque little town on the Vardar, more than half the population are Bulgarians, and in the country round almost all of it. This region was one of the chief areas of the rebellion, and the military precautions along the line were doubled.

[1] Called Veles by the Greeks.

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But the panic of the previous week was over, and the train was quite crowded; many of the passengers were Salonica Jews who had been waiting in Vienna and elsewhere, until they could return home in safety. The talk is all of the insurrection, and all these worthies wax indignant over the iniquities of the "brigands," as they call the Bulgarian insurgents, who have brought the trade of Salonica almost to a standstill, while expatiating on the excellence of the Turkish soldiers and on the virtues of the Sublime Ottoman Government. Suddenly there is an excitement, and every head is craned out of the windows; puffs of smoke appear on the hill-side, and anxious inquiries are made. At a wayside station the train pulls up, and a party of soldiers is seen approaching; they are looking for something—*komittadjis* probably. As yet they have caught one prisoner. Then we learn that there has been a fight near the neighbouring village of Amatovo. An hour later we reach Salonica.

At Salonica the atmosphere is wholly different from that of the rest of Macedonia. The town is of great beauty, and has much to attract the traveller, even if he is not searching for political, ethnical, or religious problems. From the bright sunlit quays along the shores of the blue Ægean we see in the far distance the hazy outlines of the mountains of Chalcidice and Thessaly, and on very clear days even the mighty Olympos. Here and there, amid shady courts, we come upon wonderful Byzantine churches adorned with rich marbles and brilliant mosaics. Most of them have now been converted into mosques, but the mullahs are quite willing to act as *ciceroni* to giaours for a consideration. In the former church of St. Demetrius the Christians are even allowed to hold religious festivals, and to worship the shrine of the saint on certain days. When strangers visit the building, the mullah does the honours; a Mohammedan priest reciting in Turkish the story of the miracles of a Christian saint, his words being translated by a Hebrew dragoman into French, constitutes one of the strangest medleys of religions and languages to be found even in this confused land! Salonica has also a magnificent circuit

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of Byzantine walls, second only to those of Constantinople in extent, somewhat like them in construction, and in certain ways finer, for they are built on a steep hill-side, and plunge down to the sea from a great height. During the past summer and autumn Salonica was perhaps the only place in Macedonia where absolute security prevailed. After the wild panic caused by the dynamite explosions of April 29, when the Turks began to murder the Bulgarians and a general massacre was feared, the disorders were stayed owing to the efforts of the one really honest and respectable high Turkish functionary in European Turkey—Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Vali of Salonica. The population of the town is, as usual, very mixed, and here the Jews are in a large majority. It is, in fact, one of the very few towns in Europe where such a majority is to be found. In the West we usually associate the Jews with business, shopkeeping, the liberal professions, and the arts. But at Salonica we find Jewish boatmen, porters, and artisans of all kinds. Their language is a curious Spanish dialect, for they are mostly descendants of the Jews expelled from Spain at the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; but of course they speak other tongues as well, for who is not polyglot in this part of the world?

From Salonica we proceeded to Monastir, the centre of the Bulgarian insurrectionary movement, and politically the most interesting spot in Macedonia. The scenery along the route has many and varied attractions. The railway first crosses the wide marshy delta of the Vardar, passing by several places of historic fame, such as Pella, Alexander the Great's capital, and Berœa (Verria), where St. Paul preached. The swampy foreground of reeds and water, the pale lilac tints of the distant hills, and here and there dark masses of trees, remind one not a little of the country about the mouth of the Arno, while some of the hill towns, such as Vodena—a fascinating cluster of Turkish houses in the midst of refreshing greenery and cool cascades—are not unlike some of those of the Roman Campagna. The train painfully ascends into a wild mountain region of narrow defiles and deep chasms; then come deep

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blue lakes and pleasant vineyards. At every station the third-class passengers—almost the only ones in the train, for the line has a bad name this year—tumble out of their cars and make a rush for the fountain to refill their earthenware jugs, and buy fruit from the hawkers who have come up from the nearest village with their delicious wares. Not even in Italy do you get such exquisite grapes and figs so cheap. To judge from the singing and boisterous laughter of these Macedonian peasants one would never imagine oneself in a country ablaze with rebellion and red with massacre. And yet as we approach we can discern columns of black smoke on many of the hills, for forest, crops, and hamlets, all are burning. Here, too, there are soldiers everywhere, more soldiers, and yet more. Every inch of the railway is guarded by them, and they are swarming all over the country. Some are in the train, having been sent to strengthen the garrison of Monastir. They are gathered from all the corners of the Empire—Osmanlis from the interior of Asia Minor, wild Albanians, *Ilavehs*,[1] who are little better than undisciplined bashi-buzuks in uniform, fair-haired Mohammedans of Slavonic stock, whose ancestors may have fought and died at Kossovo on the Christian side, and who are now the fiercest persecutors of their Christian kinsfolk. They are of all ages, and among them one notices men of forty or even fifty years, for the *Mustafuz*, or last reserve, have been called out, showing how serious the military situation was at the time. Had the strategy of the insurgents been equal to their bravery the result might have been very different. The men, as usual, are in tattered uniforms and broken boots or sandals, their bodies encircled in coils of cartridges glistening brightly in the September sun; the officers are more smartly attired, and swagger about the platforms with their silver-handled riding-whips. All these men are collected here in this devoted vilayet at the summons of the Commander of the Faithful, to carry out the work of devastation, murder, and outrage.

[1] Second reserves, who are levied locally.

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At last the train emerges from the valley into the wide plain of Pelagonia, and we reach Monastir. The town is of no great beauty, like Salonica or Üsküb; it is built partly in the plain and partly on the side of a hill, and is traversed by the Dragora and another stream, both nearly dry at this time of the year, full of filth, and smelling horribly. The bazar and the medley of rich and varied costumes are most picturesque features of Monastir. The usual dogs lie about by day in the streets for you to tumble over, and keep you awake with their howling and barking by night. There are many houses in the European style, but they are all more or less dilapidated and unlovely. In normal times Monastir is a busy centre of trade, and on market days representatives of every race in European Turkey may be seen gathered here. But now business is practically suspended, and no man knows what the next day may bring forth. When I was there the market was again beginning to be a little more active, but most of the roads were still closed to traffic, and along the one to Ochrida corpses were lying unburied by the wayside.

There are many races and many parties at Monastir. The Greeks claim that it is a Greek town, but of genuine Hellenes there are very few—not more than a dozen families. But there are a large number of Vlachs, who belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are therefore dubbed Greeks, although now some of them are being weaned away from the Greek party by the Roumanian propaganda. This movement is chiefly due to the initiative of the late Apostolo Margariti, inspector of the Roumanian schools, who at one time was quite a power at Monastir, and enjoyed the favour of the Turkish Government. The Bulgarians are very numerous, but less conspicuous, as they live apart in their own "mahalleh." In the neighbouring country they are the predominant element, as indeed throughout Central Macedonia. Some of them belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are described as "Bulgarophone Greeks," but they are Bulgars none the less. South of Monastir one comes into a more Greek country, and some

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towns, like Kastoria, are almost wholly Greek; but even there the Bulgarian villages redress the balance. There is no doubt that these Bulgarians are the steadiest and most reliable of all the Macedonian peoples, and the most hard-working. Their propaganda is extremely active, and has made astonishing progress of late years. They are not brilliant nor very attractive, but they have political insight and great strength of character. All the races of Macedonia are discontented with Turkish rule, but the Bulgarians alone have had the courage to rise, and they have held their own single-handed for many months in the face not only of vast Turkish armies, but of hostile Greeks and more or less unfriendly Serbs and Vlachs. One of the reasons that has made Western Europe so apathetic with regard to the Macedonian question is the prevailing idea that all the inhabitants of the Balkan lands belong to the category of "Levantine Christians." The type from which this idea is derived is the mongrel trader or loafer of the Mediterranean ports, who is certainly an undesirable person, and it is supposed that all the other Christians are like him, the Turk being the only "gentleman" of the lot. And yet one can hardly conceive of a greater difference than that between the sober, silent, hard-working Bulgarian and the loquacious, clever, but frivolous Hellene who prates of the "Grand Idea" and the revived Greek Empire, in the streets and cafés. If people in England and elsewhere would only realise how different the Bulgarians are they would understand the Macedonian question a great deal better.

The Mohammedans form the most turbulent element in the town; some of them, especially the Turks and the Pomaks (Mohammedan Bulgarians), are very fanatical, while the Albanians think more of plunder than of the Prophet. It is not likely that they would be ready to indulge in massacre were it not for the mullahs who from time to time come to stir them up from Stambul, and for the attitude of the authorities. With regard to the mullahs, a Lazarist missionary told me that one of them had come to him with a local

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mullah of Monastir to see the mission. Thinking that the Lazarist did not understand Turkish, the Stambuli fanatic, after asking a few questions, turned to his colleague, and said: "We shall kill this dog and plunder all these things when the time comes." The other, however, knew that the monk was a Turkish scholar, and replied: "No, no, he is a good man, and must not be harmed."

It is hardly necessary to say that Monastir was full of soldiers, and patrolled day and night. After sunset the streets were deserted save for a few people returning to their homes from some eating-house. Every one was supposed to carry a lantern; otherwise the sentries stopped you, crying out "Dur!" (halt), but they could not arrest a European even if unprovided with a lantern. The town was in a state of siege, and every public building, every consulate, ecclesiastical residence, and mission was guarded by troops. But these guards did not make the inmates of the houses in question feel by any means more comfortable; in fact, one of the consuls told me that when, after M. Rostkovski's murder by a gendarme, the guards at the consulates were doubled, he himself felt far less easy than before, and would have gladly dispensed with this doubtful protection altogether. The soldiers, with their utter want of discipline, constitute a serious danger for every one, and it was generally thought that if a rising of Mohammedans were to take place, the troops would join the fanatical mob. The position of the consuls at Monastir was not unlike that of the Pekin Legations in 1900, but for the fact that the latter had European soldiers to protect them. The following anecdote is characteristic of the chaotic state of the Turkish army. The servant of one of the Christian missions in Monastir one day found the sentry guarding the mission-house in tears. On questioning the man he learnt that he had been forgotten by his superiors and left on duty for forty-eight hours, unrelieved and without food! Some of the Albanian regiments got so completely out of hand that the consular body insisted on their being kept in the barracks. But it is not only their want of

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discipline that is responsible for their atrocities. They know quite well how to obey their officers, especially when the orders issued from the highest quarters are to pillage and murder.

The Christian population, and especially the Bulgarians, were therefore living under a reign of terror all through the autumn. The Bulgarians no longer dared to come to the foreign consuls, as they used to do before, to tell their tales of murder and outrage to the only persons from whom they could hope for sympathy and protection. Since the war of extermination broke out, for a Bulgarian to be seen entering the house of a "Consolos Bey," meant imprisonment, the bastinado, or worse. A Bulgarian was stabbed in the bazar while I was at Monastir, because he refused to sell his grain to a Turk at an absurdly low price. The assassin of course, was not punished, nor was another Turk, whom I often saw loafing about the town, and had murdered a number of Christians. The refugees from the burnt villages were not allowed to come into Monastir, and it was a long time before even the Sisters of Charity were permitted to go and collect a few of the wounded lying exposed on the mountain side. But owing to the representations of the consuls an exception was made in favour of the villagers of Smilevo and Gijavato, of whom about a hundred families were allowed to take refuge in Monastir. They were sheltered in the Bulgarian quarter and the Bulgarian school, huddled together on the floor of small rooms, almost without any furniture or belongings save what they could carry. In one class room I saw about two dozen; they formed a most picturesque group in their red and white and yellow costumes, but a pitiful sight all the same. On the walls were a map of the Holy Land, a large clock, and a portrait of the author of all their woes, Abdul Hamid II. When I questioned them as to their experiences, they told their tales simply and unaffectedly—plain, unvarnished stories, all similar, but terrible in their very monotony. A quiet village, sounds of firing in the distance, enter the soldiers, the villagers fly, but are fired on as they try to get away, all who

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remain behind murdered, many women outraged, every house plundered, then smeared with paraffin, and set on fire. In some cases there had been fighting between the soldiers and an insurgent band in the village, but in most instances the destruction was utterly wanton, and no *komittadjis* were about. Many of the burnt villages, indeed, were Greek or Vlach, and therefore hostile to the rebels. In the Greek hospital at Monastir, there were about twenty men, women, and children, all of them Patriarchists, wounded in the most horrible way by Turkish soldiers or baski-buzuks.

And yet in spite of being in constant fear of their lives the Bulgarians were by no means cowed. The soldiers might burn down villages and murder peaceful villagers, but the *komittadjis* proved more difficult customers. In many an encounter the troops lost heavily, and more than one regiment refused to face the dynamite bombs of the enemy. In Monastir itself no Turk dared enter the Bulgarian quarter alone, and even when searches for arms were instituted, they were carried out in a gingerly and ineffectual fashion, for every one was convinced that there were stores of arms and bombs in many houses, and even the troops were afraid. The roads, mountains, and forests close to the town were said to shelter numbers of insurgents, and every day news of further fighting was received. One night twenty arabas full of wounded soldiers were seen driving in, and the military hospital was crowded.

The chief solicitude of the authorities was to prevent foreigners from learning the true state of affairs, and no European was allowed to go outside the town save for a short distance—not even the Swedish officers who were reorganising the gendarmerie![1] But nevertheless everything came out sooner or later. The insurgents always found means of communicating with the consuls, and every Sunday a weekly bulletin of operations and atrocities was slipped in under their doors. Some correspondents and others have accused the

[1] One correspondent—an American—succeeded in getting to Kruševo, and since the end of October the prohibition has been to some extent relaxed.

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Bulgarians of being liars, declaring that their statements were no more to be trusted than those of the Turkish authorities; but one of the consuls who had been taking especial pains to check the information supplied by the *komittadjis* from other less suspect sources, told me that the bulletins were almost invariably accurate, although occasionally they understated the numbers of villages burnt and of villagers murdered.

After having visited the hospital and heard the tales of the refugees and of the consuls, it was quite refreshing to interview the Turkish authorities on the situation. The Government buildings, where these exalted persons are to be found, are on a wide esplanade overlooking the river—gaunt, dreary, barrack-like structures of wood and plaster, the doors guarded by soldiers, the rickety wooden stairs and corridors crowded with officials in ill-fitting frock-coats, aides-de-camp in military uniforms, peasants in variegated costumes, and a goodly sprinkling of gendarmes. We leave our umbrellas or sticks in a corner, and are admitted into the presence of the great man. His Excellency Hussein Hilmi Pasha, Inspector-General of Reforms, is a tall, thin, sallow-faced individual, with black hair and beard, a hooked nose, and a keen expression. He speaks good French and has a tincture of European culture. His first remarks to me were about the untrustworthiness of the French Press. "The *Matin*," he said, "has actually stated that the Dragora is flowing with blood. As you see for yourself, that is quite untrue." He then expatiated on the fact that tranquillity had been restored in the vilayet of Monastir. "We have 50,000 troops here, but things are now so quiet that half that number would be quite sufficient to keep order." I felt inclined to add that if they were all withdrawn there might be some chance of peace. "We are now engaged in carrying out the reforms [he was alluding to the February scheme]. We have established special tribunals [the prisons were full of untried political prisoners]; we are spending large sums on roads [results not yet visible]; we are reorganising the gendarmerie, but for some reason the Christians are not anxious

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to join it." "If the country is so secure, one may travel about in safety?" I asked. "You are free to go wherever you like." But I found afterwards that when I proposed to visit some of the burnt villages the permission granted in the evening was withdrawn in the morning. Nazir Pasha, the military governor, was of course the person to apply to for information on the atrocities committed by the troops. When questioned on that subject his invariable reply was: "The Turkish soldier has three duties. The first is to kill or capture the *komittadjis*. The second is to extinguish the fires caused by the fighting. The third is to conduct the women and children to a place of safety."

Under these circumstances it seems extraordinary that Austria and Russia should be content to entrust their new scheme to Hilmi Pasha, the very man who so signally failed to carry out the first one. It is true he is assisted by foreign assessors this time, but what effect will this have save that of causing endless disputes between the two authorities?

With all its horrors and devastation this land is fair, and of great wealth. If Europe were to do its duty and secure decent government for the people, so that life and property would be safe, roads built, and taxation placed on an equitable and certain basis, the old feuds would soon lose much of their force, and the country would become prosperous. For the present that is all that is needed, but it can only be secured by means of an independent European governor, who shall neither be responsible to the Sultan, nor the tool of ambitious foreign Powers. Autonomy and peace guaranteed by effective European control is all that the Macedonians ask for. In the future there will be time to discuss the final settlement, whether the land is to be divided among the Balkan States, or to form a nucleus for that consummation so devoutly to be wished—the confederation of the Balkans.

L. VILLARI.

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W. E. H. LECKY:

A REMINISCENCE

AMONGST the rather meagre hints which we possess as regards the early mental development of the great writer and historian whom we have so recently lost, the most important will, I think, be found to be a paper which he himself contributed to the American *Forum* in the month of June 1890. In that paper, to which he gave the name of "Formative Influences," we obtain a clear, and even by moments vivid, glimpse into the sort of atmosphere in which a young, enthusiastic, yet always essentially meditative, mind would have found itself plunged in or about the year 1860. A few sentences upon the first page of that paper seem to open before us like a vista, a vista into what is already a half-forgotten world: "The great High Church wave, which a few years before had been so powerful, had been broken when Newman and many other leaders of the party had passed to Catholicism. Darwin and Herbert Spencer had not yet risen above the horizon. Mill was in the zenith of his fame and influence. The intellectual atmosphere was much agitated by the recent discoveries of geology, by their manifest bearing on the Mosaic cosmogony, and on the history of the Fall, and by the attempts of Hugh Miller, Hitchcock, and other writers to reconcile them with the received theology."

The Mosaic cosmogony, the Fall, and the first pale

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glimmerings of geology! What a gulf do those sentences seem to open! So wide is it that it takes quite an effort of memory to realise that only forty-three years have rolled over our heads since then. As an Irishman, and a student of Trinity College, the influences that told most strongly upon Mr. Lecky at that age differed, no doubt, considerably from what would have been paramount at either of the two great English Universities. With regard to the ordinary college ambitions and triumphs he seems to have been characteristically, or, as he himself preferred to put it, "perhaps culpably," indifferent. On the other hand, he flung himself from the first, with unflagging ardour, into a long course of independent reading, the effects of which soon began to make themselves felt. That one of the most immediate of those effects was to make it clear that the family living which awaited him in Cork could never be his, is well known. Theologically, and perhaps even more intellectually, the two influences which at that time seem to have told most strongly upon him were those of Butler and of Whately. The latter, as Archbishop of Dublin, had the additional advantage of being a visible authority; one that was to be seen walking about the streets, and was even liable to be personally addressed. Like all who knew him, Mr. Lecky speaks of Whately as a man of little personal charm, and a man who drew to himself—probably in consequence—few followers. At the same time, it is evident that the mere unadorned force of that most sturdy of churchmen was not without considerable weight. As the sworn foe of "Tractarianism," and all its ways and works; as the defender of the historic and evidential school of Paley and Grotius, no less than as the scorner of every species of verbiage and mental ambiguity, it is clear that he exercised—negatively, perhaps, but also positively—a very marked influence upon the most distinguished of the young men who were in those days growing up to maturity within his reach.

The Lecky family belonged to that strongly marked Anglo-Irish type, which has given so many brilliant and capable

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sons to the service of the Empire. When William Edward Hartpole Lecky was born in March 1838, his father's estate in County Carlow no longer possessed any available habitation, the picturesque old castle of Shrule, which stands upon it, having long been a mere ruin. At the date of that birth his father and mother were living at Newtown Park, near Dublin, and after the death of the latter—who died while the historian was still under two years of age—his father married Miss Wilmot, in whom her stepson found through life the kindliest of friends and stepmothers. After moving for a time to Graigavoran, in the Queen's County, the family settled down at Monkstown, upon Dublin Bay. Here his father died in the year 1852, but his stepmother continued to live on in the same house until her marriage with Lord Carnwath, after which event their home was for some time at Bushy Park, near Enniskerry, a small, but delightfully situated, property belonging to the Parnell family, close under the shelter of the Wicklow mountains.

At Bushy Park Mr. Lecky had an opportunity of indulging to the full that love of scenery which had been his from boyhood, and which remained ever afterwards one of the great enjoyments of his life. As a boy he is said to have shown some turn for natural science, especially geology, but the taste wore off apparently as he grew older, or was perhaps simply overborne by stronger ones. Although his later life was mainly spent—presumably by choice—in London, no one could ever have known him well without perceiving that he was essentially one of those men to whom the open sky, the free, unfettered face of nature, above all, the power of long solitary walks and musings, seemed almost, as it were, a necessity.

His schoolboy life is said to have been a not particularly happy one. For games or sport he had at no time any affinity, and it is easy to understand that the rough ways of ordinary schoolboys would have been a small purgatory to a nature so inveterately gentle and sensitive as his must always have

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been. At college, on the other hand—where it may amuse his readers to know that his address was "13 Botany Bay"—he quickly contracted a number of friendships, nearly all of which remained an integral part of his life ever afterwards. Upon this account, and still more because it was there that his own great powers first revealed themselves, to himself no less than to others, this period of his life was evidently a thoroughly enjoyable one. He became a member of the Historical Society, whose coveted gold medal for oratory he obtained in the first year of his joining it. The effect produced upon that Society by the sudden emergence of their tall, shy, and hitherto inveterately taciturn member, has been well described recently by one of his own contemporaries: "He spoke, much as he spoke all through his life, with an extraordinary wealth of language, and a marvellous affluence of illustration. . . . And he spoke—one could see—with the strong conviction that he was saying what he believed to be right, and what he held to be true." Such a success, Lord Ashbourne goes on to say, he had never known in the whole course of his long connection with the Society. It was the appropriate beginning of a distinguished career, and proved a truthful augury for the future.

The necessity of securing a paying profession being in his case fortunately non-existent, Mr. Lecky was able almost from the first to devote his whole mind, and his whole immense powers of work, to those studies and researches which were ever afterwards the great joy and preoccupation of his life. His first serious attempt at literature was inspired, while still at Trinity College, by a natural, not to say righteous, enthusiasm for a group of illustrious Irishmen whose fame was at that time, for some reason, rather in abeyance. This enthusiasm carried him to a degree of vehemence which his maturer judgment afterwards regretted. When in later days his own, so to speak, imaginative Nationalism found itself confronted with a grimmer and more utilitarian variety of the same species, the contrast proved

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sharp, and he would now and then complain with a vehemence which personal matters seldom aroused, of the fashion in which his "boyish rhetoric" and "rhodomontade" were apt to be brought up against him, even to the extent of the first, anonymous, and long out of print edition of the book being unearthed for the express purpose.

Rhetoric and rhodomontade are certainly amongst the last ideas which any one who knew him in later life would have associated with Mr. Lecky! To attempt, within the limits of such an article as this, to give even a passing summary of his permanent contributions to English literature would be obviously out of the question. After the appearance of this early, and, he himself assures us, quite unsuccessful book, he went abroad, having first taken his degree, and for several years devoted himself to a fresh course of study, working out in his own mind that more historic and evolutionary view of religion and morals which was at that date only just beginning to permeate the world.

The appearance in 1857 of Buckle's brilliant, if untrustworthy generalisations acted as a stimulus upon the whole English reading public, and not least upon Mr. Lecky. From his own account of the matter it is clear that the effect upon him was, from the first, one of opposition and of dislike rather than the contrary. Buckle's intense arrogance, his rashness of assertion, the undiscriminating use he made of masses of rather ill-digested knowledge, the scorn which he never hesitated to pour upon everything which an earlier world held dear, all these things jarred upon his own more reverent and fastidious taste, although for the literary vigour of the book, as well as for the light which it flung upon many hitherto little-visited tracts of thought he never hesitated to express his admiration. That it was the "History of Civilisation" which induced him to begin collecting materials for his own next book, the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," is at least clear. This appeared in 1865, its writer being then barely twenty-seven years of age, and it at once became the centre of a

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storm, which to us in these days seems a trifle superfluous. It was, perhaps, to the advantage of the writer that his assailants should have belonged to two distinct and widely opposite camps. While upon the one hand he was denounced for "sentimentalism," upon the other hand there arose a clamour from amid the ranks of orthodoxy, approaching, if only faintly approaching, what was afterwards raised over the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer. That the subject was a very vast and complex one, too vast and complex to be disposed of within the compass of a single book, no one would have been quicker to recognise than Mr. Lecky himself. Incompleteness, so far from being a fault, was therefore an unavoidable element in the very nature of such an attempt. Between authority and private judgment; between the teachings of the churches, and the colder, if more verifiable, axioms of science; between the inexorable laws of Life and Death, and those inextinguishable Hopes which rise eternally above them—who shall decide? The end of that controversy, at any rate, is not yet.

Equally noisy was the outcry which arose over Mr. Lecky's next book, the "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne." This time his angriest assailants came from the ranks of the Utilitarians, by whom he was accused of having produced a "mere caricature" of their scheme of ethics. That the accusation may have had some foundation is possible. As he was himself fond of showing, a power of entering into, and even to some extent of sympathising with, an antagonistic point of view is one of the chief requisites for understanding it, and with the particular school in question he had all his life remarkably little sympathy. In any case, both these earlier books—more especially, perhaps, the "Rationalism"—have exhibited what is admittedly a very exceptional degree of vitality. They are both to this day eminently readable; both cover an enormous tract of ground, and both of them, moreover, have withstood the test of time to a degree which, for some

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reason, their rivals have shown themselves perfectly incapable of emulating.

As regards style, a straightforward, rather sonorous simplicity, is what, from the merely literary point of view, strikes the reader most forcibly in Mr. Lecky's writings. I do not know that the mere music of words—their sound, and swing, and harmony—appealed to him very strongly, or only so far as they enabled him to follow up some chain of reasoning, or to lay down some solid statement of fact. Here and there, however, especially in his earlier writings, we come upon passages of extraordinary beauty and suggestiveness. Of these one of the very finest occurs in the introduction to the "Rationalism," a passage which it is impossible ever to read without a thrill of literary pleasure.

> Civilisation makes the opinions that are opposed to it simply obsolete. They perish by indifference, not by controversy. They are relegated to the dim twilight land that surrounds every living faith; the land, not of death, but of the shadow of death; the land of the unrealised and inoperative.

Such a passage—equally full of truth, and of the beauty of sound—could hardly, one imagines, have been composed without keen enjoyment on the part of the writer. Similar ones become rarer, however, in Mr. Lecky's later books, and I am not sure that as an historian he entirely approved of indulging in them.

And this brings me to what is unquestionably the greatest and most enduring of all his books, to his vast and monumental "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." Even a properly qualified critic might hesitate to attempt within such necessarily contracted limits as these to give any notion of that great work. "'Twere in teaspoon to take the whole Genevese lake," and in the present case is happily as unnecessary as it would be presumptuous. Glancing at it for a moment from a single standpoint—that of the average Irish student—its first and most salient effect will perhaps be found to be the magnificent corrective which it affords to the volumes in which Mr.

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Froude dedicated his unique gifts of style and persuasion to the service, not of truth, but of partisanship; to a deliberate, or what looks like a deliberate, falsifying of the records; to the darkening and confusing of what was already only too dark and tangled. To such a perversion of history as this Mr. Lecky's great book comes as the very best of antidotes. Its conspicuous fairness; its far-reaching comprehensiveness; its slow, careful marshalling of facts, no matter how tangled and intricate; above all, its judicial tone, its breadth of treatment, and self-evident accuracy, all these inspire the reader of it with the conviction that, however many histories may still be fated to be written about the same period, this one, assuredly, can never become obsolete.

In the latest edition of it the historian was careful to divide the doings of England from those of Ireland—as some might say, of the sheep from the goats—and so completely has the separation been effected that it is actually possible for a reader to be fairly acquainted with one set of volumes while remaining almost wholly ignorant of their sister ones. No one who has ever had occasion to work through the five volumes which enshrine the last-named and more tragic portion of that history, will, I think, be able—as he travels slowly along, page after page, and decade after decade—to refrain from a feeling of admiration, I might almost say of awe, for the indomitable historian, who, undeterred by the gloom of such a subject—a gloom which must have been doubly felt by one who was himself such a patriotic Irishman—was yet able to bring his great task to so solid and so adequate a conclusion.

To pass rapidly over the list of Mr. Lecky's later books. In 1896, shortly after his election to the House of Commons, he published a political treatise in two volumes, called "Democracy and Liberty." After this followed a volume of Poems, which was succeeded in 1898 by the publication of an address delivered before the Imperial Institute, which re-appeared in pamphlet form under the title of "The Empire, its Value and its Growth." Next came a volume of Essays, to which he gave

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the title of "The Map of Life," while the very last literary task upon which he was engaged was that of revising, enlarging, and to a great extent re-writing, the first of all his books, the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," a work which in its final and two-volume form only appeared a few months before his death.

It is impossible to turn without a certain sense of incongruity from these comparatively placid and settled fields of history and literature in order to glance for a moment at the more public and parliamentary side of Mr. Lecky's career. It was in 1895 that he was asked to stand for his own University, and he was returned as a Liberal Unionist in the same year by a large majority. That he entered Parliament with only one object, with the single-eyed desire to be of service, no one has ever questioned. There was nothing which he could gain from it, for there was nothing which it had to offer him. Office he would never have accepted. His reputation was already made, and could gain no fresh lustre from its debates. Moreover its hours, and the very peculiar strain which it imposes upon its members, were anything but adapted to one whose health had always been rather fragile, and whose own inclinations were unmistakably those of a student, indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, in several respects of a recluse.

In spite of all this Mr. Lecky's parliamentary career stands out before us as at once unique and interesting. In the hustle and turmoil of these democratic days, a presence like his, so detached, and disinterested; so gentle, yet with a shade of aloofness, seems to occupy a niche wholly to itself. If he was proud, as he certainly was, of representing his old University, his old University was still more proud of being represented by him. If his taste was too fastidious, if his ideas were often too subtle for a great popular assembly, it will always remain to the credit of that assembly that he was listened to with attention, and even with quite exceptional deference. His vast stores of knowledge; the thoroughness with which he threw himself into every subject he took up, however complex;

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the accent of high conviction which breathed through every word he said; above all, the fairness which made him incapable of straining a point against an adversary, however contentious, all these are qualities necessarily rare in such an assembly, and necessarily, therefore, all the more valuable.

Although a convinced Unionist, his views as regards the various Irish questions in which he interested himself were always individual, and more than once brought him into opposition, not only with the majority of his fellow Unionists, but even with some of his own constituents. Of these more disputable points the chief perhaps was that of a Catholic University for Ireland. This demand—although admittedly with some reluctance—he invariably supported, and that for two simple, but in his opinion adequate reasons. In the first place, because the great majority of what would there be called "bettermost" Catholics preferred a more sectarian type of lay education to any which is at present to be found in Ireland. In the second place, because the number of young Irish Catholics of the same class already enjoying University education was in his opinion manifestly inadequate. While fully supporting in the House and elsewhere, this demand, he was always, however, careful to point out, and to bring Catholic evidence to show, the absolute liberality with which every honour and advantage of the existing Universities in Ireland are thrown open to Catholics, would they deign to avail themselves of them. And he would occasionally, in his own peculiarly quiet fashion, pour a gentle stream of ridicule over the rhetoric which found no difficulty in describing the present condition of affairs in that respect in Ireland, "in language which would scarcely be too weak were it applied to the persecutions of Diocletian."

And this brings me to a point which seems to demand a word or two, I mean the error of those who failed to do justice to the strong, though characteristically unemphasised, sense of humour which belonged to Mr. Lecky. Even in the otherwise cordial and appreciative summary which

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appeared in *The Times* of October 24, the same mistake is repeated. Now, so far from this being the case, his sense of humour was, to all who knew him intimately, one of the most individual and one of the most salient of all his characteristics. When his voice sank to its most plaintive pitch; when what has been described as his "mediæval-saint-like aspect" became most marked; when his very figure seemed to droop despondently, then the well-informed were aware that some delicate bit of irony, some discreet, but irresistible jest, was on the road. Even in his speeches the same quality, now and then, although more rarely, made itself felt. If unexpectedness is indeed the right definition of wit, then never did a jest fall less expectedly from any lips in this world than it did from those of Mr. Lecky.

A word now of personal recollections, before bringing these very fragmentary memoranda to a close. It was in 1886—memorable to many of us as the opening year of the great Home Rule controversy—that I first began to see a good deal of Mr. Lecky. He had long been a family friend, but his kindness towards some little literary efforts of my own which appeared in that year brought us into a more direct relationship. He and Mrs. Lecky had already been a good many years established in London, and it was chiefly there, and occasionally—especially during the few last months of his life—in Surrey, that my opportunities of seeing and talking with him occurred.

Any one who has ever tried to set down in dull, bald words the impression produced upon them by a remarkable and a somewhat subtle personality will sympathise, I hope, with my difficulty. That elusiveness which governs all our intercourse with one another is never, perhaps, so elusive as in connection with our friendships, and will always constitute one of the most tantalising of their elements. You flatter yourself that you know this or that distinguished man or woman well; you even dub yourself his or her friend; you have, at all events, the best of reasons for claiming him as yours, if kindliness or help-

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fulness can create such a tie; and yet—when all has been said—how much do you know of him? How short the journey which you—possibly any one—have ever made into the unvisited country of his real self?

If this is the case with all intercourse, especially must it be so in the case of a nature, not alone so reserved, but so singularly unegotistic, as was that of the subject of this sketch. A better, or a more helpful, friend than Mr. Lecky it would be impossible to imagine, and few have in their turn received warmer or more admiring gratitude than he did. And yet, out of the fairly large number of men and women who would have hastened to claim him as their friend, how many, one wonders, could boast that they really knew him well?

Words—written or spoken—being for practical purposes the only means of communication which our rather uninventive race has so far hit upon, it seems necessary to say a word here with regard to his qualities as what is called a conversationalist. Not that this last pretentious, and many-syllabled word, was one which any one in their senses would have dreamt of applying to Mr. Lecky. When talk grew general, his voice was not often to be heard, though now and then, perhaps during a lull, a few words dropped quietly, which did considerable execution. There were a variety of reasons, however, why he should have shone best—as he undoubtedly did—in a *tête-à-tête*. Even in this, the only really satisfactory form of conversation, he was not exactly what one would call a talker of great variety. As with all men, however, whose minds rise above a certain level of eminence, if the listener bided his time, and the hour was propitious, he had his reward. Sooner or later a vein of real gold, a vein of great, sometimes of even startling imaginativeness was opened. It used to be occasionally rather a surprise to me that the enticements of history rarely seemed to open that vein. Whether the subject had been gone over till it had lost all charm, or whether the lugubriousness of the particular branch of it which was apt to come uppermost, bored him, certain it is that few new

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lights into its intricacies were ever, in my recollection, to be enticed into view. Familiarity with its by-paths had not left in him any desire apparently to tread them unnecessarily. At the call of duty he was always prepared to do so, but for the casual relaxation of a friendly half-hour's talk—no. And even a direct question was apt to result either in a denial of any special knowledge as regards the matter in hand, or a hasty reference to the particular page of the "Eighteenth Century," from which the information you sought was to be extracted.

If the history of Ireland had early ceased to have any but official charms for Mr. Lecky, it was never so with regard to its scenery. His visits to the West of Ireland were at one time, I think, of almost yearly occurrence, and always seemed to leave behind them a harvest of impressions, upon which he would dilate enthusiastically. His knowledge of the greater part of that region was necessarily that of a tourist rather than of a native, but at least it was the knowledge of a tourist whom nothing escaped, and to whom an Ireland long past away and vanished was, moreover, as familiar as the one still extant, and over which cars are being driven. It was always a source of great regret to myself that circumstances had never been friendly enough to allow me the chance of meeting him upon the edge of the Atlantic. Even to the jaded atmosphere of a little London drawing-room some whiff of its own incomparable freshness and freedom may now and then, however, be wafted, when one person, to whom the very name of it is as music, describes, while the other listens.

These are, I think, the most salient of the impressions left upon my mind by Mr. Lecky's talk and personality. If not what would, superficially speaking, be called brilliant talk, it had, like his speeches, its exceptionally brilliant moments. At other times the impression produced upon the mind might be compared to that of being surrounded by a wide, possibly somewhat colourless, but always singularly pure and luminous atmosphere. There was little of the dramatic about it, neither was there much of that quality, I should imagine, in his nature. So

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little did "the pass and the incensèd point of mighty opposites" appeal to him, that it was difficult to help regretting that clash of opinions—worse, of nationalities—to which, as a public man, he was inevitably exposed. Even in the less perturbing atmosphere of bygone wars and controversies his preferences seemed to be towards tranquillity. I remember on one occasion hazarding, with the rashness of irresponsibility, the opinion that it was the battles of history which constituted the reward of the historian, but I received no support from the illustrious historian beside me. "I am not by any means particularly fond of battles," Mr. Lecky replied gently, and the talk drifted away to an enchanting old house in Holland in which he and Mrs. Lecky had recently been spending their autumn.

Critically, his judgments appeared to me to be always to an exceptional degree keen and delicate, and might even have leaned to the side of severity had they not been kept in check by his invariable kindliness. He literally could not endure to hear any one in whom he took an interest spoken of harshly. Not only was he appreciative of all that was good in contemporary literature, but, even where there was little to praise, he was still, as I have reason to know, generous and indulgent to a fault. With the exception of such merely external perturbations as have been already touched upon, his life seemed to be always an essentially serene and happy one. Happy in his home, in his work, in his friends; happiest of all in his own large, generous, exceptionally pure, and unworldly nature. Of vanity, or even of a man's ordinary ambition, he had, so far as an outsider could judge, extraordinarily little. Circumstances had lifted him above those carking cares which eat into so many lives, and until the ill-health of the last year or two broke upon his habits of work, and sadly unsettled the peaceful order of his days, an impression of placidity—as of a temperament to which no disturbance could be more than superficial—was perhaps the clearest of those which one was wont to associate with him. An untiring devotion to work and research; a love

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of truth, which might literally be called the one violent passion of an otherwise unvehement nature; a kindliness which nothing could daunt, and for which no effort seemed to be too great—such are the chief, the more enduring of the memories which he has left behind with those who can never, so long as their own lives last, cease to miss and to regret him.

EMILY LAWLESS.

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A FURTHER STUDY AT ASSISI

An attempt to determine the author of the "Life of Christ," in the North Transept of The Lower Church.

IN an article printed in the October number of the MONTHLY REVIEW I attempted to show that a great series of frescoes in the lower church of St. Francis at Assisi, attributed, contrary to tradition, by the majority of modern critics to Giotto, could find no place in a consistent chronology of his works. Sir Joseph Crowe, in his revised edition of the monumental "History of Painting in Italy"—the work in which these frescoes were for the first time seriously claimed for Giotto—leaves his original verdict unchanged. "The series," he says, "is now acknowledged to be Giotto's by an overwhelming consensus of opinion." But a careful re-examination of the frescoes and of the arguments by which this consensus of opinion was combated, has only served to confirm me in my heterodoxy. That among the numerous considerations adduced, some will be found erroneous, I am the first to anticipate (an error of a serious kind was committed in the reference to Taddeo Gaddi's crucifixions, the crucifixions I had in mind being works of Taddeo's school): yet I believe that, taken in their totality, they cannot easily be set aside, and that it may not, therefore, be unjustifiable to make a further step, and on the assumption that these frescoes are not by Giotto, proceed to consider who their real author may be.

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As Vasari, though blunderingly, seems yet to attribute them to Giovanni da Milano, it is natural to take that painter as a starting-point for positive inquiry. Two signed works by Giovanni are still in existence, a "Pietà" at the Academy in Florence, and, more important, an altar-piece representing the Virgin and Child with attendant saints and twelve scenes in a double predella, in the Municipal Gallery at Prato. Unfortunately this altar-piece has suffered even more severely from repainting than most other works of its time; when Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle first saw it, it had been lately exposed to "every vicissitude of weather," and half the Virgin's face was gone. The missing half has since that date returned, a fact which suffices in itself to show that the picture is only to be approached with the greatest caution, and that the foundations of the work will need to be distinguished from the nineteenth-century superstructure. Yet, even on these terms, a comparison of it with the frescoes at Assisi will be found both interesting and fruitful.

Among the best preserved portions of the Prato work are the standing figures of St. Barnabas and St. Bartholomew, herewith reproduced. A touch of affectation in the bend of the heads at once reveals an artist who is a stranger to the purity and directness of early Florentine art; he aspires, but cannot attain to it; he is baffled by the very simplicity of his task. His confusion appears further in a conscious treatment of the draperies; his saints stand for their portraits and themselves come to the painter's assistance, arranging the folds to suit his needs.

That Giovanni's St. Bartholomew is closely paralleled by the St. Simeon of the Assisi "Presentation" (Plate 2) will not be denied; it is not merely that the heads are both on one, and happen to be on the same side; the two faces, different as they are in feature, are identical in expression. The same sentiment of tender, self-conscious piety appears in both, and is again differently given by Giovanni in his St. Barnabas and his St. Catherine; it is the feeling he considers proper for a saint;

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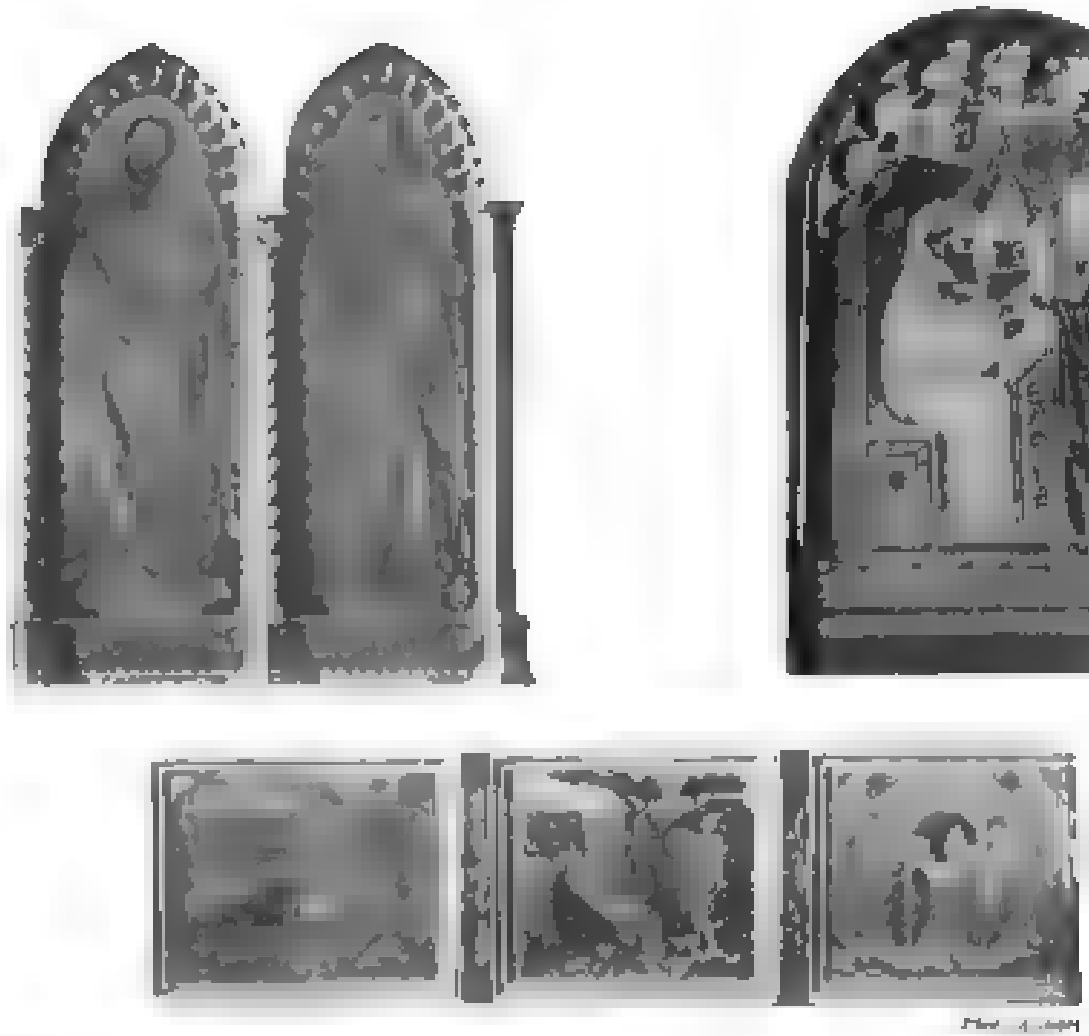

Plate [illegible] Parts of Carlo Maiano's altar-piece at Prato. Fig. 1 SS. Bartholomew and Benedict. Fig. 2 Virgin and S. Bernard (larger scale). Fig. [illegible] Nativity, Adoration, Presentation (slightly larger scale).

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and though in a series of works where action is represented, circumstances necessarily preclude the majority of persons from thus expressing themselves, it is remarkable that there are few frescoes in the Assisi series in which one or more of the main actors do not approximate to it.[1]

Action is also a saving clause in the Assisan representation of draperies. It is undeniable that a large proportion of the figures hold their clothes; but in some cases they can show reasons for doing so (as St. Joseph for his doves, in the "Presentation," or, in the "Adoration," the king to "twiddle his button") and charity will find reasons for the rest. Yet, though the figures are not themselves visibly disconcerted by what they wear, it is clear that the artist was greatly preoccupied with it, and searched for attitudes that would explain and justify the sweeping curves which he delights in. It may be noted, too, that he has a trick of giving a somewhat artificial regularity to the succeeding folds—very marked in the fine figure on the extreme left in the "Presentation"—and that this, suggested in the figure of St. Barnabas, recurs unmistakably in the predella scene of the Virgin appearing to St. Bernard (Plate 1, Fig. 2).

Further details, in which similarity of ideas and methods is traceable, might be drawn from a comparison of the predella scenes of the "Nativity," "Adoration," and "Presentation" with the same subjects at Assisi, and from the first of these and the last of three scenes from the Passion—Christ carrying his Cross—Giovanni's acquaintance with Giotto's work at Padua might be deduced; but time and space would be wasted in the process. For though the Prato altar-piece presents a nearer approach to the Assisi frescoes in sentiment and in execution than does any other work that has come under my notice, the remaining pictures of Giovanni—above all, his frescoes in the Rinucinni Chapel at Santa Croce—are decisive

[1] The Virgin in the Nativity, two kings in the Adoration, St. Joseph in the "Return Home," and others. So in some French Protestant circles, it is the custom, when a lull occurs in conversation, to cover it with the ejaculation "Oh! que le Seigneur est bon!"

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against his claim to the authorship of the series. His signed Pietà in the Florentine Academy has a taint of vulgarity about it, and the same quality appears in the Rinuccini Chapel[1] more strongly still. Now nothing is more remarkable in the Assisi artist than the delicacy and refinement of his feeling. It is true, indeed, that his sensitiveness sometimes plays him false; we find that when he has horror to depict he exaggerates it—as in the *Massacre of the Innocents*, where there is something needlessly brutal in the deliberate action of the stooping soldier.[2] We find the same kind of exaggeration in the martyr scenes of the predella of the altar-piece at Prato; it is a characteristic of all works connected with the Sienese.[3] But Giovanni da Milano is capable of utter wantonness; his *Raising of Lazarus* at Santa Croce is a stain upon his reputation. It is needless, then, to describe minutely his favourite type of feature (well illustrated in St. Barnabas), and to enlarge on its differences from those that appear at Assisi; it is clear that he was in close relations with the Assisi master; that he influenced or was influenced by him; but he could not have been the author of the *Life of Christ*.

Giovanni da Milano was Taddeo Gaddi's journeyman, and it was to him that Taddeo on his death-bed entrusted the artistic education of his son Agnolo. It is to Taddeo that the frescoes are ascribed by a tradition which still survives at Assisi; and Giovanni da Milano being disposed of, it is only fair to Taddeo to give some consideration to his claim. Of

[1] The definitely shocking effect which its frescoes now produce is, of course, to be referred to the eighteenth-century restorers.

[2] He is cutting off the head of one of the children, who lies with his face to the ground.

[3] The other features noted as common to the two artists are also characteristic of Sienese work. For an account of Giovanni's connection with Siena, see the chapter devoted to him by Crowe and Cavalcaselle: the great critics perfectly understood his style. Sienese influence appears strongly in the colouring of the Assisi works, but in their form not less. Mr. Sidney Colvin first pointed it out to me, after studying the *Adoration of the Magi* in a photograph.

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Taddeo's copious work in fresco, a single chapel is all that now remains, and this has been subject to sweeping restoration of the most heedless kind. As a fresco painter Taddeo cannot be judged. Yet we are so far fortunate as to find in this damaged relic—the Baroncelli Chapel at Santa Croce—Taddeo's treatment of several of the scenes that are pictured at Assisi. His *Adoration of the Magi* is reproduced here, and will repay study. A comparison of the Virgin's face with another by Taddeo in a niche near by confirms what its expressiveness would lead us to suspect—that it has suffered less from restoration than the other parts of the picture.[1] The type is by no means pleasing at first sight, but gentleness combined with strength of character gives it a permanent artistic value. As these frescoes are known to have been Taddeo's earliest independent work, it is irrational to suppose that in later life he would have been content with insipidity such as we find in the Virgin of the Assisi "Adoration."[2] Nevertheless, that "Adoration" makes a far nearer approach to Taddeo's than to Giotto's at Padua; and the action of the child at Assisi is clearly a development of Taddeo's idea. Hardly less important, and more incontrovertible, is the fact that the two pictures contain identical architecture; the formation of the porches in which the Virgin sits, with the balcony above, the three square apertures, the delicate pointed windows, are only less remarkable for their similarity than for their slight differences. That the Assisi architecture is the more elaborate and graceful, and therefore, presumably, of later date, need not be pointed out; what interests us most is that the Assisi artist is so well acquainted with Taddeo's design that he can turn the building round a little and present it at a different angle to the spectator. Taddeo's lobby answers its purpose well enough, but it hardly deserved the distinction of being in this way learnt by heart.

[1] Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle note that the fresco has been totally repainted.

[2] A reproduction of this fresco was given in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1903.

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It must have been circumstance that taught the painter his lesson so completely. Had he been Taddeo's son he might have learnt it, when as a boy he helped his father.

The *Nativity* at Assisi is also no less clearly modelled on Taddeo's representation of the subject as we see it in the left wing of his altar-piece at Berlin. The latter is described by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as "all but a repetition of the same subject in the lower church at Assisi." In both, Giotto's realistic treatment is replaced by a more devotional rendering. It became usual, at an early date, to consider the Virgin exempt from the sufferings of child-birth. Taddeo represents her already sitting upright on a mattress beside the manger, and giving her child the breast. The Assisi painter, departing still further from the more human associations of the event, makes her adore the child she holds on her knee.

That Taddeo was not himself the author of the Assisi frescoes, it is not, however, necessary to prove. Taddeo has never been accused of the affectation which distinguishes them, or ever been suspected of the slightest contamination from the Sienese. That no fresco work of Taddeo's betrays an approach in quality to *The Life of Christ* is perhaps not wholly Taddeo's fault; but if his powers of composition as a whole can be judged from the decoration of the Baroncelli chapel, there can be little doubt that he was in this respect greatly inferior to his successor.

Who could be expected to combine so close a relationship, as we have seen in these frescoes, to Taddeo, with another equally close to Giovanni da Milano, if not Taddeo's son? Ruskin, we know, hazarded the conjecture that Agnolo was the author of *The Life of Christ*. May it not be possible that we have here the assertion of his real penetrative genius, and not of the perverseness that he at times allowed to obscure it?

Recent discoveries with regard to the life of Agnolo and the chronology of his works seem likely to give him higher claim to consideration as a serious painter than formerly he possessed. But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, even in their

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Plate III — The Temptation, Sant'Urbano, Vallerano (detail)

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first edition, already gave him an eminent place; regarding Orcagna as the greatest among the followers of Giotto, it was not without hesitation that they set Agnolo on a lower level. "On the whole," they say, "he must be allowed to rank as a painter below Orcagna." Agnolo then may not be dismissed quite so summarily as he sometimes has been; that the spirit of the Gaddi is recognisable in these frescoes is obvious, not only from the many considerations I have adduced already, but from the part in their execution which has been assigned to Taddeo in defiance of chronology by critics who believe them to be Giotto's. May we not believe that Taddeo here, instead of traducing his master, is living a second time in the work of his son?

The idea loses force in face of Agnolo Gaddi's existing works; it is true that they belong almost exclusively to his latest period, and that Agnolo was noted for the loss of spontaneity which marked his advancing years. But the *Legend of the Girdle* at Prato or of the "Holy Cross" in Santa Croce, if the work of a master in his decline, have so distinctive a character of their own, as to entitle us to say definitely that Agnolo at the height of his power even if, as is unlikely, he equalled, certainly never resembled the master of the frescoes at Assisi. Giovanni da Milano either neglected his tutorship, or failed to give it effect. Agnolo's is a fresher, franker manner, but also far less thoughtful, less serious, and less sympathetic.

The perplexity of the situation naturally increases after the exhaustion of the small list of painters, one amongst whom, we hoped, might be found to satisfy the requirements of our evidences. That our painter belongs to the second generation from Giotto, is linked to him by Taddeo Gaddi, and drawn by Giovanni da Milano towards the Sienese, there are ample reasons to believe. Yet none of the known masters of the time combines the qualifications which would substantiate his claim to be the author of the series. None the less there remains a further evidence of an important kind, pointing still

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in the direction we have indicated, and emphasising the requirements already advanced. It is well known that the Uffizi collection at Florence contains a drawing of one of the subjects —*The Salutation*—a drawing attributed by the authorities of the gallery to Taddeo Gaddi. It is interesting to compare this with a photograph of the fresco itself. Such a comparison can leave little doubt that we see in the Uffizi the original drawing of the subject, a completed study, that is, such as fresco painters invariably used, and held in one hand as they worked, transferring it to the wall by a mathematical process of enlargement. It is commonly supposed that the drawing at the Uffizi was made not for the fresco, but from it. Yet such a hypothesis is difficult to maintain when the drawing itself is attentively examined. The drawing is not a sketch, and the artist who produced it was equally interested in all its parts. Those who believe that a great artist thus set himself to make a perfect replica of an existing picture must explain what motive may have prompted him to do so; but they must explain more; they must explain why the mosaic pattern of the architecture, indicated with accuracy in the drawing, is different from that which appears in the fresco; why the garden door which in the fresco is shut to please us by the contrast offered by its darkness to the light tone of the wall it is set in, stands ajar in the drawing, and lets the light stream through. They must explain, finally, how the artist, with the severest economy of line, has succeeded not only in reproducing but even in intensifying the feeling for which the fresco itself has always been held remarkable. The reader will recognise, even from the small reproduction given here, that the artist's power has been concentrated, or has at least been most successfully shown, in the figure of St. Elizabeth. He treats it in the drawing with even greater impressiveness.

If these observations are correct, it yet remains open to those who believe these frescoes to be Giotto's to conclude that the drawing is likewise his. My ignorance of technical methods precludes me from expressing an opinion here;

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Plate IV. The Sundering Seas

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moreover, were the drawing Giotto's, it would be unique: no comparisons are possible, and to speak with assurance is therefore clearly dangerous. But I am glad to be able to summon to my aid so noted an authority as Mr. Berenson, who, in his exhaustive work on the drawings of Florentine Masters, lately published,[1] assigns to *The Salutation* a date almost identical with that which I have now suggested for the frescoes. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Berenson, believing Giotto to be their author, should find that "the difference in quality between painting and drawing is so great that it alone amply suffices to prove a difference in authorship." I cannot agree with him here, and would even humbly suggest—as indeed I have suggested already—that the difference, if any, is in favour of the drawing. "Cruder proof," continues Mr. Berenson, "is not wanting. The pen-stroke and the shading betray a Sienese hand, and even the faces have suffered a change from the firm, severe type of Giotto to the comelier, softer beauty of the Sienese." (That the firmness and severity of Giotto are conspicuous in these frescoes by their absence is what we have already had frequent occasion to remark.) "Something more obvious even than this softening is the change in the hair of the second woman to the left. In the drawing it is quite free and combed into wavelets. It is the way of dressing the hair affected by most of the Sienese painters who flourished towards the end of the fourteenth century."

In short, the drawing, presumably, as we have seen, a study for the fresco is, like the fresco, the work of a man who has felt the influence of Siena; and, like the frescoes, it seems to date, at earliest, from the second half of the fourteenth century.

So valuable and unexpected a corroboration of our theory gives us courage to pursue what must else have seemed the almost hopeless task of looking about for an author among names to which as yet no works have been attached. Our

[1] A work to which I had access by the kindness of Mr. J. Bain.

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recorded observations enable us to place him with some accuracy in the history of the Tuscan School, and we are even able to determine some of the conditions in which he may have lived.

The Master we imagine would be, if possible, the son of Taddeo Gaddi, educated probably under the eye of Giovanni da Milano, but soon surpassing him; were he called, like him, Giovanni, we should understand why the two had been confused; he would be a better master even than his brother Agnolo, and to explain the disappearance of his name and reputation, he would die young. Now Vasari knew of a son of Taddeo's who had the name that we require, and who died early, after showing great promise as a painter; but it has only been lately discovered that this Giovanni fulfilled his promise before he died; that he was recognised as a greater painter than his brother, or than Giovanni da Milano; that he was counted, while he lived, one of the three greatest followers of Giotto; that he fulfils, in short, every condition that we require. The document in which this startling revelation appears was published last November in the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the editor's note, vol. ii., page 187. We gather from it that a number of painters were working together at the Vatican in the autumn of 1369. We find Giovanni da Milano working first for *5d.*, later *6d.*, a day, in company with various unknown painters, whose wages are the same or less. We find, finally, three Masters who are named as if in a class by themselves, are paid at a higher rate, and have each a specially named assistant. These are Giotto Magistri Stephani (probably the artist now known as Giottino), Johannes Archipresbyterus (a man whose very name is new), and Johannes Thadei, whose assistant is his brother Angelus.

It is not an idle speculation to propose Giovanni Gaddi as the author of *The Life of Christ*. We seek as vainly among the existing works of the Giotteschi for anything that recalls its peculiar style, as among the authentic works of Giotto

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himself. The delicate and delightful architecture, with its soft colouring, its pleasant proportions, and a perspective whose defects the artist knowingly conceals; the slim figures, with their upright or even slightly convex bearing, their enveloping mantles, their refined and gentle but somewhat brainless features; the affectation bordering on insipidity in the women, the sobriety bordering on affectation in the men; the conscious and direct imitation of Giotto, which, equalling some of his qualities and perhaps surpassing others, misses all his force and character, while amusing itself with a tasteful but somewhat senseless elaboration of his themes—all these, with other qualities already defined, combine to make a unique impression, to suggest the workmanship of a painter as yet unknown.

Should this be conceded, Vasari's attribution of the series to Giovanni da Milano receives an intelligible explanation. His guide at Assisi may have told him that these were works of Giovanni Gaddi; we will suppose that he did so. Vasari, believing as, indeed, he tells us, that Taddeo's son Giovanni died before executing any important works, naturally asks himself who his guide may mean. Nothing could be more usual than for Giovanni da Milano, as Taddeo's assistant, to take his master's name; to Vasari, therefore, Gaddi's Giovanni meant, not Taddeo's son, but his assistant Giovanni of Milan; and so the error arose, which has obscured the actual authorship of *The Life of Christ*.

The hypothesis is necessarily daring, and I had formed it without being aware that any external evidence could be adduced in its support, when I discovered, to my amazement, that Giovanni Gaddi's name was preserved in the famous "Collis Paradisi Amænitas," a work of the close of the seventeenth century, printed at Montefalco after the death of its author, in 1709. The purpose of Father Angeli, the writer, who belongs to the order of St. Francis, is to describe the glories and privileges of the great church and convent dedicated to the memory of its seraphic founder at Assisi. Pater Angeli

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was capable, as we know and can well understand, of the most surprising fictions where the reputation or sanctity of St. Francis seemed to him to be at stake; but to the least trustworthy of historians a capacity for speaking truth must be conceded, when he can have no imaginable motive for saying what is false. Pater Angeli had read his Vasari and for the most part follows him in the description of the frescoes at Assisi; he even goes so far as to claim Vasari's authority for all his assertions with regard to them. But he belies himself; for at the end of the chapter in which they are described, we come upon the following interesting announcement, which it may be well to quote in full:

"Jo: Gaddus Taddei, filius concivis et discipulus Giotti, in cupa sinistri brachii B. Virginis et Jesu pinxit historias, puta Visitationem, Nativitatem, Epiphaniam, Purificationem, Innocentium stragem, fugam in Aegyptum, iter ad Ierosolymam, Disputationem inter Doctores. In ordine medio est Christus Crucifixus, mater, mulieres ad crucis dexteram plorantes, ad laevam Franciscus cum sociis genuflexus, per aeram Angeli pacis amare flentes, et sanguinem vulnerum scyphis suscipientes; in immediato super Virginis Altare prospectu est Virgo ipsa cum filio sedens duos inter Angelos stantes; subtus extra cornu epistolae prope majoris Tribunae Arcum vera S. P. Francisci vero habitu induti effigies."

Father Angeli speaks of the "left transept" because he is a priest, accustomed to sit in the choir and look down the length of the nave; but happily his accurate description of the subjects depicted can leave no doubt that he refers to our series of *The Life of Christ*. It is interesting to note that he speaks of it as "Stories of the Blessed Virgin and of Jesus," thus lending unconscious support to the view that it was these scenes which Vasari intended to attribute to Giovanni da Milano, and strengthening another link in the somewhat feeble chain of our evidences.

Naturally the author will await with the greatest interest the verdict to be passed upon this theory by critics of experi-

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ence. He recognises that the strange process by which the theory first developed in his mind and afterwards received unexpected corroboration from without, disqualifies him from viewing it dispassionately, and that he has not erred alone if the very fact that his idea was original has caused him to overrate the evidences which seem to support it. Against this tendency, none the less, he has been strenuously on his guard; and all that he now desires to claim as a result of his effort is that the position of criticism with regard to the Assisi frescoes be recognised as temporarily, at least, reversed; that those critics who think Giotto is its author be required to show better reasons for their opinion than have been adduced hitherto.

Yet he cannot relinquish the hope that the critical world will tax its generosity and consent to add another name to the splendid company of Italian Masters. Giotto will not withhold his gratitude, and the great basilica of Assisi will gain more glory than it will lose.

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

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A RUSSIAN PRIVATEER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages, and down to the time when the appearance of England and Holland within the Straits began to modify so profoundly the situation in the Mediterranean, there was established along the Dalmatian coast a sea-power that is now long forgotten. But in their day, and it was a long one, the Uscocks, or Iscocchi as they were called, were a force to be reckoned with. For five hundred years they disputed with Venice the command of the Adriatic. It was in fighting against them that Venice first learned to be a naval power. And it was to commemorate his crushing victories over them that the Doge Orseolo II., in the year 1000, assumed the title of Duke of Dalmatia, and established the famous ceremony of the *Sposalizio del Mar*, the annual wedding of the sea. Subdued by Orseolo's success they remained comparatively innocuous during the hey-day of Venetian power. In Renaissance times, however, they were re-invigorated by an influx of Slav refugees, who, retreating before the Turkish conquests, found at length rest and comparative security along the broken and mountainous shores of he Adriatic. The very nature of their new home made them take to the sea. Their necessities and natural bent turned them to pirates. So once more the Uscocks became formidable and waged war to the knife on the enemy who had supplanted them, plundering Christian and Moslem alike wherever they

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dared. At the opening of the seventeenth century they still continued to stain the sea with their ruthless warfare. Encouraged by Hungary and Austria, by Spain, and even by the Pope, they remained a drag upon the Venetian power, and when, about the year 1617, the Duke of Osuna, the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, planned his daring attempt on Venice, known to history as the Spanish Conspiracy, he relied largely upon their co-operation. It was only when from England and Holland the new sea-power of the North was thrown into the scale against him and his confederates that success became impossible. This was their last serious appearance as a political force, and in 1618, only a few years previously, we get a vivid glimpse of what their methods of warfare were to the end. In that year, while fighting under the instigation of Ferdinand of Styria, they had been defeated by the Venetians. A few days after the battle, however, they succeeded in surprising the galley of the Venetian captain, Cristofero Veniero. The entire crew was butchered on the spot. Veniero was taken to a neighbouring port, where the corsairs cut off his head, tore out his heart and eat it, soaking their bread in his blood that the courage of him and his race might pass into their own savage veins. It was the eve of the Thirty Years' War, a time when no military excess can startle us. We can pass such things by, dimmed as they are by distance, and thank Heaven men are not now as they were. We can think comfortably of such savagery as having come to an end with the seventeenth century, to the soothing increase of our faith in the upward course of mankind.

It comes, then, with a kind of shock to find that these things, far from ending with the Thirty Years War, survived amongst these people till Nelson's time, and that, beside the gentleness and chivalry with which he and his fellows illuminated war in the Mediterranean, there were raging excesses as wild and horrible as when the agents of Osuna swung head downwards between the pillars in the Piazzetta of St. Mark.

There has recently come to light amongst the naval papers

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which have descended to Rear-Admiral W. H. Henderson, the present Admiral-Superintendent of the Royal Dockyard at Devonport, a curious document, which vividly reveals to us this lurid undercurrent. By his courtesy I am permitted to make use of it to uncover this strange survival of savagery in civilised warfare, which, revolting as it is, seems to have a definite value in the history both of naval warfare and of the human moral sense. It is a Journal kept by one William Davidson, a British seaman, while serving on board a Russian privateer in the Mediterranean in 1789. How far the ship was actually Russian we cannot tell. Her crew was certainly made up of the waifs of many nations, and mainly from the descendants of the Uscocks and Greeks of similar antecedents, who were gathered by her captain along the shores where the old ruthless game was played. Russia was then engaged, in alliance with Austria, in one of her most successful wars with Turkey. Her letters of marque appear to have been scattered with a free hand to vessels of various and even indefinite nationality. In the present case, at least, the captain appears to have been an old Mediterranean hand of very questionable antecedents, and we must assume that the warfare which the Journal reveals was not characteristically Russian, but rather a survival of primitive Mediterranean methods. The manuscript in Admiral Henderson's possession is a copy of the original. It was made in 1794 by Captain Keats of the *Niger*, afterwards Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, but better known as "Keats of the *Superb*," whom Nelson called "one of the very best officers in his Majesty's Navy." It is easy to understand the impression which Davidson's extraordinary narrative made on a man of his resource and daring. It was in the *Superb* he made his reputation by one of the most fantastic exploits in the Great War. Whilst serving under De Saumarez in 1801 off the Straits, he was ordered by the admiral to make sail and attack the rear of a Spanish squadron they had in chase, and which they were afraid of losing as night came on. Not only did Keats come up with

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the Spaniards, but passed clean through them, and, firing as he went, set them blindly fighting together in the dark. In the end two Spanish three-deckers destroyed one another, while Keats, with his "seventy-four," carried on out of harm's way and captured a French ship, manned, like Davidson's privateer, with every nationality in Europe. He commanded the *Niger* in the Channel from 1790 to 1793. Davidson was with him at this time, but deserted; and it was in this way his papers came into Keats's hands. The original Journal, as the flyleaf of the transcript records, was shown to Lord Hood, but there is no further trace of its existence, or of Davidson's. It is easy to believe, after following his adventures in the Russian privateer, that with such experiences fresh in his mind he may have found life in the Royal Navy insupportably tame.

All he tells us of the ship is that she was called the *St. Dinnan* and mounted twenty-two guns, and that with other Englishmen he sailed in her early in December 1788 from Leghorn, a place which, ever since the Medici had made it a port of the first class, had been one of the principal resorts of British merchantmen trading within the Straits. As Leghorn was a neutral port and always specially tender in her relations with the Turks, the *St. Dinnan* did not sail as a ship of war, but as a merchantman, with an ordinary crew and her armament concealed. "She was bound," the Journal tells us, "for Messina, in the Island of Sicily, as a merchant vessel until she would get there, and from thence she was to get a clearance and go a-cruising." A gale, however, drove them into Porto Ferrajo, in Elba, also at that time a Tuscan port, and not to lose time they began, in defiance of the Grand Duke's regulations, to fit her for her work. "We were getting," Davidson writes in his forecastle English, "the guns and shot from under the ballast in the hold and was fixing them on the carriages, when they taking notice of us on the shore that we were a-fitting out as a vessel of war, they sent an order on board for us to sail immediately; and, if not,

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they would stop the ship, as that is not allowed for any ship of war to fit out of any port belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." They accordingly sailed, but as the wind still held foul for Messina they merely went round to Porto Longone, where a less vigilant or less conscientious authority permitted them to complete the work in peace.

It was not till the middle of January that they cleared for Messina, and by that time the Englishmen began to see such a ship was no place for them. Whether or not they had been induced to engage by false representations, they now demanded to be set ashore at Messina. But the captain refused to let them go, on the plea that he could not get hands to replace them till he reached Malta. At Malta, however, they were no better off; for although the Grand Master allowed the ship to refit and take in small-arms, to wit, "thirty muskets and cutlasses fifty, blunderbusses twenty-four and pistols eighty," he would not permit a man to join, "which made the Englishmen very discontented, as they could not get their discharge." When they saw how the captain meant to fill up to a fighting complement things looked blacker than ever. "Here," the Journal continues, "came on board us three slaves that had been murderers that had made their escape. Our captain protected them on account that they entered with us. The 16th February we sailed for the Island of Zante, where we were obliged for to go with them, as it is there we are going for to man our ship, which frightens us the more as the inhabitants of that place is nothing but thieves and most pirates. All this time we had fair wind and clear weather until we had got as far as Solu (*sic*); then the wind came against us, and blowing hard we were obliged to bear away for Cephalonia, where we got safe in and moored. We had not been in many days before that we got sixty-eight of these pirates on board us. We can call them nothing else upon account the most of them are all pirates. There we got on board of us carpenters, and cut two portholes between decks, where we put two 12-pounders, and then got everything ready for sea. But the

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day before we sailed the captain of the pirate that sunk the Dutch ship in 1786 gave our captain five hundred crowns for to take him on board as lieutenant, and certainly would have done it if the Russian Consul would let him; but, as he told him, that if he was to take him on board or even take him off the island that he should have all the men-of-war in the Straits after him." The port where all this happened is not mentioned, but internal evidence shows very clearly that it was Argostoli the scene of last year's manœuvres by the combined squadrons in the Mediterranean, and of Prince Louis of Battenberg's clever escape.

Finding the squeamishness of the Russian Consul not to be overcome the captain decided to sail in search of more hands to Previsa, a notable haunt of the old Uscocks. "We had not been long in," Davidson proceeds, "before we heard there was some pirates ashore in the mountains: which our captain wrote several letters to them for to come on board. Besides, every night we would have the two boats ashore armed in readiness for to take them aboard. One day the captain went up to the town and met two of them: which he told them for to go and tell the rest to come down abreast the ship at night. So they did, for there came down that night thirty-five of them on board, which made us English and Italians very discontented, as they were all pirates." The discontent of the original crew was not unreasonable seeing that they had added to their company over a hundred desperadoes of the true Uscock type.

The company was now complete, and the captain proceeded to cruise. At first, it must be said, they went to work with some sense of decency. On the second day they over hauled a Ragusan brig carrying some Turkish passengers from Crete, "which had a great quantity of dollars and silk with them, that we took from them, but the Turks we let go, as they were taken under neutral colours. Next day we shared the money, which came to forty-three hard dollars a man. As for the silk, the captain kept it for himself." So they continued

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down the coast, trailing a "long-boat" behind them in the fashion of the sixteenth century, and arming her with eight swivels and thirty-five men when a prize was to be cut out or overhauled in a calm. Once it caught a Tartar, and was beaten off with severe loss; but in the first week of April two fat prizes were taken, and then begins the tale of butchery told without a qualm. "We took all out of her," Davidson writes of the first one, "and sunk the ship, besides killing nine Turks that were on board. As for the Greeks, they entered with us." And again of the second: "The silk we took out of her, the rest we sunk in the vessel, people and all together, which was in number fifteen Turks." International law began rapidly to lose its sanctity in other directions. They had put into Selou (*sic*) to careen, and as it was thirsty work they began to be short of wine. "So the captain ordered the second lieutenant to go out in the long-boat, and gave him orders for to take the first vessel he met with, let her be what she would, if she had wine on her; which he did, for he brought in a vessel that had seven pipes of Cyprus wine in, which we took it all out and let her go. She was a Greek settee come from Samos." When the work was done they forced the boats of all the merchantmen in the harbour to tow them out, and quietly took from the owners fifteen thousand hard dollars, or £3300, "for not troubling them any longer, which our captain told them he would give them three days to get away and no more. So we left them."

The next vessel they fell in with was a pirate, who a few days before had taken a Ragusan and three Venetians and killed every soul in them, "and in the room of taking this pirate we gave him powder and arms and let him go, because he was one of our captain's old acquaintances." At such proceedings Davidson's displeasure clearly began to grow, and when they took their next prize he remarks with barely restrained disapproval that though it was only a neutral with some Turkish goods they plundered her of everything, "and one of our men killed their captain and two men for only asking

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him to return a small chest of silk turbans and swashes that he took."

So nearly a month passed, but before it was out he was to receive a still more severe shock. So great had been the drain on their strength by casualties and the call for prize crews that it became necessary to run down to Cerigo, which was then still Venetian, to fill up their complement, and while thus engaged they sighted a vessel putting in which they recognised as that which had beaten off their long-boat some weeks previously. As she could not be touched under the Venetian guns, they secretly armed and manned both their boats and sent them outside to waylay her when she sailed; and this time they were quite successful. As she cleared the harbour the two boats surprised her and killed every man on board, sparing only two boys.

But all that had been done hitherto was in the captain's eyes but preliminary exercise, to keep his hand in until he had again made up his crew to full war strength. By May it was done, and before they left Cerigo they had entered another score or two of pirates. The new hands brought the company up to a hundred and fifteen, of whom at least a hundred must have been of the Greek and Uscock brood. As they were now ripe for serious work, the captain called the hands aft and read them his commission, "which was," says Davidson, "that we were going against the Turks, and as they were a cruel enemy that we must stand true to the colours and that we must neither give quarter nor take quarter, but burn, sink and destroy all that came in our way, and the more we took the more we should have for ourselves besides doing so much good for the Russian Empress; which all hands gave three cheers and said there was no fear."

Their cruising ground was the Archipelago, and prizes came fast. The first was a Turkish cruiser of fourteen guns. "After engaging her half an hour she struck, which we put all the prisoners to death, in number one hundred and twenty-three, took the best of everything out of the ship and sunk

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her." So the remorseless tale goes on with ever-increasing cruelty. The fate of a Tunisian privateer that struck after an hour's action still further excited Davidson's disgust. "We took," he says, "all the prisoners on board of us, in number one hundred and twenty-five, and after examining them, one of them told our captain that they would have struck sooner only they expected us to board them, and then they would have blown up the ship; which our captain ordered them all on board their own ship again, [except] only the man that told us what they intended to do. After they were all on board, we made this man we kept on board go and set the ship on fire, people and all together, which was a dreadful sight for to see. The man we forgave and put him ashore." Prize after prize followed, and every Turk on board them was butchered mercilessly, till the conscience even of the Englishmen became deadened with the brutality, and the spirit of the old Uscocks entered into them in all its fierceness. The passage in which Davidson relates how he and his mates first came to take a hand in the butchery forms a really curious human document. At Thermia their leader took a Turkish galley without a blow being struck. "She had on board," he says, "eighty-five hands, which we took on board us and confined them in the hold till next day. Then they were called up one by one and had their heads cut off in the same manner as we cut ducks' heads off at home, and then threw them overboard. Now this being the first time we were obliged for to take it by turns to put them to death, the Englishmen, when they were called for, refused it, but as the captain told them they were cowards or people that were afraid of their enemies, he could not believe they were Englishmen, then they went and did the same as the rest. And afterwards was worse than themselves: for they would always be the first when such work was going on, and at last got quite used to it; for sometimes we had three or four of a day to put to death to one man's share."

How hardened even Davidson himself became we can see in the cold-blooded indifference with which he continues the

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hideous tale. Every prize that was taken was served the same way. Off Cyprus, in one ship of twenty-four guns, they took no less than two hundred and fifty prisoners, and though by manning prizes the crew was reduced to eighty hands, every man of them was murdered in cold blood. After that, by pressing men from any neutral they met, they made their company up again and the wild work went on as merrily as ever. Ashore they were as ruthless as at sea. Three defenceless towns were plundered of everything they contained and laid in ashes. Almost every day they heaped up fresh riches, till with a throb of relief we read how, cruising off Rhodes, they fell foul of a small Turkish squadron of men-of-war. There was a fifty-gun ship, a frigate of forty-four guns, and three smaller vessels of sixteen guns. They all gave chase, and the *St. Dinnan* hoisted French colours and ran. What followed Davidson shall tell :—

At seven the frigate came alongside us which the captain wanted to engage, but the lieutenant would not until the others should be further astern. Then they were three miles astern of us. In the meantime the frigate kept continually firing at us. Then at half-past we hauled the French colours down and engaged her, and shot away her foretopsail-yard, when he tried for to go down to the others; but before that she got from under our guns we had the luck for to set her on fire. By this time the others came up with us, and got round us, which caused us to fill the train that we had to the magazine ready to blow the ship up if any of them boarded us. So any one may guess the condition we was in at this time, as we made sure of being taken. But as God would have it we got so close to the 50-gun ship's stern that our larboard spritsail yard-arm touched her stern, and we fired as fast as possible we could until they silenced the guns and took to the small arms, which we killed most of their men, for they could not make any sail to get away from us. All their rigging and sails was shot away.

By this time the frigate had got her topsail-yard up and came up to us; which we made sail to get away, but all in vain, as she sailed better than we did. So we was obliged to engage her once more, but soon disabled her by carrying away her foretopmast half-way down. Then we had the three small ones to keep off. But as soon as they saw that the two large ships were able for to do no more, they made sail away from us, which we were glad of, as it was half-past eleven o'clock at night, and we had seventeen killed and nine wounded, and all our sails and rigging tore to pieces. Our force being no more than

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twenty-two guns, and if there was another of like force with us, we would have taken the five of them. But now we got clear of them, we wish that we were as clear of the cruise and the ship.

For desperadoes who could fight such an action, albeit with a live mine under their feet, it is impossible not to feel a touch of sympathy; but it is only to lose it again as the monotonous record proceeds without qualm or variation, except that now, "the Captain ordered that the prisoners should be put to death in the head as there was such dirty decks with them always." They managed to refit at Karpathos, and having been warned that an Algerine squadron was in search of them, they ran down to the Egyptian coast to be out of harm's way. It was a productive station, and here they remained, playing the same relentless havoc, until one day they heard, from a prisoner whose life they had spared, that a Turkish squadron of three of the line and five frigates was lying at Rhodes, "waiting for the Russians to go up the Arches that they might get behind them." On this, not wishing to repeat their previous lesson, they held away to Syracuse—not with any idea of giving up their cruise, but only to see if they could find some consorts. There they were lucky enough to fall in with three Russian privateers ready for sea. Two others came in from Trieste a few days later, and three more from Leghorn. They were now nine sail, "the least of us mounting sixteen guns and the commodore thirty-four, and now we thought ourselves able to attack the Turkish fleet, although they had three of the line and five frigates, besides a number of small vessels." So to Rhodes they betook themselves, being joined on the way by two Malta frigates. But, in spite of every provocation they could devise, the Turks would not stir, and, after a week's stay, they decided to separate and cruise independently.

One more adventure remains to be told before Davidson's cruise came to an end, in which our godless demons are seen posing as the guardians of international morality, unwillingly it is true, and yet with a drastic truculence that left nothing

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to be desired. They were cruising off Cerigo, but without success, for a notable pirate was about, scouring the seas of the Morea, and not a merchantman dared show her nose. Still they clung to their ground in growing ill-humour, till chance brought them to something they had not bargained for.

> On the third day of August we seen a large ship close in to the west end of the island; which we steered after her, but to our misfortune found it was the pirate, for she engaged us from ten o'cloek till half-past three in the afternoon. Then she hauled her colours down, after having fifty-four men killed and seventy-five wounded, and us fifteen killed and forty-three wounded. She mounted thirty-two guns, nine and six-pounders, and had three hundred and seventy-eight men on board. . . . At six o'clock in the afternoon we took all the prisoners on board of us, and confined them in the hold till next morning. Then our captain examined them; which they confessed they had taken many a vessel of all nations, and killed the people, and sunk the vessels after they had plundered them of everything worth taking; which our captain said they should all be put to the cruellest death ever could be invented, and so we did.

The penalty which these pirates, not being like the others old acquaintances of the privateer captain, had to pay, Davidson describes in minute detail and with callous precision. No more need be said here than that the vengeance exacted makes the worst of the previous excesses look pale, and brings the cruise to a climax not unworthy of the rest. The punishment which the *St. Dinnan* had received was so severe that a dock and hospital had to be sought at Zante, and there, by the time they were ready for sea, they received a summons from the Russian Consul at Trieste to join a squadron that was gathering in that port. The order was obeyed, and there at last the Englishmen got their discharge and wages. It is clear, in spite of their previous displeasure, they were very well satisfied with the result, for they got their share of the plunder "which," as Davidson complacently concludes, "came to 950 dollars a man (£230), and was only on board from the first of December 1788 till the sixth of September 1789." From Trieste he probably went home in a British vessel, and was no doubt pressed on his arrival. With such an experience

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behind him and his pockets so full, it is no wonder he took the first opportunity of deserting King George's rigorous service, and so he left us his startling revelation of what Mediterranean warfare could still be within ten years of its culmination at the battle of the Nile.

There are still found men who, unfamiliar perhaps with the inner history of privateering, regard the adhesion of England to the Declaration of Paris as an act of unmixed folly. A perusal of Davidson's narrative will help them to sympathise with the motives which led the British representatives to agree to the famous decision that "privateering is and remains abolished." It will help them to understand why the late Lord Clarendon could declare at the Conference, "that privateering is nothing less than an organised and legal piracy, and privateers are one of the greatest scourges of war, fostering a system which the present condition of civilisation and humanity requires should be put an end to." It was no new idea. While Davidson was at his bloody work, Benjamin Franklin was already thundering against the whole system, and not without effect. By his treaty with Prussia in 1785 it was agreed that neither party should issue commissions to private vessels. The French Assembly, in declaring war on Austria in 1792, prohibited the practice. Nor would it be fair to close this article without recalling that Russia herself had been a still earlier pioneer; for, in 1770, though afterwards compelled to recur to the evil, she had refused to issue letters of marque. America alone of the Great Powers stood aloof, and in seeking to secure the total immunity of private property in war, shut her eyes to the savagery that moved the European statesmen, and so robbed herself of the distinction which one of the most lofty-minded of her sons had tried to win for her good name. The intention was no doubt good, but we can only honour the men who, with such memories as Davidson recalls still green, were humane enough to agree that half the loaf was better than no bread.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON

(A STUDY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

IT was an Englishman who first told us that the wealth and wit of the West must conquer.

He was irrigating his orange trees in a valley in the extreme south of California. The young trees, glossy and crisp, all the same size and shape, stood like artificials in exact rows. They lined the valley bottom with geometric pattern. The water purled and sparkled down the perfect furrows which striped the earth. Close about, the grey, sun-baked slopes of the Sierra Madres rose in ample majesty, and beside us the blue Pacific slept in a haze of heat.

The Englishman was clad in a cotton shirt, shapeless trousers, and a tattered sombrero. He was turning on the water from pipes which had brought it from mountain cisterns. He was the grandson of a duke, and a relative of our "British Matron."

We scoffed when he said that Britain would not long be in the forefront of the nations, and left him among his water-cocks.

What could we do but scoff? I am a professional woman, who had always supposed that Britannia rules the waves, political and commercial. My companions were a Canadian—a Lady Wheatfields, whose mental horizon did not reach

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beyond the empire on which the sun never sets; a nice girl from the Hudson, who adored everything English; and the "British Matron," who had claimed her title as we sat idly on a Pacific steamship, travelling to that far-off country where the West lies beyond the mountains of the dawn and the Orient lies in the sunset.

We had thought the "uncompromising British Matron" was florid and fat and narrow-minded, and rustled in the silken fashions of a former age; but we found this type was of the past. Our British Matron had an endless energy for walking, a slender figure, a tailor-made suit, a university-taught mind; her shade hat, which matched the tint of her grey hair, was always trim, and she had only a modified belief in the infallibility of "dear John," who was commanding a ship in remote waters.

Now, after leaving the orange ranch, the nice girl from the Hudson said timidly, "I am afraid that your cousin, the orange-grower, did not like being laughed at."

The British Matron perceived Hudsonia's point. "He did not object to being laughed at in the least, my dear—no more should I. I like him well enough to jeer him. But I notice that the well-bred American always feels the necessity of being ceremoniously polite, even to well-tried friends."

"A specific difference between nations," we cried; and we all took out our note-books.

But we knew that, however we chose to behave to our friends, the only way to gain anything worth having by foreign travel is to persuade the native to talk freely. We were setting out to drive through the garden of the world, that newest, richest country where the desert is now made to blossom by a recent system of irrigation. A huge bulwark of masonry, which held the mountain water, was on our right; on our left was the sloping valley; and beyond, the islands of the purple Pacific. Our horses were trotting slowly through meadows deep with flowers. The old gentleman who drove them was commenting on the news in that morning's paper.

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"I can't understand myself how a bright man like that Mr. Rhodes didn't arrange for some of the students from a place like Oxford to come out and be eddicated here. My son, now—he's at Stanford University—he says there isn't half the eddication in England as there is in California."

"Do you happen to know what leads him to take that view?"

"Isn't it true that in your island many of the folks over thirty can't read and write? There isn't even a Chinaman as ignorant as that here. And which of them has given forty millions of dollars for free eddication, like Leland Stanford? Any way, the curriculum of all our universities is superior, I'm told. I don't want to discourage you ladies of your island, but facts is facts."

That evening we reported this conversation to a man of learning living near San Diego.

"When I went over to England," said he, "I did not want to go; I didn't see any reason to go; my wife took me. But since I've once been I'm always looking out for a chance to go again. I became much interested in the study of your ancient civilisation."

"Your impression was that we were at a standstill?"

His eyes twinkled, but with kindliness rather than any perception of humour. "Not altogether, of course; but, if you wish me to be quite frank, it appears evident that the centre of the world's progress has moved Westward."

"The idea is, of course, somewhat new to us."

"Is it? But, having come here, you must see a great deal that will convince you of its truth."

"I suppose," said Hudsonia, "that this storm-centre of progress has moved on already from the Eastern States, as it is now hovering about California."

"The West is undoubtedly making better time than the East," said he. "We have several factors in our favour—climate, vast undeveloped resources, youth; we are unhampered by tradition."

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"All those factors are to be found in some British dependencies even further West," said Canadiensis with laughter.

"True; but they are hampered by British suzerainty. It must, of course, be detrimental to be ruled by a declining power."

"The decline is perhaps a matter of opinion."

"Of fact, unfortunately," said he. "The trade of Great Britain has been steadily declining since 1890; ours has been increasing. Progress is entirely a matter of money. At present we have the money."

"Oh!" cried we, "we see your point of view now. You think the Millennium can be bought."

The shrewd wrinkles round his eyes deepened with his suave smile. "There is no item of an advanced civilisation that cannot be bought. Take, for example, those advantages that Cecil Rhodes expected to give our young men at your ancient University of Oxford—what are they? There is not one of them that cannot be bought with our money, and transplanted into better circumstances on the coast of the Pacific. You think that I speak crudely?"

"We are not thinking at all; our minds are merely gasping with surprise."

"And yet, if you will take time to think, you will see what I say to be true. It sounds crude for the moment, perhaps, as you let your mind's eye travel over the ancient walls and moss-grown palaces of Oxford."

"And worm-eaten interiors?"

"All I wish to point out is that there is no real advantage in moss. It is best on ruins. All that is really fine in Oxford or Cambridge can be transplanted here."

"The Master of Balliol?" we suggested.

"Ah, you have there a great and sweet personality," said he. "I realise with you that the mind which could so perfectly translate Plato and interpret Kant is a star in the firmament above us."

We behaved well. No tremor of our delight at this scholastic portmanteau was seen.

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"And," continued our savant, "I admit that he is probably immovable. I did not say that we could buy everything this year. But let us consider your man who may fall into the Mastership in some future decade. Offer him five times the salary, longer vacations, a larger sphere of influence, a climate incomparably superior—how long will he hesitate?"

"I should not hesitate a minute," said Hudsonia. "I should choose Oxford."

"That is, no doubt, because the Old World is a novelty to you," said he; "but it will be no novelty to him."

"True," said we sadly.

"And if, by some chance, this particular hypothetical gentleman should choose ill," he continued, still smiling, "are there not scores of others, as great scholars as he, who will accept our offers?"

"Unless, possibly, the acceptance of a new land for the sake of more luxury itself disprove some element of true greatness."

"A scholar's luxuries are time and health and better tools for his work. The desire for these is not ignoble, and we can gratify them. The true scholar is a cosmopolitan."

"Even if you could get the men," cried the nice girl from the Hudson, "you could not get the atmosphere."

"Take away the men," said he with complacency, "and how long will the atmosphere you speak of remain?"

"There is a fallacy somewhere," said we. "You also think, then, that Mr. Rhodes ought to have brought our English boys——"

"By no means. I am not so narrow. I think it a great advantage for our students to see the working of your old systems; but I think Mr. Rhodes would have better brought about the international understanding he sought if he had arranged for *some* Englishmen to come out here—not the boys, perhaps, but the younger lecturers. They could have a post-graduate course here to their advantage. We could show them something that would astonish them."

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"If it were possible," said the British Matron; "if you could astonish an Oxford don, we agree that it would be to his advantage."

Unconscious of the criticism on Oxford, he replied contentedly, "I think so. I think we could do them good."

"There is a fallacy somewhere," we repeated; and we set out upon our journey to discover it.

* * * * *

It is impossible to exaggerate California; and it is a land of amazing opposites.

In the next twenty-four hours of travel we visited—a private house, which in taste and splendour was a palace; the ruins of a Franciscan mission; and the most recent temple of theosophy. This last is perched upon the long promontory of Point Loma, a headland jutting into the ocean parallel with the main coast, and forming the outer wall of the San Diego Bay.

Passing the beautifully humble outline of the old Spanish adobe houses, we drove round the warm semicircle of the harbour shore, and entered a ravine among the outer sandhills. The wild verbena, the grotesque prickly pear with its peach-coloured roses, and a yellow vetch formed festoons and bouquets of colour everywhere. The extraordinary and rather splendid temple of the theosophists crowning the ridge can be seen from all points in the neighbourhood, lifting between earth and sky two great crystal domes, the one of pale green, the other like purple amethyst. When we came out of the ravine upon the verge of the eastern cliffs, we were in the precincts of the temple. In our opinion the crystal domes were very beautiful, the nearer seen the more lovely. The walls, also, were imposing—of grey stucco and uncertain style; but, until the meaning of it all was explained to us, we gazed with the eye of ignorance.

Paying for admission at the gate, we fell into quite a queue of carriages filled with tourists. When we alighted, we were taken possession of by a cleanly youth, who, in garments

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symbolical of purity, and manners consciously correct, immediately began to lecture to the small herd of sightseers upon the nature and origin of the institution. We found what seemed to be the source of his lecture afterwards in a pamphlet given at the entrance. He had studied elocution, and his accents were precise. Surprise held us spellbound as our annotated tour of the place began.

He spoke his prelude thus:

"The fuller and wider outlook of the twentieth century demands a form of life in harmony with new hopes and higher aspirations, which breaks through the crust of commonplace existence. The United States, in humanitarian feeling, in science, in broad, statesmanlike anticipation of the marvellous possibilities of the future, being at the forefront of civilisation, has the manifest destiny to lead the nations into paths of wisdom and peace. America is the environment most suited for the work of elevating the world; and this promontory of Point Loma, of all American localities, is the ideal spot where it can be done with certainty of success."

While he gave the scope of this lofty enterprise his hand was pointing to some elevation in the neighbourhood of the zenith; he now waved it around to draw attention to the earthly environment.

"There is a vastness in the outlook from these heights that brooks no petty thought. We stand here four hundred feet above the sea, which, on one side dashes at our feet, and on the other laps the coast of a bay destined to become one of the greatest harbours of the world. Here the invigorating air, the glorious sunshine, flowers ever blooming, birds ever singing, all unite to draw man away from self to lead the larger and nobler life of Universal Brotherhood. On January 13, 1898, Katherine Tingley established this 'Universal Brotherhood Organisation.' The direction and execution of the whole work of this institution is undertaken by us, the members of the Organisation, whose services are unsalaried and voluntary."

The "unsalaried and voluntary" youth now led us within

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the main building. The large hall was under the pale green crystal dome; the dormitories of the women students opened upon tiers of overlooking galleries. Under the galleries the walls were profusely decorated with symbolic paintings by a member of the society, who, we were told, was an English R.A. Our errant attention here returned to the youth, who was giving the second fragment of his lecture, and apparently only stating that the hall was a ball-room and in constant use.

"The rhythmic motion of the human form to the accompaniment of harmonic melody has had fascination for all people from the earliest recorded ages. At the evening social gatherings of our residents a delightful hour is usually spent in this beneficial exercise. Stately and classical forms of natural rhythmic movement help to raise the mind to a higher and freer state, while at the same time the bodily health is benefited. These beautiful and dignified forms are being actively enjoyed here."

When the herd had inspected the hall the boy continued:

"From the divine art of Terpsichore to the kindred art of Music is a very short step. This institution is the veritable home of melody. The members of the Isis League of Art, Music, and Drama, a world-wide body, have their central conservatory of music here; and dramatic entertainments are given in the Aryan Memorial Temple, to which we will now proceed."

He led them to the building of the red glass dome. We did not proceed to the interior of this temple, preferring at the moment an opportunity for quiet merriment in the companionship of the sweet wild wind. We stood in view of the magnificent bay, more empty of ships than a little English port.

"A high tariff means an empty harbour," said one; "but is not the colouring gorgeous?"

"More gorgeous than the Bay of Naples," said another; "and the background of hills is grander."

Certainly "gorgeous" described the blue of sea and sky, the yellow of the sandhills; but very delicate was the tint of

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the red-roofed, rosy town of San Diego, seen through the mist of spray from the breakers on the beach of Coronado.

It will be seen that we were trying to compose ourselves in order to receive with appropriate gravity further enlightenment concerning this remarkable place. We looked up at the domes, which glowed and glistened with real magnificence of light and colour, and waited till the superior youth and his following came forth again from the purple home of music and the drama.

When they came we were taken to another part of the grounds, where we were told a city called "Esotero" was being established; but, excepting to the eye of faith, there were as yet only a few tent-like bungalows.

"This," said our conductor, "is the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Here Katherine Tingley, the foundress, expects to restore to the world the secret of the ancient Egyptian and Aryan mysteries. The dominant purpose of this School is to establish a Temple, a Beacon of Light, a Home of Peace, stretching out the strong hand of Truth, Light and Liberation, inviting the world to partake of its spiritual benefits."

At this we again turned hurriedly away to hide ourselves, and felt obliged to seek our carriage rather than partake of further spiritual benefits.

"Certainly," we said; "only the West could produce this. He is entirely in earnest. Think of the youth, the buoyancy, the ignorance, the hope of it."

"And the cost," said the British Matron, "a million of dollars."

Her cousin's words had had their subtle effect. We were beginning to consider the mere cost of things as important evidence—of something.

We drove northward to Los Angeles, taking the missions of San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano on the way. It was with no uncertain hand that the Spanish monks added the art of Southern Spain to the beauty of the new world. In all their building the cream-coloured walls and roofs of

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scarlet tile are so proportioned as to seem a product of the ground from which they grow. The deep shadows of the cloisters are as the natural shelters of overhanging rock or curving bough. It is hard to tell how these ruins satisfy the eye. "Gold of Ophir" and "Gloire de Dijon" roses climb by broken cloister pillars whose weathered tints are repeated in the flowers, while the tiles above hint at the more gorgeous hues of the geranium and poinsettia.

The population of Los Angeles was 144,000 at the recent census: yesterday there was no Los Angeles; to-morrow, what? The mind of the traveller in California is constantly occupied with the question, "What will another decade bring?" The California of Bret Harte passed away; the California of the ranchman succeeded; to-day it is the California of comparative opulence, to become to-morrow, according to the confident assertion of its people, the pivot of the world.

Close to our hotel we found a comfortable and open electric tramcar, which, when full, started, not for one, but for every, point of interest, with a lecturer to point out and explain. Elocution is taught in the common schools, and a tendency to oratory is discovered everywhere. We give some fragments as memory serves.

"The fine old frame-house in the rear is the former residence of George J. Simmons. Several times a millionaire, he did not reside in this comparatively small house for many years."

"We are just about to pass the junction of Second and Spring Streets. Four hundred street cars pass this corner every hour. The policeman in charge of the traffic says that, 'what with bicycles, cripples, and women, he's dead tired at the end of his time.'"

Such scraps of information were given in staccato, with clear enunciation and the slight prolongation of the last syllables of each long word and sentence.

"Glancing down the next street you will catch a glimpse of one of the private parks of the city. The sense of elegance and semi-retirement given by these parks has proved very

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attractive to wealthy people who wish to build handsome homes. The cheap dwelling, the corner grocery, the livery stable, can never invade these select precincts. On the left you will see the magnificent present home of George J. Simmons. He is one of our oil magnates, keeps twenty servants, and his dinners have world-wide celebrity."

"In front of this monument stands a cannon captured in Cuba, presented to the city in trust for the Native Sons of the Golden West. There is only one other cannon like this in the world, which stands upon a square in Paris, France." (*sic*)

As we drove towards San Francisco, and came nearer the great universities, the evidences of intellectual life became more obvious.

In the vicinity of the San Ynez mountains the region of natural grass began. Here private parks and gardens can easily be brought to such surpassing beauty that pleasure-grounds spread themselves over quite a large part of the fertile fields between the mountains and the sea. Here we made little progress northward in a day, as our driver took a zigzag course, through many lovely domains of palm and flower, which are generously open to the respectable tourist. When our eyes were satiate with beauty we neared the coast town of Santa Barbara.

"There's going to be a play in the town to-night," said our driver, "something quite special by the students and professors of Stanford University. I don't rightly know what it's about; I only know what they said at the hotel. It's called 'Auntie Gone,' and I think it must be composed by a countryman of yours; they call him 'Sir'—'Sir Fokles' they call him."

Our penetration was equal to the occasion, and we asked the father of the Stanford student sympathetically if his son was acting in the play.

"He ain't told me if he is," said the worthy old gentleman, contentedly; "but he's so sot on learning it's likely he'll leave play alone."

The "Antigone," performed in Greek, was a very creditable

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piece of academic work. The Greek was fluent, the acting not without classic restraint, the costumes and scenery carefully if not accurately studied, Mendelssohn's choruses excellently performed. Criticisms might be made, but high praise was due. The cast and chorus were a set of fine-looking young men and women. Antigone was a handsome girl, well formed, of very independent bearing.

Next afternoon we sat upon the beach to watch the surf-bathing. Behind us was a warm swimming bath, and the door of the Moorish bath-house opened upon our sunny strip of beach. We could hear the splashing and play that went on within its resounding walls. Somewhat to our surprise, the Antigone players issued from its waters, clad in wet bathing-dresses. They scampered and rejoiced on the sunny sand, and with jubilant tones and snatches of song betook themselves to the surf. There were three women, the eldest middle-aged, and about a dozen men. One or two of these were professors; none were mere boys. The water was cold, the sun and sand very hot, and this party, released from the strenuous effort of the night before, were disposed to dally long with pleasure. When they had ducked themselves they returned and lay upon the sand to get warm; then splashed and played and returned again.

Antigone looked back from the water to where one of the men was lying a little apart full length upon the sand; it was Polynices. Her duty was obvious. She tripped up, dripping and radiant, and, kneeling beside him, scooped up the sand in her hands and began the process of burial. Upon this, the watchman who had betrayed her struck an attitude, and some members of the chorus chanted a few appropriate words. Ismene, repenting, went, and, kneeling upon the other side of the corpse, proceeded to aid in the burial. Then it became a child's play, the mere primitive joy of making a sand heap. The two girls worked hard; the play of well-developed muscle in their glistening arms and shoulders delighted us. After a while the dead Polynices rose with athletic suddenness and shook him-

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self, and the maidens and chorus ran with playful cries from the sandy shower.

"It is all perfectly modest and simple and pretty," said the British Matron, with judicial air; "and yet, speaking racially, I don't think I'd like to see our sons and daughters playing together precisely in this way."

A long straggling flock of wild duck came from behind a point of yellow rock, and skimmed the blue water just beyond the white rolling of the surf. About thirty miles distant the mountainous islands of the Santa Cruz group lay in their purple haze.

Later on we took a drive of wonderful beauty up the mountains to Lick Observatory. It is the astronomical school of the State University of California, which is at Berkeley, on the bay of San Francisco. With that sympathetic courtesy which is, perhaps, the most noticeable characteristic of American manners, the head of the institution first showed us the Crossley refractor, presented by "Mr. Crossley, the English M.P.," telling us that its value rivalled that of their great telescope, which, until the University of Chicago procured a larger, was the largest in the world; but then narrated, with pardonable pride, the story of the manufacture of the great lenses used in the largest telescopes, explaining that, though all the glass was imported from France, the cutting of the lens had so far been best done in the Eastern States; even Germany, the land of accuracy, had failed in comparison, so he said.

Next day the British Matron read us the following seriously written extract from the *Evening Post*,[1] a San Francisco paper:—

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

With J. Pierpont Morgan practically assuming the British national debt, seizing London's internal locomotion and capturing her carrying trade, Great Britain does really present a spectacle which demands the sympathy of the nations.

[1] 5 (?) May 1902.

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When Macaulay, with exuberant imagination, spoke of the New Zealander standing on the broken arch of London Bridge and asking if this is the site of London, the historian did not take into calculation the wonderful possibilities of America.

There will now be no future New Zealander making such inquiries. He might, though, pass by Buckingham Palace and say: "This was where the Kings of England lived when in the city: now it is occupied by a Mr. Pierpont Morgan, descendant of Pierpont I., who made the second conquest of England, the first being by William of Normandy."

Socially, England, too, is in a fair way of American control. The highest office in the British crown is the Viceroyalty of India. The Viceroy's wife is an American. The next great satrapy of that enormous empire is the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West provinces. Lady La Touche is an American.

Thus two of Great Britain's dependencies are socially controlled by Americans, and at home London society has practically passed under the sway of our countrymen. The selection by Queen Alexandra of the Duchess of Marlborough to attend her at the Coronation gives many a daughter of one hundred Earls more than a passing heartache.

We discovered tears in Hudsonia's beautiful eyes. "I am so sorry you saw it," she said. "I was just hoping it would escape your eye."

"Do you think that this distresses me, my dear?" asked the British Matron, gently. "I have seldom enjoyed anything more. Britain has resources and capacity which one cannot expect the superficial to comprehend."

"If I were in England, and read such a thing about my country, it would make me homesick."

We sat silent before a great fact which ere this had obtruded itself upon our belief. Hudsonia's tears of sympathy were girlish; but the fact that every American—man, woman and child—takes the national reputation to heart, not in the way of large patriotism but as a matter of intense personal vanity, is a great factor in the national progress.

L. Dougall.

(*To be concluded*)

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FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XVIII

NETAWIS

THE encampment stood under the lee of a tall sandhill, a few paces back from the brink of a frozen river. Here the forest ended in a ragged fringe of pines; and, below, the river spread into a lagoon, with a sandy bar between it and the lake, and a narrow outlet which shifted with every storm. The summer winds drove up the sand between the pine-stems and piled it in hummocks, gaining a few yards annually upon the forest as the old trees fell. The winter winds brought down the snow and whirled it among the hummocks until these too were covered.

For three weeks the encampment had been pitched here; and for two weeks snow had fallen almost incessantly, banking up the lodges and freezing as it fell. At length wind and snow had ceased and given place to a hard black frost, still and aching, and a sky of steel, and a red, rayless sun.

A man came down the river bank, moving clumsily in his snow-shoes over the hummocks; a man dressed as an Indian in blanket-cloak and scarlet *mitases*. His head was shaven to the crown around a top-knot skewered with heron's feathers; his face painted with black, vermilion, and a single streak of white between the eyebrows. He carried a gun under his left arm, and over his shoulder a pole to which he had slung the

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bodies of five beaver. Two dogs ran ahead of him straight for the encampment, which he had not discerned until they began to head for it with glad barking.

Five lodges formed the encampment; four of them grouped in a rough semicircle around the main lodge, which stood back close under the sand-bank where an eddy of wind had scooped it comparatively clear of snow.

The hunter followed his dogs to the door of the main lodge and lifted its frozen tent-flap.

"Is it well done, Menehwehna?" he asked, and casting the pole with its load upon the floor he clapped his mittened hands together for warmth. "Ough!" He began to pull off the mittens cautiously.

Menehwehna, seated with his back against the roof-pole (he had lain sick and fasting there all day), looked triumphantly towards his wife, who crouched with her two daughters by the lodge fire.

"Said I not that he would bring us luck? And, being bitten, did they bite, my brother?" he asked mischievously.

"A little. It did not hurt at the time."

One of the two girls arose from beside the fire.

"Show me your hands, Netawis," she said.

Netawis—that is to say, John à Cleeve—stretched out his lacerated hands to the firelight. As he did so his blanket-cloak fell back, showing a necklace of wampum about his throat, and another looser string dangling against the stained skin of his breast. On his outstretched wrists two silver bangles twinkled, and two broad bands of silver on the upper arms.

The girl fetched a bladder of beaver fat and anointed his hands, her own trembling a little. Azoka was husband-high, and had been conscious for some weeks of a bird in her breast, which stirred and began to flutter whenever she and Netawis drew close. At first, when he had been fit for little but to make kites for the children, she had despised him and wondered at her father's liking. But Netawis did not seem to care whether folks despised him or not; and this piqued her.

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Whatever had to be learnt he learned humbly, and now the young men had ceased to speak of him as good-for-nothing, Azoka began to think that his differing from them was not wholly against him; and all the women acknowledged him to be slim and handsome.

"Many thanks, cousin," said Netawis as she bound up the wounds. Then he began to talk cheerfully over his shoulder to Menehwehna. "Five washes I tried, and all were empty; but by the sixth the water bubbled. Then I wished that I had you with me, for I knew that my hands would suffer." He smiled; this was one of his un-Indian tricks.

"It was well done, brother," said Menehwehna, and his eyes sought those of his wife Meshu-kwa who, still crouching by the fire, gazed across it at the youth and the girl.

"But that is not all. While I was at work the dogs left me. At first I did not miss them; and then, finding them gone, I made sure they had run home in scorn of my hunting. But no; their tracks led me to a tree, not far up the stream, and there I found them. They were not barking, but sometimes they would nose around the trunk and sometimes fall back to a little distance and sit whining and trembling while they stared up at it."

"And the tracks around the tree?"

"I could find none but what the dogs themselves had made. I tapped the tree, and it was hollow. Then I saw on the north side, a little above my head, many deep scratches with moss hanging in strips from them. The trunk ran up straight, and was so stout that my two arms would not span more than a fifth of it; but the scratches went up to the first fork, and there must be the opening, as I guess."

"Said I not that Netawis would become a hunter and bring us luck?" asked Menehwehna again. "He has found bear."

"Bear! Bear! Our Netawis has found bear!" cried two small urchins who had been rolling and tumbling with the dogs and almost burning their toes at the edges of the fire. They were the children of Azoka's elder sister Seeu-kwa, Muskingon's

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widow. Scrambling past Menehwehna, who never spoke harshly to them, and paying no heed to their mother's scolding, they ran out into the snow to carry the news to the other lodges.

"Our Netawis has found bear!"

"What news is this?" asked some of the young men who lived in a lodge apart—the bachelors' lodge—gathering round the doorway. "Seeu-kwa, see to it that your children do not grow up to be little liars."

Now John, surprised to find his news so important, had turned to Azoka with a puzzled smile. The firelight which danced on his face danced also on the long bead necklace heaving like a snake with the rise and fall of her bosom. He stared down at it, and Azoka—poor girl—felt his wrist trembling under her touch; but it was with the thought of another woman. She caught her hand away; and John, looking up, saw a young Indian, Ononwe by name, watching him gloomily from the doorway.

"Ask Netawis to tell the story," said Menehwehna. So John told it again, and added that it had been difficult to call the dogs away from the tree.

"But about the bear I say nothing; that is Menehwehna's talk. I only tell you what I saw."

"The wind has fallen," said one, "and soon the moon will be up. Let us go and prove this tale of Netawis."

Meshu-kwa opposed this, calling it folly. "We have no axes heavy enough for tree-cutting," she said; not giving her real reason, which was that she came of a family which claimed descent from a bear. When they mocked at her she said, "Also—why should I hide it?—there came to me an evil dream last night."

"This is the first that I have heard of your evil dream," answered Menehwehna, and gave order that after supper Netawis should lead the party to the tree, promising that he himself would follow as soon as the sickness left him.

At moonrise, therefore, they left him and set out—men and

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women together, and even the small children. But Menehwehna called Azoka back from the door of the lodge.

"My daughter," he asked, they two being left alone, "has Ononwe a cause of quarrel against Netawis?"

"They are good friends," Azoka answered innocently. "Ononwe never speaks of Netawis but to praise. Surely my father has heard him?"

"That is returning a ball I never flung," her father said, fixing grave eyes on her, under which she blushed. "I am thinking that the face of Netawis troubles the clear water that once was between you and Ononwe. Yet you tell me that Ononwe praises him. Sit down, therefore, and hear this tale."

Azoka looked rebellious; but no one in his own household disobeyed Menehwehna—or out of it, except at peril.

"There was a man of our nation once, a young man, and good-looking as Ononwe; so handsome that all the village called him the Beau-man. This Beau-man fell deeply in love with a maiden called Mamondago-kwa, who also was passably handsome; but she had no right to scorn him as she did, both in private and openly, so that all the village talked of his ill-success. This talk so preyed on his mind that he fell ill, and when his friends broke up their camp after a winter's hunting to return to the village, he lay on his bed and would not stir, but declared he would remain and die in the snow rather than look again on the face of her who scorned him. So at length they took down the lodge about him and went their ways, leaving him to die.

"But when the last of them was out of sight this Beau-man arose and, wandering over the ground where the camp had been, he picked up all kinds of waste that his comrades had left behind—scraps of cloth, beads, feathers, bones and offal of meat, with odds and ends of chalk, soot, grease, everything that he could pick out of the trodden snow. Then, having gathered them together in a heap, he called on his guardian *manitou*, and together they set to work to make a man. They stitched the rags into coat, *mitases* and moccasins, and

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garnished them with beads and fringes; of the feathers they made a head-dress, with a frontlet; and then, taking mud, they plastered the offal and bones together and stuffed them tightly into the garments. The *manitou* breathed once, and to the eye all their patchwork became fresh and fine clothing. The *manitou* breathed twice, and life came into the figure, which the Beau-man had been kneading into the shape of a handsome youth. 'Your name,' said he, 'is Moowis, or the Muck-man, and by you I shall take my revenge.'

"So he commanded the Muck-man to follow, and together they went after the tracks of the tribe and came to the village. All wondered at the Beau-man's friend and his fine new clothes; and, indeed, this Moowis had a frank appearance that won all hearts. The chief invited him to his lodge, and begged the Beau-man to come too; he deserved no less for bringing so distinguished a guest. The Beau-man accepted, but by-and-by began to repent of his deception when he saw the Muck-man fed with deer tongue and the moose's hump while he himself had to be content with inferior portions, and when he observed further that Mamondago-kwa had no eyes for any one but the Moowis, who began to prove himself a clever rogue. The chief would have promoted Moowis to the first place by the fire, but this (for it would have melted him) he modestly refused. He kept shifting his place while he talked, and the girl thought him no less vivacious than modest, and no more modest than brave, since he seemed even to prefer the cold to the cheerful warmth of the hearth. The Beau-man attempted to talk; but the Muck-man had always a retort at which the whole company laughed, until the poor fellow ran out of the lodge in a fury of shame and rage. As he rose he saw the Muck-man rise, with the assent of all, and cross over to the bridegroom's seat beside Mamondago-kwa, who welcomed him as a modest maiden should when her heart has been fairly won.

"So it happened—attend to me well, my daughter—that Mamondago-kwa married a thing of rags and bones, put

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together with mud. But when the dawn broke her husband rose up and took a bow and spear, saying, 'I must go on a journey.' 'Then I will go with you,' said his bride. 'My journey is too long for you,' said the Muck-man. 'Not so,' answered she; 'there is no journey that I could not take beside you, no toil that I could not share for love of you.' He strode forth, and she followed him at a distance; and the Beau-man, who had kept watch all night outside their lodge, followed also at a distance, unseen. All the way along the rough road Mamondago-kwa called to her husband; but he went forward rapidly, not turning his head, and she could not overtake him. Soon, as the sun rose, he began to melt. Mamondago-kwa did not see the gloss go out of his clothes, nor his handsome features change back again into mud and snow and filth. But still as she followed she came on rags and feathers and scraps of clothing, fluttering on bushes or caught in the crevices of the rocks. She passed his mittens, his moccasins, his *mitases*, his coat, his plume of feathers. At length, as he melted, his footprints grew fainter, until she lost even his track on the snow. 'Moowis! Moowis!' she cried; but now there was none to answer her, for the Muck-man had returned to that out of which he was made."

Menehwehna ceased and looked at his daughter steadily.

"And did the Beau-man find her and fetch her back?" asked Azoka.

"The story does not say, to my knowledge; but it may be that Ononwe could tell you."

Azoka stepped to the moonlit doorway and gazed out over the snow.

"And yet you love Netawis?" she asked, not turning her head.

"So much that I keep him in trust for his good, against a day when he will go and never return. But that is not a maiden's way of loving, unless maidens have changed since I went a-courting them."

Netawis having led them to the tree, the young men fell to

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work upon it at once. It measured almost six fathoms in girth; and by daybreak, their axes being light, they had hewed it less than half-way through. After a short rest they attacked it again, but the sun was close upon setting when the tree fell —with a rending scream which swelled into a roar so human-like that the children who had gathered to watch ran with one accord and caught hold of their elders' hands.

John, with Seeu-kwa's small boys clinging to him, stood about thirty paces from the fallen trunk. Two or three minutes passed, and he wondered why the men did not begin to jeer at him for having found them a mare's nest. For all was quiet. He wondered also why none of them approached the tree to examine it.

"I shall be the mock of the camp from this moment," he thought, and said aloud, "Let go of my hands, little ones; there is no more danger."

But they clung to him more tightly than ever; for a great cry went up suddenly. From the opening by the fork of the trunk a dark body rolled lazily out upon the snow—an enormous she-bear. She uncurled and gathered herself up on all fours, blinking and shaking her head as though the fall had left her ears buzzing, and so began to waddle off. Either she had not seen the crowd of men and women, or perhaps she despised it.

"Ononwe! Ononwe!" shouted the Indians; for Ononwe, gun in hand, had been posted close to the opening.

He half-raised his gun, but lowered it again.

"Netawis found her," he said quietly. "Let Netawis shoot her."

He stepped back towards John who, almost before he knew, found the gun thrust into his hands; for the children had let go their clasp.

Amid silence he lifted it and took aim, wondering all the while why Ononwe had done this. The light was fading. To be sure he could not miss the bear's haunches, now turned obliquely to him; but to hit her without killing would be

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scarcely less dishonouring than to miss outright, and might be far more dangerous. His hand and forearm trembled too—with the exertion of hewing, or perhaps from the strain of holding the children. Why had he been fool enough to take the gun? He foretasted his shame even as he pulled the trigger.

It seemed to him that, as the smoke cleared, the bear still walked forward slowly. But a moment later she turned her head with one loud snap of the jaws and lurched over on her side. Her great fore-pads smote twice on the powdery snow, then were still.

He had killed her, then; and, as he learned from the applause, by an expert's shot, through the spine at the base of the skull. John had aimed for this merely at a guess, knowing nothing of bears or their vulnerable points, and in this ignorance neglecting a far easier mark behind the pin of the shoulder.

But more remained to wonder at; for the beast being certified for dead, Meshu-kwa ran forward and kneeling in the snow beside it began to fondle and smooth the head, calling it by many endearing names. She seated herself presently, drew the great jaws on to her lap and spoke into its ear, beseeching its forgiveness. "O bear!" she cried for all to hear, "O respected grandmother! You saw yourself that this was a stranger's doing. Believe not that Meshu-kwa is guilty of your death, or any of her tribe. It was a stranger that disturbed your sleep, a stranger who fired upon you with this unhappy result!"

The men stood around patiently until her propitiation was ended; and then fell to work to skin the bear, while Meshu-kwa went off with her daughters to the lodges, to prepare the cooking-pots. In passing John she gave him a glance of no goodwill.

That night as Azoka stood by a cauldron in which the bear's fat bubbled, and the young men idled around the blaze, she saw Netawis draw Ononwe aside into the darkness. Being a quick-witted girl she promptly let slip her ladle into the fat,

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as if by mischance, and ran to her father's lodge for another, followed by Meshu-kwa's scolding voice. The lodge had a back-exit towards the wall of the sand-hill, where the wind's eddy had swept a lane almost clear of snow; and Azoka pushed her pretty head through the flap-way here in time to spy the dark shadows of the pair before they disappeared behind the bachelors' lodge. Quietly as a pantheress she stole after them, smoothing out her footprints behind her until she reached the trampled snow, and so, coming to the angle of the bachelors' lodge, cowered listening.

"But suppose that I had missed my shot?" said the voice of Netawis. "I tell you that my heart was as wax; and when the lock fell, I saw nothing. Why, what is the matter with you, Ononwe?"

"I thought you had led me here to quarrel with me," Ononwe answered slowly, and Azoka held her breath.

"Quarrel, brother? Why should I quarrel with you? It was a risk, as I am telling you, but you trusted me, and I brought you here to thank you that in your good heart you gave the shot up to me."

"But it was not my good heart." Ononwe's voice had grown hoarse. "It was an evil thought in my head, and you will have to quarrel with me, Netawis."

"That Onowe is a good man," said Azoka to herself.

"I do not understand. Did you expect me, then, to miss? Do not say, brother, that you gave me the gun *wishing* me to miss and be the mock of the camp!"

"Yes, and no. I thought, if you took the gun, it would not matter whether you hit or missed."

"Why?"

"Are you so simple, Netawis? Or is it in revenge that you force me to tell? . . . Yes, I have played you an evil trick, and by an evil tempting. I saw you with Azoka. . . . I gave you the gun thinking, 'If he misses, the whole camp will mock him, and a maid turns from a man whom others mock. But if he should kill the bear, he will have to reckon

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with Meshu-kwa. Meshu-kwa fears ill-luck, and she will think more than twice before receiving a son-in-law who has killed her grandmother the bear.'"

"I will marry Netawis," said Azoka to herself, shutting her teeth hard. And yet she could not feel angry with Ononwe as she ought.

But it seemed that neither was Netawis angry; for he answered with one of those strange laughs of his. She had never been able to understand them, but she had never heard one that sounded so unhappy as did this.

"My brother," said Netawis—and his voice was gentle and bitterly sorrowful—"if you did this in guile, I have shot better indeed than you to-day. As for Meshu-kwa, I must try to be on good terms with her again; and as for Azoka, she is a good girl, and thinks as little of me as I of her. Last night when you saw us . . . I remember that I looked down on her and something reminded me . . . of one . . ." He leaned a hand against a pole of the lodge and gripped it as the anguish came on him and shook him in the darkness. "Damn!" cried John à Cleeve, with a sob.

"Was that her name?" asked Ononwe gravely, hardly concealing the relief in his voice.

But Azoka did not hear Netawis' answer as she crept back, smoothing the snow over her traces.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LODGES IN THE SNOW

THE fat lay six inches deep on the bear's ribs; and, being boiled down, filled six porcupine skins.

"Said I not that Netawis would bring us good luck?" demanded Menehwehna.

But Meshu-kwa claimed the head of her ancestress, and set it up on a scaffold within the lodge, spreading a new blanket beneath it, and strewing tobacco leaf in front of its nose. As

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though poor Azoka had not enough misery, her mother took away her trinkets to decorate the bear, and forced her to smear her pretty, ochred face with cinders. Then for a whole day the whole family sat and fasted; and Azoka hated fasting. But next morning she and Seeu-kwa swept out the lodge, making all tidy. Pipes were lit, and Menehwehna, after blowing tobacco-smoke into the bear's nostrils, began a long harangue on the sad necessity which lay upon men to destroy their best friends. His wife's eye being upon him, he made an excellent speech, though he did not believe a word of it; but as a chief who had married the daughter of a chief, he laid great stress upon her pedigree, belittling his own descent from the *canicu*, or war eagle, with the easier politeness because he knew it to be above reproach. When he had ended, the family, Meshu-kwa included, seated themselves and ate of the bear's flesh very heartily.

A few days later, they struck their camp and moved inland, for the beaver were growing scarcer, and the heavy falls of snow hid their houses and made it difficult to search the banks for washes. But raccoon was plentiful at their new station, and easy to hunt. Before the coming of the Cold Moon—which is January—John was set to number the peltries, which amounted to three hundred odd; and the scaffold, on which the dried venison hung out of reach of the wolves, was a sight to gladden the heart. Only the women grumbled when Menehwehna gave order to strike camp, for theirs were the heaviest loads.

Azoka did not grumble. She could count now on Ononwe to help her with her burden, since, like a sensible girl, she had long since made up her quarrel with him and they were to be married in the spring on their return to the village. She had quite forgiven Netawis. Hers was that delicious stage of love when the heart, itself so happy, wants all the world to be happy too. Once or twice John caught her looking at him with eyes a little wistful in their gladness; he never guessed that she had overheard his secret, and pitied him, but dared not betray herself. Ononwe, possessed with his new felicity, delighted to talk of it whenever he and John hunted together.

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Did it hurt? Not often; and at the moment not much. But at night, when sleep would not come, when John lay staring at the chink in the doorway beyond which the northern lights flickered, then the wound would revive and ache with the aching silence. Once, only once, he had started out of sleep to feel his whole body flooded with happiness; in his dream the curtains of the lodge had parted and through them Diane had come to him. Standing over his head she had shaken the snow from her cloak and from her hair, and the scattered flakes had changed into raindrops, and the raindrops into singing birds, and the lodge into a roof of sunlit boughs, breaking into leaf with a scent of English hawthorn, as she stretched out her hands and knelt and he drew her to his heart. Her cheek was cold from her long journey; but a warm breeze played beneath the boughs, and under her falling hair against his shoulder her small hand stole up and touched his silver armlets. Nay, surely that touch was too real for any dream . . .

He had sprung up and pulled aside the curtain; but she was gone. His eyes searched across a waste where only the snow-wraiths danced, and far to the north the Aurora flickered with ribbons of ghostly violet.

Would she come again? Yes, surely, under the stars and across the folds and hollows of the snow, that vision would return, disturbing no huddled bird, waking no sleeper in the lodge; would lift the curtain and stretch out both hands and be gathered to him. Though it came but once in a year he could watch for it by night, live for it by day.

But by day he knew his folly. He was lost, and in forgetting lay his only peace. He never once accused his fortune nor railed against a God he could not believe in. He had come to disaster through his own doubts; himself had been his only real enemy, and that sorry self must be hidden and buried out of sight.

On the whole he was burying it successfully. He liked these Ojibways, and had unlearnt his first disgust of their

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uncleanly habits, though as yet he could not imitate them. He had quite unlearnt his old loathing of Menehwehna for the sergeant's murder. Menehwehna was a fine fellow, a chief too, respected among all the nations west of Fort Niagara. John's surprise had begun at Fort Rouillé, where, on Menehwehna's word of credit only, the Tobacco Indians had fetched out paint and clothes to disguise him, and had smuggled him, asking no questions, past the fort and up through the Lake aux Claies to Lake Huron. At Michilimackinac a single speech from Menehwehna had won his welcome from the tribe; and they were hunting now on the borders of the Ottawas through the favour of Menehwehna's friendship with the Ottawa chief at l'Arbre Croche. John saw that the other Indians considered him fortunate in Menehwehna's favour, and if he never understood the full extent of the condescension, at least his respect grew for one who was at once so kingly and so simple, who shared his people's hardships, and was their master less by rank than by wisdom in council, skill of hand, and native power to impress and rule.

Of the deer especially Menehwehna was a mighty hunter; and in February the wealth of the camp increased surprisingly. For at this season the snow becomes hard enough to bear the hunter and his dogs, but the sharp feet of the deer break through its crust and his legs are cut to the bone. Often a hunting-party would kill a dozen stags in two or three hours, and soon the camp reckoned up five thousand pounds of dried venison, all of which had to be carried back seventy miles to the shore of the lake near l'Arbe Croche, where the canoes had been left.

Early in March the women began to prepare the bundles, and in the second week the return began, all starting at daybreak with as much as they could carry, and marching until noon, when they built a scaffold, piled their loads upon it, and returned to the camp for more. When all had been carried forward one stage, the lodge itself was removed, and so, stage

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by stage, they brought their wealth down to the coast. As they neared it they fell in with other lodges of Ojibways, mostly from Michilimackinac, gathering for the return voyage up the lake.

Having recovered and launched their canoes, which had lain hidden among the sandhills, they loaded up and coasted cheerfully homewards by way of La Grande Traverse and l'Arbre Croche, and on the last day of April landed under the French fort of Mackinac, which looked across the strait to Cap Saint Ignace. A dozen traders were here awaiting them; and with these Menehwehna first settled out of the common fund for guns, powder, and stores supplied on credit for the winter's hunting. He then shared the residue among the camp, each hunter receiving the portion fixed by custom; and John found himself the owner of one hundred and twenty beaver skins, fifty raccoon, and twelve otter, besides fifty dubious francs in cash. The bear-skin, which also fell to his share, he kept for his wedding-gift to Ononwe. Twenty pounds of beaver bought a couple of new shirts; another twenty a blanket; and a handsome pair of scarlet *mitases*, fashionably laced with ribbon, cost him fifteen. Out of what remained he offered to pay Menehwehna for his first outfit, but received answer that he had amply discharged this debt by bringing good luck to the camp. Under Menehwehna's advice, therefore, he spent his gains in powder and ball, fishing lines, tobacco, and a new lock for his gun.

"And I am glad," said Menehwehna, "that you consulted me to-day, for to-night I shall drink too much rum."

So indeed he did. That night his people—women and men—lay around the fort in shameless intoxication. It pleased John to observe that Azoka drank nothing, but on the other hand, she made no attempt to restrain her lover, who, having stupefied himself with rum, dropped asleep with his head on her lap.

John, seated and smoking his pipe by the camp fire, watched her across its blaze. She leaned back against a pole of the lodge,

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her hands resting on Ononwe's head, her eyes gazing out into the purple night beyond the doorway. They were solemn, with the awe of a deep happiness. "And why not?" John asked himself. Her father, mother, and kinsfolk lay drunk around her; even the children had taken their share of the liquor. A disgusting sight, no doubt! yet somehow it did not move him to reprobation. He had lived for six months with this people, and they had taught him some lessons outside the craft of hunting: for example, that it takes all sorts to make a world, and that only a fool condemns his fellows for being unlike himself. At home in Devonshire he had never understood why the best farm-labourers and workmen broke out at times into reckless drinking, and lay sodden for days together; or how their wives could accept these outbursts as a matter of course. He understood now, having served apprentice to hardship, how the natural man must revolt now and again from the penalty of Adam, the grinding toil, day in and day out, to wrest food from the earth for himself, his womenkind, and children. He understood, too, how noble is the discipline, though pardonable the revolt. He had discovered how little a man truly needs. He had seen in this strange life much cruelty, much crazy superstition, much dirt and senseless discomfort; but he had made acquaintance with love and self-denial. He had learnt, above all, the great lesson—to think twice before condemning.

The camp fire was dying down untended. He arose and cast an armful of logs upon it; and at the sound Azoka withdrew her eyes from the doorway and fastened them upon him.

"Netawis," said she, "when will you be leaving us?"

"I have no thought of leaving."

"You are not telling me the truth, now."

"Indeed, I believe I am," John assured her.

"But what, then, of the girl yonder, whom you wanted to marry? Has she married another man, or is she dead? Yes, I know something about it," Azoka went on, as he stood staring amazedly. "For a long time I have wanted to tell you. That night, after you had killed the bear and Ononwe took you

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aside—I was afraid that you two would be quarrelling, and so I crept after you——" She waited for him to understand.

"I see," said John gravely.

"Tell me what has become of her."

"I suppose that she is living still with her own people; and there is nothing more to tell, Azoka, except that she cannot be mine, and would not if she could."

"Whose fault was it, Netawis? Yours or hers?"

"There was much fault indeed, and all of it mine; but against my marrying her it did not count, for that was impossible from the beginning. Suppose, now, your nation were at war with the Ottawas, and a young Ottawa brave fell in love with you. What would you do?"

"That is idle talk, for of course I should do nothing,' said Azoka composedly. "But if I were a man and an Ojibway and fell in love with an Ottawa maiden, it would be simple. I should carry her off."

John, being unable to find an answer to this, lit his pipe and sat staring into the fire.

"Was she an Englishwoman then?" Azoka asked after a while.

"An Englishwoman?" He looked up in surprise; then, with a glance around at the sleepers, he leaned forward until his eyes met the girl's at close range across the flame. "Since you have learnt one secret, Azoka, I will tell you another. She was a Frenchwoman, and it is I who am English.

But Azoka kept her composure. "My father is always wise," she said quietly. "If he had told the truth you would have been in great danger; for many had lost sons and brothers in the fighting, and those who came back were full of rage against the English. You heard their talk."

"Then you have only to tell them, Azoka, and they may take their revenge. I shall not greatly care."

"I am no babbler, Netawis; and, moreover, the men have put their revenge away. When the summer comes very few will want to go fighting. For my part I pay little heed to

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their talk of killing and scalping; to me it is all boys' play, and I do not want to understand it. But from what I hear they think that the Englishmen will be victorious, and it is foolishness to fight on the losing side. If so——" Azoka broke off and pressed her palms together in sudden delight.

"If so?" echoed John.

"If the English win, why then you may carry off your Frenchwoman, Netawis! I do very much want you to be happy."

"And I thank you a thousand times, Azoka, for your good wishes; but I fear it will not happen in that way."

She smoothed the head of Ononwe in her lap. "Oh yes, it will," she assured him. "My father told me that you would be leaving us, some day; and now I know what he meant. He has seen her, has he not?"

"He has seen her."

"My father is never mistaken. You will go back when the time comes, and take her captive. But bring her back that I may see her, Netawis."

"But if she should resist?"

Azoka shook her pretty head. "You men never understand us. She will not resist when once you have married her; and I do very much want you to be happy."

For three days the Ojibways sprawled in drunkenness around Fort Mackinac, but on the fourth arose and departed for their island; very sullenly at first, as they launched their canoes, but with rising spirits as they neared home. And two days after their arrival Ononwe and Azoka were married.

In the midst of the marriage feast, which lasted a week, the great thaw began; and thereafter for a month Menehwehna watched John closely. But the spring-time could not thaw the resolve which had been hardening John's heart all the winter—to life out his life in the wilderness and, when his time came, to die there a forgotten man. He wondered now that he had ever besought Menehwehna for help to return. Although it could never be proved against him, he must acknow-

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ledge to himself that he, a British officer, was now in truth a willing deserter. But to be a deserter he found more tolerable than to return at the price of a private and indelible shame.

Menehwehna, cheated of his fears, watched him with a new and growing hope. The snows melted; May came with its flowers, June with its heat, July with the roaring of bucks in the forest; and still the men hung about the village, fishing and shooting, or making short excursions to Sault Sainte Marie or the bay of Boutchitouay, or the mouth of the Mississaki river on the north side of the lake, where the wildfowl were plentiful; but showing no disposition to go out again upon the war-path as they had gone the year before. The frenzy which then had carried them hundreds of miles from their homes seemed now to be entirely spent, and the war itself to have faded thousands of miles away. Once or twice a French officer from Fort Mackinac was paddled across and landed and harangued the Indians; and the Indians listened attentively, but never stirred. Of the French soldiers drilling at the fort they spoke now with contempt.

John saw no reason for this change, and set it down to that flightiness of purpose which—as he had read in books—is common to all savages. He had yet to learn how rumour travels in solitary lands over which the very sky becomes as it were a vast sounding-board, echoing far distant events not only within a few hours of their happening, but sometimes even a day or two before they happen.

It was on his return from the Isles aux Castors, where with two score young men of the tribe he had spent three weeks in fishing for sturgeon, that he heard of the capture of Fort Niagara by the English. Azoka announced it to him.

"Said I not how it would happen?" she reminded him. "But if you leave us now you must come back with her and see my boy. When he comes to be born he shall be called Netawis. Ononwe and I are agreed upon it."

"I have no thought of leaving," John answered. "Fort Niagara is far from here."

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"They say also," Menehwehna announced later, "that Stadacona has fallen."

"Stadacona?"

"The great fortress—Quebec."

John mused for a while. "I had a dear friend once," he said, "and he laid me a wager that he would enter Quebec before me. It appears that he has won."

"A friend, did my brother say?"

"And a kinsman," John answered, recognising the old note of jealousy in Menehwehna's voice. "But there is no likeness between us; for he has no doubts, and always goes straight to his mark."

"There was a name brought me with the news. Your chief was the Wolf, they said; but whether it be his own name or that of his *manitou* I know not."

(*To be continued*)

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EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

MARCH 1904

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THE DYNASTS

OF the success of Mr. Hardy's new volume there can be no doubt whatever. It has what Stevenson once declared to be the first quality of a good book; "it lets itself be read." The philosopher, the historian, the theologian, the lover of poetry will have a great deal more to say than this; but they will all agree here with the ordinary reader. Be as critical or as uncritical as you please, as learned or unlearned; you will not easily be separated from the book until you have finished it.

It is well for us all that this is so, and it is well for Mr. Hardy too: for if we may quote Stevenson again, to conjure with great names is, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace; and Mr. Hardy has certainly conjured with great names. His subject is "the vast international tragedy" of Napoleon's career; his hero the English nation. Born and bred among the memories of that gigantic contest, where they still echo faintly among the Wessex downs, and provoked (how we warm to him for the confession!) "by the slight regard paid to English influence and action throughout the struggle by those Continental writers who had dealt imaginatively with" it, he set out, as he tells us in his preface, about six years back, to "re-embody the features of this influence in their true proportion." Of his Titanic undertaking one-third only has yet been accomplished, but we are allowed to see the skeletons of the second and third part upon the stocks, and may hope that

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their launch will not be long delayed. In any case, as they are evidently sister ships to the one already afloat, there is no reason to suppose that our present verdict will be modified to any considerable extent.

Mr. Hardy has called his work a drama: he has thereby earned the inevitable comparison with Shakespeare, and has also drawn ingenious suggestions, for staging it, from a gentleman who has at his disposal all the dictionaries and encyclopædias of a great newspaper office. With such technicalities we have nothing to do: the book is a drama, it is true, of a very unusual kind, but it is none the less a drama in the usual sense of the word. It is, however, very far from being either a Shakespearean chronicle-play, or a puppet-show, as will be evident when we come to discuss the supernatural element in it. Let us first say something of the human part.

The historical pageant of this volume begins with the outbreak of war between England and Spain in March 1805, and ends with the death of Pitt. It is spread out before the mental eye of the reader in a manner which is as simple as it is masterly. What we are told to see we see: tract after tract of Europe lying below us like a map, men and nations moving, swarming, contending like ants, ships of the line floating over the sea like moths; then the point of view descends nearer to earth, voices come to us, as they come to those who descend a mountain in clear air, "thin and small, as from another medium," till at last we lose the sense of distance and hear the characters speaking in the tones of the life we share ourselves.

Act I. Scene 1 opens, as we might have hoped, upon "a Ridge in Wessex." From the first note all is English: King George has rebuffed Bonaparte; passengers by the Weymouth coach discuss his answer; they pass companies of infantry singing on the march, and hear from a horseman the news of the threatened French invasion. The scene shifts to Paris: Decrès receives Napoleon's plan for Villeneuve's feint on the West Indies. We pass to the old House of Commons, where

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Windham, Whitbread, Tierney, Fox, and Sheridan attack Pitt's measure for the national defence; thence to the harbour of Boulogne, where the "Army of England" labours in dumb show; thence again to London; and finally to Milan, where Napoleon is crowned by his own hands with the crown of Lombardy, as Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

The scene changes. The exterior of the Cathedral takes the place of the interior, and the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately carved alabaster ornament. The city itself sinks to miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation, the Adriatic and the Gulf of Genoa appear on this and that hand, with Italy between them, till clouds cover the panorama.

The remaining five acts are not less brilliant and varied. The second shows us Gibraltar, Ferrol, Boulogne, and the review of troops by George III. on the South Wessex downs opposite; concluding with a most characteristic scene between rustics of Mr. Hardy's chosen breed on Rainbarrows' Beacon. In the third act the Austrian columns are seen drawing with "silent insect creep" towards the banks of the Inn: Napoleon abruptly postpones the invasion of England, strikes camp at Boulogne, and marches to meet them. In Act Four he defeats Mack at Ulm; and Pitt hears from Malmesbury of the failure of one-half of his great combination. Only the Russian force remains unbroken; should Boney vanquish these he will be upon us again at Boulogne. "Nelson to our defence!" cries Mulgrave, and adds, though no one knows Nelson's plans or his whereabouts, "He's staunch. He's watching, or I am much deceived."

Accordingly the Fifth Act opens with a bird's-eye view of the sea off Cape Trafalgar.[1] The point of view descends, and

[1] One or two critics, children of a generation which sometimes seems to have learned nothing and forgotten everything, have called in question Mr. Hardy's use of this name, which he accents on the first and third syllables, instead of on the second as is now the common practice. It is true that the modern usage was not long in gaining a foothold, for, to say nothing of *'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*, Canning early in 1806 wrote of the "dear bought glories of

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we see in succession Villeneuve on the *Bucentaure*, and Nelson on the *Victory*. The battle is vividly played out, and the scene of Nelson's death, though given with many details of studied accuracy, is enriched by passages of great poetical beauty, unlike anything in the authentic prose narratives of the time. Hardy, in whom we cannot help seeing a sympathetic reflection of his namesake's mind, stands by Nelson's side in the cockpit, and for a moment, like the dying Blake, dreams of the West Country:

NELSON (*suddenly*).

What are you thinking, that you speak no word?

HARDY (*waking from a short reverie*).

Thoughts all confused, my lord;—their needs on deck,
Your own sad state and your unrivalled past;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar—
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking unconsciously this bloody hour,
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe.

The plain, unadorned story of this death scene, as told by Dr. Beatty, is one of the most pathetic and moving passages in our language; how exquisite then must be the art which, without taking from the simplicity, can add even one touch to the beauty of it! The act ends with another glimpse of Weymouth, where boatmen talk with horribly grim humour of the *Victory's*

Trafalgar's day"; but Mr. Hardy is the more correct, as may be shown by the derivation of the word (Tarif-al-gar) and by other evidence. Croker, also in 1806, prophesies Nelson's fame "While the white ocean breaks and roars On Trafalgar's immortal shores." L. E. L. addressed to Sir Thomas Hardy himself stanzas on "The Victors of the Baltic Sea, The brave of Trafalgar": and we have the testimony of the late Admiral Sir Windham Phipps Hornby, who served under Hardy, that the sailors pronounced the word "Trafagar," which leaves no possible doubt as to *their* accentuation.

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home-coming, and roll out a tremendous chanty of the October storm, when

> Dead Nelson and his half dead crew, his foes from near and far,
> Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.
> (*All*) The deep
> The deep
> That night at Trafalgar!

In the Sixth and last Act Napoleon crushes the Allies at Austerlitz: Pitt hears the news of this second failure of his hopes, rolls up the map of Europe, and dies at Putney, thinking of his country to the last moment of his life.

So ends the first part of this great drama, set forth with a breadth, a vivid terseness, and a dignity which are the more impressive because of the rigidly impersonal manner in which the author has compelled himself to treat his individual characters. That this curious aloofness is intentional and not due to any lack of high imaginative power we will show by quoting one more passage. It is said of Pitt's speech in the House of Commons (in Act I. Scene 3) that

> To-night's appearance of its Minister
> In the assembly of his long-time sway
> Is near his last, and themes to-night launched forth
> Will take a tincture from that memory,
> When men recall the scene and circumstance
> That hung about his pleadings.—But no more;
> The ritual of each party is rehearsed,
> Dislodging not one vote or prejudice;
> The ministers their ministries retain,
> And Ins as Ins, and Outs as Outs, remain.

These lines, with their mingled splendour and simplicity, and their rhyming close, are near, but not too near, to the Shakespearean manner; and the substance of the play, as we have outlined it, may perhaps seem such as Shakespeare might have fashioned. But the truth is far from this; for the half has not yet been told. The historical drama, with all its scenes and stage directions, in straightforward Roman type, is

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throughout intertwined with an element at whose existence we have hitherto only hinted, a supernatural element, uttering, with all the vague mysterious impressiveness of italics, the sympathies and comments of human thought upon the passing event of the moment. Here Mr. Hardy has been supposed to draw upon Æschylus or Goethe, though such lines as these seem to us to show more affinity with Shelley:

SEMICHORUS I.

Ere systemed suns were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ,

SEMICHORUS II.

And wasting wars, by land and sea,
Fixed, like all else, immutably!

The abstractions, too, which form the personages of this "over-world" are Shelleyan: they are The Ancient Spirit of the Years, The Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, The Spirit of Rumour, The Shade of the Earth, as well as Choruses, Spirit-messengers, and Recording Angels. They are all described as "Phantom Intelligences," and are, in truth, no more than personified moods of the human mind in criticism, supernatural only in the manner of their presentation on the scene of the drama. The profound interest with which we hear their utterances is due to the fact that, taken all together, they represent beyond doubt the author's reasoned verdict on the life of men and his belief as to the working of the universe and its First Cause.

This confession is a debt which Mr. Hardy has long owed us. "Life's Little Ironies" (to take one example) marked a perhaps passing mood of protest; but at the end of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" we were bewildered by a violent and abrupt cry; a cry of rebellion for which nothing in the course of a beautiful but inconsequent story had prepared us. When the black flag went up on Dorchester Gaol the solemnity of the last silent watch was rudely and irrelevantly broken by a sort of exasperated outburst: "The President of the Immortals

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had finished his sport with Tess." What President? What Immortals?

The acute discomfort of that moment has never quite ceased to haunt some of us. Was this, too, then a writer who felt and could not think? Well might a Meredith pray, "More brain, O Lord, more brain." For comfort or conventionality we were not asking; his creed is all that we can ask of any man, but then it must be a man's creed and not a child's angry and unintelligent scream. From these doubts Mr. Hardy has now delivered his readers: a creed he has, and however insufficient it may seem to some, however unscientific to others, it is a serious and a reasoned creed, set out with extraordinary skill and impressiveness.

Of the Phantom Intelligences there are two to whom is especially committed the task of expounding Mr. Hardy's theory of the universe. These two are not the Sinister and Ironic Spirits, as we might have expected, but the Spirit of the Pities, which in general puts the question, and the Spirit of the Years, which gives the answer. Nothing could be clearer or more positive than the doctrine they lay down. The "Immanent Will," the creative and directing principle of all forms of life, is the sole cause of events and characters, being itself intelligent but motiveless.

> It works unconsciously, as heretofore,
> Eternal artistries in Circumstance,
> Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote,
> Seem in themselves Its single listless aim,
> And not their consequence.

Everything in man's history goes to show

> That like a knitter drowsed,
> Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
> The Will has woven with an absent heed
> Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

This idea is enforced in a very original and striking manner three times: once when we are shown a general view of Europe before the play begins, once after Napoleon's coro-

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nation at Milan, and a third time on the battlefield of Austerlitz. At each of those moments "a new and penetrating light descends on the spectacle, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency." In this preternatural clearness "the controlling Immanent Will appears, as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms." The theory is worked out in every act, emphasised in nearly every scene. All living things are but clockwork, set in motion by a mainspring beyond their knowledge or control: they do not *act* in any true sense of the word; they merely "click out" their allotted parts.

We have now entered upon a very ancient battlefield, strewn with the bones and weapons of many generations. Why has it pleased Mr. Hardy to bring us here? The truth is that the Creator, not the creature, is his real subject: Napoleon's career, Pitt, Nelson, and the English race are all mere illustrations. His thesis involves a denial of Free Will, but only as a stepping-stone to the height of his great argument, which is to prove with all the breadth and solemnity attainable in mundane affairs, the impossibility of justifying the ways of God to man.

We are far from sharing Mr. Hardy's view, but are full of admiration for the manner in which he has presented it. There is no screaming this time, nothing hasty or incoherent. If man is to bring an indictment against That in which he lives and moves and has his being, this is certainly the mood in which it should be done: by reproach rather than rebellion, in words of deep suggestion and lofty resignation.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Young Spirits, be not critical of That
Which was before, and shall be after you!

SPIRITS OF THE PITIES.

But out of tune the Mode and meritless
That quickens sense in shapes whom, thou hast said,
Necessitation sways!

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Things mechanised
By coils and pivots set to foreframed codes
Would in a thorough-sphered melodic rule
And governance of sweet consistency
Be ceased no pain; whose burnings would abide
With That which holds responsibility,
Or inexist.

CHORUS OF THE PITIES.
Yea, yea, yea!
Why make Life debtor when it did not buy?

The reply to this question, so often asked by human pain, and never in more memorable words, is the true conclusion of the book, though it does not come as such, but closes the scene of Nelson's death in the Fifth Act. We may quote, but the page ought to be read as a whole.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.
Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame? . . .
The cognisance ye mourn, Life's doom to feel,
If I report it meetly, came unmeant,
Emerging with blind gropes from impercipience
By random sequence—luckless tragic Chance,
If ye will call it so. . .

CHORUS OF THE YEARS.
Yea, yea, yea;
Your hasty judgments stay
Until the topmost cyme
Have crowned the last entablature of Time.
O heap not blame on that in-brooding Will;
O pause, till all things all their days fulfil!

Criticism comes ungraciously after the concentration and high pathos of such verse; but the writer tenders his evidence as one concerned for the truth, and we can do him no disservice by questioning him on one or two apparent inconsistencies and shortcomings. Both from the philosophical and the scientific point of view he has difficulties to meet which are not of our creation: they confront us all, and if he is to be our guide he must face them with us. To begin with, the phrase "The Immanent Will," though striking and sure to be remembered, is not a fortunate one from Mr. Hardy's own point of

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view. "Will," says Kant, "is that kind of causality attributed to living agents, so far as they are possessed of reason"; and it will hardly be denied that this must be taken as the common acceptation of the term. But that which is "unconscious" "listless," "weighing not Its thought," "a knitter drowsed," weaving "with an absent heed," "a Clairvoyancy that knows not what it knows," can hardly be brought under any such definition; "purposive yet super-conscious," is a magnificent phrase, but an inconsistent one; if all heed is absent there is neither reason nor purpose, as we ordinarily use the words. No doubt it is possible in a philosophical treatise to use words out of their ordinary sense, carefully made up with definitions, notes, and excursuses, to play their part, but in a poem, where the appeal is to a wider and less trained audience, language will continually be showing its more natural and familiar face beneath the disguise, and associations will intrude to the confusion of the author's meaning. Reading, and therefore thinking, of the Supreme Power as a "Will," Mr. Hardy's audience must tend to lose the balance which enables him to quiet rebellious feeling with the reply, "Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame?" It will be in vain to remind us that he believes our fatal inheritance of human feeling to have come to us "unmeant." "Will" excludes "unmeant," as surely as "unmeant" is intended to exclude the common meaning of "purposive." And no one who has ever given serious thought to the subject will dismiss this inconsistency as "a mere matter of terminology."

A further difficulty arises when we find the statement that feeling "came unmeant" amplified by the phrase "emerging with blind gropes from impercipience, By random sequence—luckless tragic Chance." What is Chance? and what place can it have in such a scheme as that portrayed here? If all life is the automatic outcome of a single Cause, and all its "gropings" mechanically dependent on that Cause, how can any impulse or acquirement come to it from Chance? Mr. Hardy has with emphasis and iteration denied the existence of any spring of power except in the central Will; now to save

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that Will from the accusation of being less responsible, less compassionate than its own emanations, he turns about and introduces a new centre of power, a new spring acting from outside; a power as sharply divided from the Great Cause as any Free Will of man himself, and far less credible; being in fact only a hypothesis invented to support the hypothesis that feeling was "needed not In the Economy of Vitality."

And here Mr. Hardy comes into conflict with the ideas which his generation has learned, accurately or inaccurately, from Science. To those who have listened so humbly to so many apostles of the gospel of Evolution, there is something startling, even irreverent, in Mr. Hardy's scientific heterodoxy. The evolution of man has, according to him, not merely preserved but actually produced an "unneeded" faculty. We might have been, and in a well thought-out universe we should have been, as unconscious as animals or as the Will itself; but we have developed useless human sentience. We have also evolved the illusory sense of a will, an even more extraordinary feat, for there is apparently nothing whatever out of which such a sense could be developed, and yet upon this unfounded but instinctive belief we have built up at widely different times, and probably in many separate centres, a whole fabric of ideas of right and wrong. These must all be the mere shadows of a shade, but they have again and again proved so strong as to survive when a logical belief in their foundation has perished. From the Stoics to Calvin, from Calvin to Mr. Hardy, there have always been Necessarians who gave back to the moral will with the practical hand what they had taken from it with the theoretical. Life after all, like the King's Government, "must be carried on." And if the sense of will is an illusion it is an absolutely perfect one. "All theory," said Dr. Johnson, "is against the freedom of the will, all experience is for it."

We have indicated difficulties upon which we have no time now to dwell. We are far from imagining them to have escaped Mr. Hardy's attention. On the contrary, he seems clearly to have seen them and purposely to have turned away.

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He knows that men do "dream their motions free, their orderings supreme," however illogical they may seem to the Spirit of the Years; but it cannot be said that he shows them in his play as possessed by any such belief. In order the better to "manifest the volitions of an Universal Will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form portion," they are represented, even to the greatest among them, as being of somewhat less than life-size and life-energy. Villeneuve longing to quit by his own act the life he has disgraced, is actually made to speak of

> Those stern Nays
> That heretofore were audible to me
> At each unhappy time I strove to pass,

and must receive assurance from one of the Phantom Intelligences that "The Will grants exit freely" before he can strike. On the other hand, in curious contrast to this is the total omission from the play of all reference to personal religion among the characters. This cannot be accidental: it is a deliberate striking out of data which would embarrass the author's theory; for there happens to be at least one scene, one character, to which religion vitally belongs. No account of Trafalgar, or of Nelson, is complete, is scientific, which does not include the famous prayer, and show us the greatest actor in the drama alone upon his knees as the *Victory* drifts into the shadow of death. *For myself I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.*

We make no appeal to sentiment here; we claim no weight of authority for Nelson; but it is the mere truth that his belief and practice are representative of a set of facts which are perhaps the most prominent of all in the historical drama of Man upon Earth. If Mr. Hardy had found it easier to invalidate those facts he would probably not have done violence to his work by omitting them altogether.

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ON THE LINE

A fine spirit of comradeship animates the pages of the long record of "twenty-four years of soldiering and sport," **From Kabul to Kumassi** (by Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks, K.C.M.S., D.S.O. Murray, 21*s.* net).

Is it a question of the Irish?

I am not an Irishman, but I have served long with Irish soldiers; their faults are many, but their virtues are more. As Adjutant, years after the time I am now writing of, I learnt to love them.

How about "natives"?

Each time I returned to India from leave the first man I met at Bombay was my gallant Sikh orderly. None more brave and true ever lived, and one of the saddest bits of news that ever reached me was the report of his death in 1898, whilst I was on the Niger. Poor old fellow! he sent me word to say he did not care to live now that his master had left India and would never return again.

The courtesy on both sides which marked his dealings with the French in West Africa is truly delightful.

When our difficulties had once been settled we parted, I believe, the best of friends,

"which long may we continue to be so," goes on Sir James, with charming disregard of grammar; and later on he pays a tribute to the French officials who let the Ashanti plainly understand "that the enemies of England were their enemies also, and *thereby showed a most friendly spirit to our country at a time when friends were few and far between.*"

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Nor does he ever lose an opportunity of praising Lady Hodgson's conduct at Kumassi, although she blamed him (unjustly, in her ignorance) for not coming sooner to the relief of that place.

It was considered a forlorn hope. When, on June 5, 1900, with eight officers and British non-commissioned officers, and with three hundred men, Sir James marched out of Cape Coast Castle, the streets of the town were almost deserted and no one raised a cheer. The attempt to stamp out rebellion with black troops alone seemed to the wiseacres there merely farcical. The rain poured down in torrents, and it continued so to pour down until the month of November. The precious bags of rice, which the Commander had watched with a feeling that they were of more worth than if they had been bags of silver, possessed no waterproof coverings. Every object, every man in the force, was soaked through; and fourteen miles out of Cape Coast the darkness was so thick that they had to wait for flashes of lightning in order to move. At Prahsu the force was reduced to two hundred and fifty. No food, no ammunition had arrived, the promised carriers from Sierra Leone had not even landed. To enter Kumassi without provisions would simply add to the difficulties of the starving garrison there. Of the ten messengers sent to the Governor, not one succeeded in arriving. On June 9 came news of a serious reverse, in which Colonel Carter lost a fourth of his entire column. A hundred and fifty men had to be sent at once to his relief. Food was becoming a serious question at Prahsu, though there were now only about a hundred men left; and things looked black enough. A fearful gale had damaged the telegraph wire, so that it could not be used for several days. Lying about in the telegraph office Sir James found an old magazine, and on one of the first pages this quotation from "Henry V.":

> The fewer men the greater share of honour,
> God's will; I pray thee wish not one man more.

It seemed to him a good omen, and he pasted it into his

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diary. There is no more interesting passage in the book. How would the warrior King have stood amazed on that rainy morning of Agincourt, could he have known that the torch he kindled there would light the flame of hope in the breast of another English General, upon another black and rainy day, in a far-off country, the very name of which he had never even heard, nearly five hundred years after his death! There are few emotions of which we can say with certainty that Shakespeare's heart would have beat the faster for them; but surely this is one. No poet ever lived who did not hear with a thrill of joy that a soldier had carried those words, most truly called his Works, into action.

Sir James was, at this time, so ill that he could hardly sit up in his chair. Even when the first batch of carriers arrived on June 16, they brought the small-pox with them; in spite of every possible precaution, men infected with the disease carried the loads, and it became necessary to erect a hospital at every post. Another detachment of sixty had been sent to reinforce. Maps were found to be worse than useless. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was killed.

His only exhortation, when he knew he was dying, was to leave him alone, but not to abandon the helpless, injured men.

Colonel Carter had begun to retire. Evidently Sir James considered this a mistake, but the manner in which he refers to it is admirable.

Colonel Carter had his own reasons for abandoning Kwissa, and did not understand from my orders that he was, under all circumstances, to hold on to the Post . . . He was justified in considering the changed conditions. He made his decision and acted on it; that the result was unfortunate is one of the chances of war.

Presently came a letter from Burroughs to the effect that he had been heavily repulsed at Kokofu on July 8. It was well known that the garrison in Kumassi could not hold out beyond the 15th. *I will personally undertake to*

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relieve Kumassi by July 15 *under any circumstances*, Sir James had written.

> I had pledged my word. . . . It was getting a close thing, but it was this more than anything which gave me confidence. When one is really put to t is generally the time when one's best efforts seem to spring to life. There are times when one almost hugs misfortune, for it appears a solace to the feelings. I did not so much mind the facts, but I could see on the faces of officers and men a look of seeming pity for me. Now anything is better than to be the subject of pity, and I had no intention of allowing myself to be made so. I remember well surmising whether the smile I put on gave away my houghts.

We cannot but think of a certain passage in Gordon's Diary—of a certain letter in which a younger friend who saw him ever calm and serene by day, heard him night after night pacing up and down his room after the others were all in bed. Hard, hard it must have been for an unsentimental Englishman in that frame of mind to order a theatrical dress rehearsal of what was to be the last charge at Kumassi! "I thought I knew my men," says Sir James, rather as if he were ashamed of it, "and I acted accordingly. . . . I spoke to the men like one would to children." The event justified him. Wildly agitated by the exciting gestures and sounds which—so they had been taught—were the signal for victory, they rushed on the Ashanti when the day came, and carried everything before them; but this was not yet.

On June 23 all who could leave the fort at Kumassi had done so, except three white men, a hundred and fifty black soldiers, and a starved and starving mass of refugees too weak to travel. From the officer commanding there came a message, brought by a famished Hausa soldier, "covered with sores, dazed with hunger and fatigue," a hero who had run the gauntlet of the enemy alone, and come through.

> I promoted him to the rank of Sergeant on the spot, and presented him with a sum of money; but I have ever since regretted I did not recommend him for a Victoria Cross, for surely it was well earned. Is it too late now?

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Well may we echo the question, *Is it too late?* The message, in its tragic, uncomplaining brevity, struck home to the hearts of all who heard it, and made them "almost tremble" (what virtue in that "almost"!) lest they should not arrive in time. The "pomp and panoply" of war, says Sir James earlier in the book, "can only be really thoroughly imagined once," and that is on receipt of the first order "to proceed at once to the Front"; but finer than that youthful effervescence of delight must have been the great moment when, having brought in every available man, to raise the strength of the column to a thousand,

there passed through my mind a feeling of stern joy that it should at last have fallen to my lot to take a share, however small, in my country's history.

Most of the officers were suffering from fever, many of the rank and file came out from hospital, not yet cured, to join in the final attack. While they were there, our one ally, the King of Bekwai, the "noble black chief, who behaved as a gentleman," and "never swerved a hair's-breadth from his pledged word," had sent in eggs and vegetables for their use, although he had not enough provisions for his own household. Now, just before they started, this loyal and gentlemanly person came to ask in a whisper whether he might cut off a few heads of the slain wherewith to adorn his war-drums.

It rather made one shiver to think what nature of men we were dealing with, friends and foes alike.

They started for the last day's march at daybreak on July 15. Little things show the tension. A new bugle call for *Advance* was mistaken over and over again for *Halt*. "'Alt 'as sounded" was turned into "We're all surrounded," and caused a long delay. When Sir James did call a short *Halt*, one of the staff, who had scarcely rested for three days and nights, lay down in a pool of mud and water, fell asleep on the instant, and was much vexed at being awakened. At length came the supreme event:

It was a glorious roar which greeted our ears as the enemy opened with every gun and rifle they possessed; it was the best moment of my life, and

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nothing can again equal it. . . . As soon as firing had ceased the drums and bugles took up the "Charge!" the finest music my ears shall ever hear.

Every one of the staff joined, and Sir James was left alone. The charge was completely successful. They had done what they had vowed to do—they had relieved Kumassi. Perfect silence was once again the order of the day, that they might catch some sound from the fort, but nothing came—there was no answer to their cheers. It was but half a mile distant. Once again fear overtook them. Were they too late? Had it been all in vain? On they went, past ruined houses, charred timbers, telegraph posts torn down. Here and there lay a headless corpse. Strewn all about were hundreds of empty bottles, that had once held gin. At last, from the top of a slope—beyond the sacred groves that had so lately reeked with human sacrifice—they saw the fort, the flagstaff still before the gate—the three gallant defenders—Bishop, Ralph, Hay. At 8 P.M. *on July* 15 five star shells burst from the guns outside, the signal for Bekwai to flash the good news on to Cape Coast, for Cape Coast to cable it to England.

There are more Liberal parties than one in the Empire, and it is of Canadian and not English Liberals that Mr. Willison treats in his two solidly written and clearly printed volumes, entitled **Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party.** (Toronto: Morang; London: Murray. 25*s.*) They give us the creditable record of a successful party and of an attractive and interesting politician. Though frankly a partisan, Mr. Willison manages to keep the judicial tone, without which a semi-official apologia must become tiresome to outsiders. We get the case for Canadian Liberalism stated as fairly as counsel for the defence could be expected to state it. What is even more to Mr. Willison's credit is that the hues in which he has painted Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, the Tories and the Ultramontane Bishops of Quebec are by no means of a deep sable. Sir John's colour, in particular, is made no darker than a cheerful and respectable light grey; and when

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we consider what Canadian political feeling can be like, and what Canadian journalism has been, we can well understand the restraint which Mr. Willison has at times imposed upon himself. In a political biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier moderation is the appropriate key-note, inasmuch as, more than anything else, the Canadian Liberal leader has been a moderating and reconciling influence. It was hardly thus that he began in public life, for he was deeply tinged with French Radicalism, came early into sharp collision with the hierarchy of Quebec, and was the friend of young men more than suspected of free-thinking, republicanism, leanings towards union with the United States, and bitter opposition to Canadian Federation. But Wilfrid Laurier mellowed early, and even when young contrived to keep his head. He fought his bishops for a decent allowance of intellectual and political freedom, yet never ceased to be a good Catholic; and nothing can be laid to his charge in his salad days, or since, inconsistent with loyalty to the English connection. As for federation, it does appear that he once owned and edited a certain newspaper, *L'Avenir*, and that the future prefigured in this print was not Canadian federation but the reverse. But *L'Avenir* has long been *Le Passé;* in young Laurier's hands it did not live for two years; and by a timely stroke of fortune its files were thereafter destroyed in a fire, so that but a single copy of a single issue survives to suggest that forty years ago the French-Canadian who is now Premier of the Confederation, feared that federation would rob the French-Canadians of their rights and just influence. Fortunately federation was a *fait accompli* before Laurier fought his first election fight, and if he was not an advocate of the great compact, he was sensible enough to accept it, and logical enough to understand its inevitable consequences. The year of the election contest referred to was 1871. The district bore the typically North American name of Arthabaskaville, yet was not so much urban as rural. Mr. Laurier's opponent was an Englishman, one Hemming. A copy of a Montreal newspaper is happily

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quoted from by Mr. Willison, which sums up the qualifications and drawbacks of the rivals very delightfully. Mr. Hemming, wrote this clerical oracle, had done solid public service "by his devotion to the Sorel and Drummondville road." But he was an aggressive Protestant, and there were many Catholics round about Arthabaskaville. Mr. Laurier was personally esteemed, but his Liberalism was not more likely to please Catholics than was Mr. Hemming's Protestantism. "It is regrettable," concluded the discerning editor, "that a more acceptable candidate is not in the field." Thus did a French-Canadian newspaper welcome into public life the most eminent French-Canadian who has yet played a part therein. The electors, however, had more insight into character, and returned Mr. Laurier by a majority of 1000.

Generally, the impression left by Mr. Willison's conscientiously elaborated picture of Sir Wilfrid is very pleasant. Just as the chief life-work of the politician has been that of finding a *modus vivendi*, of reconciling race-feuds and softening religious animosities, so the man is winning and agreeable rather than rugged and tempestuous. That he does not lack courage has been shown fully enough in battles against forms of clerical arrogance, of which Englishmen have luckily no experience and little conception. But in the main Sir Wilfrid Laurier seeks the paths of pleasantness and peace. His ideal of government seems to be one which looks to material well-being and progress, leaving scope for social and industrial improvement, with somewhat freer play to private enterprise than "Liberals" in some other British Colonies are prepared to allow. If he has been no heroic social reformer, if he is more conservative than revolutionary, he can at least claim that under his genial guidance Canada has been too prosperous, progressive and contented for any loud demand for drastic social or constitutional change to make itself heard.

Lectures on Classical Subjects, by W. R. Hardie (Macmillan. 7*s.* net.) Such a compilation as this, consisting of

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lectures addressed at different times to different audiences, naturally leads down many by-paths; but through all runs a clue of unity; the writer's object would seem to be to point out once more the loftiness and originality of Greek literature, its application to practical life and reduction to stately form by the Romans, and its value as a standard and a foundation to all civilised life. The feeling for nature, the existence of the unseen world, the glimpses into it from this side of the veil, and man's relation to it on the other side, are different faces of the same problem; the place of man as a spiritual existence in presence of an outward world like and unlike himself, careless of him and yet necessary to him, the object of love and fear. To the early Greek mind as pictured in Homer, nature appears in its simplicity and greatness, beneficent or destructive, unapproachable by man, but "sympathising with some God or half-divine being." The idea of a sympathy of nature with man had not yet been born—that sympathy which is expressed in Virgil's *O qui me gelidis*—the sympathy of man with nature had only begun to appear in the sense of beauty, as in Homer's moonlight passage, the love of rivers, meadows and glens, the joy of the sea-rover, and the sense of home coming. So, too, in the Homeric religion. The gods live their own life, have their own loves, hates and quarrels, take care of or punish certain mortals, may be appeased by the smoke of sacrifices, but do not care or have not the power to alter fate. Minos in Hades is no judge of sin or merit, but the lord of the underworld. This indifference or uncertain action towards mankind depends upon the subjection of the gods themselves to fate, a thought which lies deep in the foundations of Greek religion. And so when the Greek desired to find atonement for the discord of passions which he felt within his soul, he sought it not from the sunlight gods of the upper world, but from those mysterious deities to whom the dead descend, and by whom human lives are judged. The religion of nature leads to a kind of atheism; the gods who live at ease do not answer prayer; but consciousness of sin and desire for purifi-

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cation lead to the hope of a reconciliation, and from the early ideas of sacrificial blood dripping through the earth to be lapped up by the dead, the cult of the dead and the gods of the dead are derived, the truly religious creeds of the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries. Here first comes in the thought of happiness after death, for whereas Achilles would rather be the slave of a poor man upon earth than king of the dead, the Mystæ in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes sing "Cheerful light is ours, ours and ours alone." There can be no doubt that a deep religious import attached to the Mysteries, that a belief in a life after death was created by them, and that the initiated experienced conversion, and led holier lives in consequence. When we come to Rome and the Augustan age, we find an unintellectual ceremonial religion, decaying among the educated, whose attitude towards the supernatural is well shown in Cicero's Second Book *de Divinatione*, but still holding its position among the unlettered. Lucretius sweeps away all hopes and fears *strepitumque Acherontis avari*. The gods control life and death, but do not give grace to live virtuously. Virgil and Horace adopt the Greek mythology in a poetical spirit and without much credence, but infuse into it Roman seriousness, the sense of law and justice, and the memory of the past which fosters hope. "Virgil's work has a wider range; there is the majesty of Rome . . . and besides scenes of horror and gloom, there are visions of great beauty, the tranquil tide of the Eridanus flowing through fragrant groves of laurel, and the plains of Elysium bathed in a glowing light all their own." To Virgil on the side of feeling, as to Seneca and Marcus Aurelius on the side of philosophy and practical duty, the door of Christianity seems to stand ajar.

We pass over for want of space Professor Hardie's Lectures on the Vein of Romance, the Language of Poetry and Metrical Form, and come to the brilliant sketch of the history of criticism and scholarship from Roman times to our own. Professor Hardie rightly points out that neither language nor its origins, nor rules of versification, nor

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canons of poetry and rhetoric, nor comparisons of Greek and Roman with other systems of religion, polity and science, nor archæology, nor history, can severally claim the title of scholarship; but that what our own time should specially prize is not the contribution to the knowlege of facts made by Greece and Rome, which is but a drop in the cup, but their contribution to literature, which is immense. To know all that can be known about Greek pottery and the foundations of buried cities is worth something, but to know the mind of the Greeks and Romans is worth everything; and we are not only not much better than our fathers, but much worse, if we have lost or are losing the familiarity with Homer and Virgil, which enlarged their minds and ennobled their lives. Do our present public school and University "studies" lead us nearer to a knowledge of Greece and Rome such as Milton and Charles Fox and Macaulay possessed, or are we splitting up and specialising into pseudo-science what should be a unity and harmony?

One at least of the numberless magazines now offered to the public cannot be called superfluous, for it is both unique and admirable. **The Ancestor** (Constable: 5s. quarterly) has now completed its second year of existence, and we are glad to see that the almost meteoric splendour with which it first appeared has proved to be only the natural and persistent light of a new planet. Its orbit may now be taken as definitely ascertained, and it may be useful to say a few words about it for the benefit of those who have not yet had their attention directed to it.

The work of the herald and genealogist, though it may be said to deal with part of the field of history, must evidently be carried on under conditions somewhat different from those which affect the historian. On matters of national and international importance the verdict of Time has been for the most part unbiased and unchallengeable. Light may be thrown into obscure corners, excavations may teach us more of the foundations of our past and present, but the broad outlines of

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our knowledge are rather strengthened than destroyed by such labour. Family history, on the contrary, has been not only forgotten but forged, its evidence weighed in the false balances of personal pride, and its true origins concealed under masses of ignorant or even fraudulent legend. It follows that the first duty of the honest genealogist must always be to provide himself with a destructive *apparatus criticus*, and to use it, if without pedantry, yet with an unshrinking hand. And since he will often be taking from us the picturesqueness of tradition, he is bound to give in return as much as possible of the pleasure which belongs to criticism and the humour which especially attends the downfall of the pretentious. This duty Mr. Oswald Barron has found congenial, and in the editorial notes which he has contributed and in such articles as "The Genuinely Armigerous Person" (July 1903), and the series of Papers on "What is Believed," he has done much good pick-work, with an accompaniment of hearty laughter which even his opponents have probably appreciated.

A much more difficult and not less necessary part of the work of the New Antiquary must, however, be the constructive. It is amusing enough to see stick after stick hurled with unfailing aim at the grotesque old Gogs and Magogs of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pedigree makers: but when we have done laughing at the collapse of the paint and plaster we want to see the genuine stone, however simple, which they replaced or hid. The first Feilding was not a Hapsburg; what then was he? If the Snookses and the de Tompkinses did not come over with the Conqueror, who did, and who are their descendants? To these we may add wider and far more interesting questions. What is the true social history of England? From what classes have descended our present grades, and by what process? What can we learn of the results in England of race, of local habitation, of personal character, of occupation, of chance or favouritism? What does our nobility now represent? What is it to be a gentleman? What and where are the treasures which have escaped

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the dust-heaps of the past and survived to commemorate the more distinguished of our forefathers: the houses, churches, shields, and pictures?

It is here that the "Ancestor's" great opportunity lay, and here it has already achieved a notable success. The eight numbers—or rather volumes—before us are a storehouse of rich and carefully arranged material. The origins of the Carews, the Nevills, the Wrottesleys, and a dozen more of "Our Oldest Families," the fascinating portraits of the Barrett-Lennards, and the Massingberds; the seals of the Barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth century; an armorial of the fifteenth century; manuscripts exhibiting mediæval manners and costume—all these, with a wealth of illustrations, are among the attractions of the more recent numbers, and the supply shows no sign of exhaustion. And while the Editor is so fortunate as to command the help of such contributors as Mr. Round and Mr. St. John Hope the scholarly character of the review will need no other guarantee than their names and his. We read with admiration and confidence: we recognise upon reflection that to the next generation the whole outlook of a genuine and valuable study will have been changed: for a lumber-room of broken, unrecognisable or tinsel rubbish there will have been substituted a well-ordered collection of documents and authentic relics, illustrative not of bombastic and absurd "family traditions," but of the serious and honourable progress of a great nation from semi-barbarism to civilisation.

Erratum.—We regret that in reviewing the Life of Lord Colborne last month we inadvertently spoke of Sir Harry Smith as "a captain in the 52nd." He belonged, of course, to the 95th Rifles, and his association with Colborne was due to the fact that he was Brigade Major of the 2nd Brigade, Light Division, when Colborne commanded the Brigade.—Editor.

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THE REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE

ON February 6 Letters Patent passed under the King's Sign Manual for the constitution of the new Army Council, and one of the greatest administrative reforms of our time was set on foot. The die is cast, the vital step for which we have all been crying so long has been taken, and for good or evil the military forces of the Crown enter a new chapter of their history. That the change has been acclaimed by the country with something like enthusiasm is not to be denied, even if it has a little taken away its breath. We stand gasping before a revolution that goes beyond all that the most strenuous critics hoped or even asked for, and it is no wonder that as breath is recovered we begin to hear a note of opposition and even of hostility. Nor is it the note of obscurant conservatism or of mere reaction from so great and sudden a surprise. It is a note that commands attention, for we recognise in it the voice of those who have been crying the most ably and persistently in the wilderness through the barren years, and of those also who have done most to wring drops of success from the old worm-eaten system. To a large extent all criticism must now be academic, since the scheme is launched. But the men whose devotion and capacity have forced the old engine to do the country's work, and whose untiring pens have brought opinion to the brink of the leap cannot be ignored. The Empire owes them too much. Still face to face with a reform that stirs the

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very roots of its organisation, the country must judge for itself as best it can. Nor should judgment be difficult. On the one side we have the new scheme presented in its broad outline in one of the most lucid, masterly and well-reasoned State papers that has appeared in recent times, and such a document alone is enough to arouse confidence in the clear heads, the grip and the exhaustive thought that lie behind the change. On the other we have the men, as able, and logical, and lucid both with pen and voice as any in the country, at whose feet we have all sat, wondering how long the old ruin could withstand their convincing attacks and well knowing they uttered not only the results of their own sagacious study, but also the conviction of the men of action whom the country most firmly trusts.

Taken broadly, the new scheme is seen to be composed of three cardinal changes: First, the creation of a permanent State Department attached to a unified Committee of Defence; secondly, the supersession of the old War Office by an Army Council consisting of heads of departments, political, military and financial; and, thirdly, the substitution of an Inspector-General for the Commander-in-Chief. In other words, we are to have the germ of a General Defence Staff, the administration of the Army by a Board like the Board of Admiralty, and the complete decentralisation of executive command with a simple and unhampered check to secure co-ordination and efficiency of method. On this clear and well-designed tripod the scheme of the Commissioners rests, and it is on each several leg of it that the hostile criticism is directed. Details are barely in question. It is the whole fundamental structure that is challenged.

It would be well if in endeavouring to come to a right judgment we could consider the criticism of the three essential factors separately, but this is impossible. The scheme is so logically constructed, the parts are so firmly interlocked, that to find fault with one is to condemn the whole. Another course must be adopted, and we must try to deal with the objections according to their nature.

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Let us first take those which are mainly even merely rhetorical. Though worthy of least weight, they often carry most and cannot be neglected—the more so as they express that strong sentimental antipathy in which every reform finds its most difficult obstacle. Here is one of them: "The history of war," says perhaps the ablest and best-known student of the question, "is a long series of proofs of the incompetence of Boards to conduct it."[1] With the gravest respect to this pioneer in a field where he has no superior either for knowledge, devotion, or ability, his dictum is one that historians cannot endorse. They will ask him for particulars, and where shall he find them? Where shall he find failures of Boards that cannot be matched by failures of single persons? And where shall he seek successes of single persons that shall pale the triumphs of Boards? It is too sweeping a statement to contest in less than a volume. Suffice it to remember that our own standing Army and our own standing Navy were established under Boards, and launched by them on operations which for drastic cleanness of effect are not to be surpassed in our annals of victory. But let it pass as the outcome of a depth of feeling we all must honour, remembering always that such forcible generalities are rhetoric and not serious argument for a time of serious thought.

Of the same nature is the cry that the whole scheme is contrary to the spirit and tradition of the service. It may be so. It is difficult for a civilian to distinguish between what is real and vital tradition in the Army and what is pestilent fashion. He only knows that the one is sometimes mistaken for the other, and that there exist in the military organism customs and sentiments of evil growth which he trusts to see uprooted, however much, in treason to the great spirit of soldiership, they are permitted to masquerade in the sacred name of tradition. In this connection it is particularly urged that the whole spirit of discipline has come to rest in the conception of a single command. We cannot believe it, and it is

[1] Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in the *Quarterly Review* for October 1903, p. 612.

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the high record of the Army itself that prompts our disbelief. It has never shown us that its spirit of obedience and self-sacrifice to King and country is less devout or less deeply rooted than in the sister service. History and modern experience only enforce the doubt which is thus aroused. Neither show that the office to which the sentiment clings can be a reality for any length of time. From the days of the Constables and the Earl Marshals downwards every attempt to establish a permanent Commander-in-Chief for peace and war has, sooner or later, tended to his degeneration into a political official or a mere Court functionary. Again and again, not only in our service but in most others, the office of Commander-in-Chief on the peace establishment has become aborted and the army has sloughed it off as unnecessary, if not harmful, to its tone, its health, and its latent activity.

Another and more weighty class of objection is aimed at the new distribution of the complex functions which are recognised as essential to the organisation of all armies. These are objections which call for very serious consideration; but when they are closely examined it will be seen that for the most part they rest on an insecure analogy—the analogy which is so generally drawn without doubt or question between the military forces of the Crown in their entirety and an army in the field. No error can be more specious and at the same time more natural. For years the devoted band of reformers have been crying to us that the root of all the evil is that our Army is organised for peace and not for war. The cry is absolutely true, and it is echoed with conviction by the Commissioners themselves. What, then, could be more obvious and natural than to advance from this datum to the position that you should organise the forces of the Crown like an army in the field, with a Commander-in-Chief at its head, a Quarter-master-General to think, an Adjutant-General to act, and the rest. But the two things are not identical. The military forces of the Crown are not and can never be an army in the field. The resemblance is at best only analogous, and it

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is unsafe to argue from one to the other as if they were homologous things. But we may go still further. For a closer examination will show that the resemblance on which the critics of this school proceed is not only a mere analogy but a false analogy. Out of their own mouths let them be judged.

The ideal system of this school, as expounded by the authority already quoted—and they can wish for no more able exponent—would run on the following lines:[1] There should be "a military Administrator-General who would be entrusted with the material maintenance as distinct from the training, discipline and leading of the Army . . . On the other hand, would be the Commander-in-Chief charged with the strategical study of the national policy, with the duty of drawing up general plans of operations, and of supervising the execution of such plans and with the education and training of the Army." He would have a staff of a Quarter-Master-General for orders, movements, tactical regulations, intelligence, and education, a Military Secretary for selection and promotion, and an Adjutant-General for discipline. He is also to be charged with the inspection of corps or divisional commands. And this, we are told, is the natural and logical organisation of the Army. But is it logical? The whole conception is based on the idea of an active Army which is to be left free to prepare itself for war, and an administrative department which is to supply and nourish it. And the two most important items of supply and nourishment, men and intelligence, are given not to the feeding department but to the active Army. It may be right, it may be natural, but to the lay mind it cannot seem logical. Is it even possible for such a system to work smoothly? Assuming you are to choose for your Commander-in-Chief your most capable General to whom you would wish to entrust your main army in time of war, and for his staff the men he would demand to assist him in war, what would happen? At the most critical moment you would tear out of your system the

[1] *Quarterly Review*, October 1903, p. 607.

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men responsible for your two most difficult items of supply, and have to replace them with new hands who would be without a head. Surely this must be wrong. If anything should stand fast in the stress and strain of war it is the hands and head that supply the waste of men and the hunger for intelligence. What functions are there that more naturally or more logically should be fixed upon your Administrator-General, your Kriegsministerium, than these? And that is just what the new organisation does in placing the Chief of the Staff, who is charged with these functions, in the Army Council and freeing the chief executive officer from supply duties which in war he could not possibly perform.

The duties of training and intelligence gone, what remains for your Commander-in-Chief? Surely an enormous load—the study of the national policy, the preparation of strategical plans, the supervision of their execution, and the inspection of the whole Army. Where shall be found the man to carry such a weight? Bitter experience, thrice told and lamented, should have taught us that in so complex and widespread an Empire as our own it cannot be done by a single hand. Something will be left undone, and that probably the most important because the least obvious and ready to hand. Unless we are to ignore practical experience of human limitations and live by logic alone, some of this weight must be taken from his shoulders. Logic tells us at once what should go. The study of national policy and the preparation of strategical plans can only be adequately done, in a sea-girt country above all, in close and well-adjusted consultation with Ministers and seamen; and therefore it is best done by a body where all are represented. Moreover, the study of national policy and strategical plans cannot cease with the outbreak of war. They must continue to meet the changing phases of its development. These functions, then, as much as the supply of men and intelligence, should be fixed with a permanent body not liable to be dismembered when you send your great soldiers to the front. It is such a body that the new scheme provides.

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leaving to the most trusted and experienced of our generals the vital duties of Inspector-General, with some possibility of his being able to perform them to his own and the country's honour.

Against this it will be justly urged that a Commander-in-Chief does not really frame strategical plans. According to the long-established practice of all civilised armies, they are, or should be, prepared by the Chief of the Staff, and what the Commander-in-Chief has to do is to decide which plan shall be carried out. But here again the false analogy shows its head. Of an army in the field this is true. But when the nation is putting out its whole force to attain some great political end it has never been the Commander-in-Chief who has decided the plan of action. It is equally a question for the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, and the man who has always ultimately had to decide is the Prime Minister. This is the teaching of plain history and experience, and it is the Prime Minister who, by the new scheme, is to sit at the head of the strategical council, the new Committee of Defence.

The truth is hard to avoid, and every line of argument points to it, if only we purge from our minds the misleading analogy of an army in the field. In a widespread Empire like our own, whatever may be needed elsewhere, there is no function that a Commander-in-Chief can usefully discharge, and there are functions which only a Committee of Defence can grapple with, and functions that can only be adequately performed by a powerful Inspector-General.

Again, it will be urged that by the abolition of the old office we deprive ourselves of the means of training a supreme Commander-in-Chief, and of fitting him to undertake, fearlessly in the hour of need, the great responsibilities of a national leader. There will be no one familiar with the task of dealing with soldiers of high rank, of making them work well together, and no one thoroughly versed in every detail of the great organism he has to set and keep in motion. It is

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an objection of undeniable weight; but against it we must consider whether under the new scheme we are not in a fair way to gain far more than we lose. By the new system of complete decentralisation of local commands, are we not training many Commanders-in-Chief instead of one, and training them well instead of badly? The task set for the old Commander-in-Chief was one he could not possibly perform, and he necessarily fell into the evil habit of letting certain things slide. No training is worse or more fertile of evil than this. And while the old Commander-in-Chief was ruining his power of command, he was at the same time depriving local commanders of the bracing sense of responsibility. Now the new Commanders-in-Chief will each have a task that is well within the powers of our best men to perform with profit to themselves, the Army, and the country. They will pass with growing strength and knowledge from small commands to higher ones, and never cease to feel the stirring pricks of responsibility and competition. To the lay mind the system must commend itself, for it is just what ordinary citizens employ in all great industries and businesses that are successful. Nor can soldiers well argue it will not work with the Army, for it is the system that exists in Germany, stamped with the hall-mark of successful experience. Not that an unintelligent and slavish appeal to German practice should ever be allowed to influence our own system, because our national habits of thought and work, our British characteristics, and the problems we have to deal with are so different from theirs. But in this case it is just these differences that strengthen and clinch the argument. The German habit is to think out the most perfect system he can and stick to it as closely as possible in every detail. The British is rather to encourage every man to use, within certain wide lines, the originality and initiative that is in him. All over the world the principle of our finest administrators is to choose a good man and give him his job, and let him do it with as little regulation or interference as possible to cramp his initiative and responsibility. It is under such a system that

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the fruits of British power and character are most vigorously developed, whereas Germans, it would seem, to do their best must feel the bit. If we look at the problem of empire it is the same. In Germany it is the defence of an area compact and closely knit to headquarters by a perfect and rapid system of communication. With us it is exactly the reverse. In all the great wars of Germany their military effort has merely been to radiate securely from a handy centre; whereas in our case, owing to our privilege of sea-carriage, far more than to the straggling lie of our territory, we have always seen our strength and advantage in operating from widely distant points—in making, as it were, separate wars which, as Marlborough said, were intended to stand on their own bottom. If, therefore, a system of decentralised commands is good for Germany, *à fortiori* it is good for us, and if it is well adapted for our great wars, it is needless to point out how admirably it fits those little wars with which our Army has so constantly to deal.

Why then should soldiers complain? No doubt the loss of the one honoured head to look up to must be a shock to military sentiment. It is a sentiment that deserves all sympathy and respect, but it is only a shock, and not a wound. It is not felt in Germany. Why should the feeling last here? The unifying influence, the symbol of military obedience for which a soldier craves, is in Germany the Emperor. Will not the King suffice them here—the King, in his ancient constitutional office of Captain-General of the Forces, whose name stands at the head of the Army List, and whose colour they daily salute? Surely little will be lost either in dignity or moral effect in making this time-honoured fiction something more of a reality.

A third class of criticism there is which is more difficult to deal with, because it involves the consideration of details rather than principle; and the details of the scheme cannot be rightly judged until the second part of the Report is issued. On these judgment must be reserved, although they would

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seem to be the only ones that have real weight with the citizen. As an example of these objections may be cited the apparent danger of a conflict of functions between the Permanent Department of the Defence Committee and the Department of the Chief of the Staff in the Army Council. Both seem charged to some extent with the initiative in plans of operations, and should they conflict the Prime Minister's Department from the position it occupies might be found in possession of a weight that is not intended or desirable. It must be said, however, that this danger seems to have been anticipated by the Commissioners in providing that officers in the Permanent Department are not to be of high rank, nor to serve for more than two years. While performing invaluable clerical functions, these men will, therefore, be rather in the position of a higher "War Course," being made familiar with the great problems of national defence, than of staff officers in authority. But there still remains the influence of the Permanent Secretary, whose power of asserting his own views, if not carefully watched and guarded, would be almost irresistible. But here again the danger is probably rather imaginary than real. For the rank and position of the Naval and Military officers who sit on the Defence Committee are such as to render his power of initiative or resistance rather too small than too great.

For the present, therefore, we may safely rest content to consider the striking completeness and sagacity with which the Commissioners have seized the eternal essentials of all sound army organisation and adapted them to the needs of a democratic constitution. They offer us in the consolidated Defence Committee a thinking department, a "great general staff" in which all the elements of war, diplomatic, financial, naval and military, are brought in contact, and they would place them under direct and close control of the responsible Minister of the Crown and people. They have given us a real Kriegsministerium also in close touch with Parliament, which, including as it does an Army General Staff, is a real feeding department for the active forces, and which

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in the words of the Commissioners, "is to administer and not to command the Army." And they have given us an Army really commanded by soldiers, and set free from administrative and political preoccupations to fit itself for a fighting machine. How could they better have performed their task? It is thus they state it. "Our task," they say, "as we understand it, is specially difficult from the fact that for many years this Department of State has been administered from the point of view of peace. It is necessary to make a complete breach with the past, and to endeavour to reconstitute the War Office with a single eye to the effective training and preparation of the Military Forces of the Crown for war." It is well said, but let not the utterance be mistaken. A War Department exists chiefly for a state of peace and not for a state of war. Its main and abiding function is to prepare in a state of peace for infrequent intervals of war, and it is not solely by its apparent fitness for conducting a war that it must be tested. To throw off armies into the field and keep them nourished, though a more arduous is nevertheless a more simple task than that of keeping the national forces efficient in time of peace. No study of the organisation of armies in the field will enable us of itself to design a machine to this end, and no criticism which judges such a machine solely from the point of view of a state of war, or as though it were simply a vast army engaged in war, can be just. In the sister service the distinction which is here sought to be drawn between the whole organism and its potent members has long been recognised, and we see it in the words "Navy" and "Fleet." In the land service no such distinctive nomenclature has arisen, a sure sign of a long-existing confusion of thought, which is perhaps at the root of our otherwise inexplicable failures in army organisation, and which it may be hoped the new system will finally clear away.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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THE FAVOURED FOREIGNER: A COMPARISON IN BURDENS

IN the course of the controversy which has been debated with so much industry and enthusiasm in the House of Commons during the last six days and in the country during the last six months, certain arguments have been put forth with much semblance of force by the promoters and supporters of Tariff Reform which merit more attention than they have received. The examination given to them in the House of Commons was necessarily so general in character that there seems room for the more analytical treatment of an article.

My purpose here is to consider the three chief arguments: that Free Traders who support protective industrial legislation are illogical and inconsistent; that such legislation is almost peculiar to our country; and that the consequent immunity of foreign countries is an unfair handicap to our industries, since legislation of the kind is necessarily an embarrassment to manufacture.

Let us consider the first argument as briefly as possible. It charges Free Traders who support such measures as the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Factory and Workshop Act, the Truck Acts, and the Shop Hours Act, with inconsistency, because the strong doctrinaires of the Manchester School were the original promoters of the Free Trade movement, and that school advocated *laisser faire* in its most extravagant form and to its uttermost conclusions.

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. . . Legislation such as the Factory Acts, the Mines Acts, the Truck Acts, the Compensation to Workmen Act, the Fair Wages clauses, the Prohibition of Prison Goods, and a number of other minor Acts of the same kind, every one of these measures is opposed to the strict doctrine of Free Trade. Free Trade says you are to buy in the cheapest market. Free Trade says you are not to interfere with the freedom of independent man, not to prescribe to an employer what he shall or shall not do, but to leave him free to bargain as he likes with his workpeople.—Mr. Chamberlain at Liverpool, October 27, 1903. Report from *The Times*.

The charge has, then, for its foundation the idea that, though protection of industrial life may accompany protected markets, it cannot logically accompany a system in which there is free competition in goods. If a British manufacturer may not claim the protection of the State in his competition with the goods of a foreign country, is it logical, we are asked, to deny to him in the employment of his labour the freedom he is forced to concede in commerce? This argument is born of a confusion between men and material, and out of this confusion emerges the charge of inconsistency. But in truth there is no inconsistency. Free Traders believe the protection of markets to be a hindrance to the accumulation of wealth and the development of industry; the protection of workpeople to be a benefit not only to themselves and to those who employ them, but a necessary measure towards the advancement of the nation.

The second argument goes on to assume that this country is peculiar in the possession of an industrial code of protective laws. We are asked to believe that the foreign workman enjoys no similar privilege, and it is often implied that he is both neglected by his Government and oppressed by his employer. It is no doubt true that on the Continent wages are lower and hours of work longer than in this country;[1] but, though that fact illustrates the greater efficiency of Trade Unionism here, and incidentally is a comment upon the

[1] In this country the State controls the hours of women and "young persons" only; those of adult males are controlled by individual or collective contract.

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theory that high tariffs produce high wages, it in no way concerns the argument under consideration. What alone concerns that argument, what alone can illuminate the position of splendid isolation attributed to our country, is a study of the comparative legislation of foreign countries. Mr. Chamberlain does not help us with any guiding reference to specific countries, but he tells us in his review of our position that

> We have passed legislation to raise the standard of living amongst our working classes. . . We have surrounded them with regulations which are intended to provide for their safety. We have secured them or the majority of them against the pecuniary loss which would follow upon accidents incurred in the course of their employment. There is not one of those things which I have not supported. . . But they have all entailed expense, they have all raised the cost of production; and what can be more illogical than to raise the cost of production in this country in order to promote the welfare of the working classes and then to allow the products of other countries—*which are not surrounded by any similar legislation, which are free from all similar cost and expenditure*—to allow them freely to bring each country in competition with our goods, which are hampered in the struggle?—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Greenock, October 7, 1903. Report from *The Times*.

But although Mr. Chamberlain throughout his speeches avoids specific reference, others have been less indefinite. One Minister, for example, in enforcing the same argument, includes all the great nations of the Continent. He says we invite these nations to "send goods here made by workers who have no such protection as our own possess."[1] This is a comprehensive statement, and a venturesome; yet it is but a punctuation of the challenge which Mr. Chamberlain has thrown down.

It is unquestionable that in their industrial laws foreign countries are in some respects behind us; but it is equally unquestionable that in other respects they are ahead of us. A number of our most useful regulations owe their inspiration to the regulations of foreign countries, and, if some of us had our way, the debt would be larger than it is.

[1] Mr. A. Lyttelton at Leamington, January 26, 1904.

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Limitations of space forbid that I should submit my case in that degree of detail which my material affords, and illustrations interesting and important in themselves must for this governing reason be ignored. In like manner for like reason not a few instances where we are in advance of our neighbours will have to be passed over in silence.

What is our offence? That we complicate and increase the disadvantages of a competition already unfair in an almost prostrating degree by our folly in admitting goods unhampered in their manufacture by those suggested embarrassments of industry to which our own goods are subjected. Illustrations press upon one another in refutation of this amazing charge. Natural selection takes us first to those trades to which our attention is most impressively drawn.

First in order of offending countries comes Germany, and first in order of ruined trades come steel and iron. Let us compare burdens. Under the German system of State insurance manufacturers in a particular industry are grouped together, and certain definite and important functions are committed to these trade associations. Among others, they are empowered to draw up rules for the prevention of accidents, binding on all manufacturers under penalty of fines. As long ago as 1890 the Forge and Rolling Mills Association laid down rules for the security of workers engaged at or near processes in connection with Bessemer converters. It was five years later that a Committee was appointed here to inquire into and report upon the dangers of this industry, and, although the dangers were found to be beyond question, and certain binding regulations were recommended, none have as yet been imposed.

Next in this catalogue of ruined industries let us take the glass trade. The German employer may not employ women in the neighbourhood of the furnaces, or in rooms of an exceptionally high temperature. Boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen may not be employed in grinding, while boys under fourteen may not be employed in smelting or annealing. In this country, on the other hand, boys of thirteen, ranking

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as young persons, may be so employed; there is no prohibition upon the employment of women; and girls of thirteen, ranking as young persons, may be employed in grinding. Incidentally Mr. Chamberlain may take comfort in the recollection that in 1895, should his memory serve him so far back, he atoned in some measure for the injustice to British industries by his share in securing to British boys the right to work night shifts of fourteen hours each in an unhealthy employment.

Again, the chemical trade has found many sympathisers who believe that it is only a question of time before it is wholly destroyed. We are not concerned here to inquire how much this depression may be due to hostile tariffs, or how much to the competition of new processes. Our concern alone is to show that it is not due to alleged legislative disabilities, from which the chief competing country is free. On this point Miss Adelaide Anderson in her valuable précis of factory regulations[1] in Germany and Austria, made at the request of the House of Commons in 1895, quotes Dr. Jurisch: "So high a degree of security against injuries has been attained in the German chemical factories, and the arrangements for aid in case of accident have been so highly developed, that the general factory hygiene in these industries has long surpassed that which still obtains in England."

Another trade to which attention has been drawn during the recess is the brush trade; and it offers another illustration of an industry strictly surrounded by special regulation in Germany, which here is conducted with none but the ordinary requirements of the Factory Act. A study of the last issued annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories will show how elaborate are the German regulations. It is pointed out that among the many requirements of the German special rules disinfection of all horsehair and bristles is demanded, and it is suggested that similar measures should be adopted here. Two alternative proposals, the exclusion of certain foreign hair and bristles, or the regulation of the industry as a dangerous trade,

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895.

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were made in 1897 by the Departmental Committee on trades in which anthrax is alleged to occur; but the fruit of this Committee is still to gather, and the foreign country "where those conditions of humanity do not prevail,"[1] to our shame, shows us the way.

Before leaving specific comparison with Germany, it may be well to give some further illustration of the comparative legislative advantages under which the German worker earns his living. For this purpose I propose to take in the first place a few trades which may have special interest, inasmuch as their dangers have been the subject of inquiry here: "The South-West German Iron Trade Association lays down minute regulations for the use of locomotives in factories,"[2] and the manufacture of basic slag is carefully regulated by special rules. Reports were made, it is true, upon the danger of these two occupations here, and special rules were recommended in 1896 and 1899 by the Dangerous Trades Committee, over which I had the honour to preside; but the occupations remain without special regulation. Again, the dangers incident in dry cleaning works and in works where rag-sorting is carried on are dealt with in Germany under the system of authorisation. Here we have inquired; we have reported; we have recommended special rules; but rules do not hang upon the factory walls. In Germany they do.

The space already allotted to detailed comparison leaves but little for that of a general kind. Enough, however, must be taken to allow mention, among other matters, of the greater protection afforded to children under German laws. The prohibition upon their employment in unwholesome industries is far wider than it is in this country, and their employment in ordinary factories may not begin until thirteen; here it may begin at twelve. Among the other matters which claim mention is the obligation universally laid

[1] Mr. Lyttelton at Leamington, January 26, 1904.

[2] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 153.

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upon employers "to take measures to secure the safety and moral and physical welfare of all classes of industrial workers." It is pointed out that "extensive State interference and regulation on grounds of health, morality, and safety" may be found even in a small workshop.[1] Another comprehensive requirement is laid in Prussia upon any one who wishes to engage in manufacturing enterprise, for he must submit to the industrial councillors and inspectors plans of a workplace he proposes to build or alter. The officials are agreed, without exception,

> Although this involves a notable increase of work, an important advance has hereby been made towards securing safe and healthy work-places. . . . The control is made effective in matters of lighting, ventilating and cubic capacity of the rooms, taking into consideration both the number of workers and the amount and nature of machinery, also in arrangements for dressing-rooms, lavatories and sanitary conveniences. The increase of work is amply repaid by the good results already to be seen. . . . The undeniable gain arising from a preliminary examination by an expert in industrial technicalities is recognised not only by the competent authorities but also by the employers.[2]

This far-reaching provision is unknown here for ordinary industrial undertakings, but we may hope that the testimony to its value given by experience in Germany will encourage our legislature to similar effort.

For letterpress printing works there is a large code of minute regulations, one of which prohibits underground workshops. Any one who remembers the outcry at the proposal to close underground bakehouses here may well marvel how a requirement, which raises all the passions of prejudice and reaction in our country, can be taken lying down in another. And this contrast becomes more poignant when it is remembered that the proposal which was so fiercely resisted in this country involved the production of an article of food, whereas the prohibition, which has been submissively accepted in Germany, applies but to the use of printers' ink.

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 138.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 147.

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From Potsdam comes an interesting report of a spinning mill, in which washing troughs with a continuous flow of water were required; of a weaving shed, in which dust was troublesome, where separate lavatory and dressing-room accommodation was ordered; of a shoddy mill, where application was made for authorisation to extend the premises, and the opportunity was taken by the authorities to order dressing-rooms, lavatories, and dining-rooms, separate for the sexes; and, finally, of a sugar refinery, where the employer was ordered to provide shower-baths.[1] Our simple imagination palls at the conception.

Allusion has been made to the German system of State insurance against accident and sickness. From the workman's point of view it is difficult, save in one respect, to compare this system of compensation with ours; for though their system has a universal application while ours is limited, ours on the other hand demands no contribution as theirs does from the workpeople. From the employer's point of view comparison is simpler, for in his case the chief consideration must be that all accidents in all trades, unless deliberately self-inflicted, must be compensated. The 8 per cent. contribution[2] to the Accident Insurance Fund, which statistics show to be the workmen's share, must to the employer be almost negligible. The respect in which easy comparison suggests itself for both employer and workman is the provision under which injury to health has claim to compensation. Here the law provides but poorly for such injury. Only once since the Workmen's Compensation Act was passed in 1897 has compensation been granted for injury to health. In that case the injury was held to come within the definition of an accident. It is true that in our factory law we can claim a section which provides under certain circumstances for the

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 149.

[2] Gewerbe-Unfallversicherungsgesetz. Dr. E. v. Woedtke. Berlin, 1901, p. 125.

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allotment of a fine to the injured worker or his dependants. But, again, owing largely to the action of Mr. Chamberlain, the section was impoverished by a limitation of the penalty to injuries caused by direct negligence on the part of the employer. In Germany, on the other hand, compensation is obtainable from the Sick Insurance Fund not only for injury caused solely by an undeniably unhealthy trade, but also for "gradual aggravation of any existing tendency to disease or the gradual loss of bodily strength."[1]

Austria has in common with Germany a long series of laws and administrative orders; and her law of preliminary authorisation and sanction and her accident insurance law are also similar. We find the same general provisions for the protection of life, health, and morality.[2] Subject to certain exceptions, a general limitation is placed upon the hours of male as well as female workers; eleven hours only out of the twenty-four may be worked. Where overtime is allowed it is on condition that it shall be specially paid for at an enhanced rate. In comparing this general statement with our own law the points of difference which are most striking are the limitation of adult male labour and the payment for overtime. The legislature here has never prescribed wages nor the period of employment for adult males.

In the United States of America the laws are both Federal and local to each State. The State of Massachusetts passed Factory Acts in 1877, "covering the general provisions of the British laws."[3] The law of 1877 includes provisions for general inspection, provisions relating to dangerous machinery, such as belting, shafting, gearing, &c., the dangers of hoists and elevators, matters relating to ventilation and cleanliness, and the provision of fire escapes. Similar legislation has been

[1] Gewerbe-Unfallversicherungsgesetz. Dr. E. v Woedtke. Berlin, 1901, p. 107.

[2] Gewerbe Ordnung, section 74

[3] Hon. Carroll D. Wright, "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1902. Labour Legislation.

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passed by most of the other States except some in the South. The legislation of different States varies according to the nature of the industries carried on therein. By a law of 1868 the United States Government has laid down an eight hours' day for Government employees, and by another Act of 1892 this principle is extended to contractors.

Switzerland is not behind the other continental countries in her care of the workers, especially women and children. Here the law is both Federal and Cantonal. Most of the provisions of Federal Labour Law, including an eleven hours' day, apply to men as well as to women. No child may be employed under fourteen, and children under sixteen must attend continuation schools. In all cantons except one overtime, which may not exceed two hours, must be paid for at an enhanced wage. Women must not be employed for eight weeks before and after child-birth. Examination of the Truck law shows that Switzerland is considerably in advance of this country; for example, the law of Zurich forbids any deductions in respect of heating, lighting, cleaning or machinery, and by the Federal law fines may not exceed half a day's wage.

France, in addition to her laws for general sanitation, general and special ventilation, cleanliness, drainage, regulation of the hours of labour and certificates of health, requires the provision of lavatories, cloak-rooms, and good drinking water, requirements applied here only to a few special trades. The lighting of all work-places is also specifically regulated. Women, children, and young workers are excluded from many processes specified as unhealthy, while in others their employment is conditionally restricted. Women may not clean, oil or look after machinery in motion; girls under sixteen may not be employed at machines worked by treadles; and the lifting, pushing and carrying of weights by boys and girls under eighteen is carefully restricted: all regulations in which this country is still behind France.

Lastly, the statement is heedlessly hazarded that restric-

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tions placed upon employers cannot but raise the cost of production.

I have imposed legislation on the employers to compensate workmen for . . . accidents. . . We have interfered with the employer in the Truck Acts, by the establishment of all those factory regulations . . . with a view to your security, your health and your comfort. . . Do you suppose it can be done for nothing? Are you aware that it adds 10 per cent. . . to the cost of the article which you . . . would allow the foreigners who are not subject to any of those regulations to send in . . . 10 per cent. cheaper in consequence? —Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Leeds, December 16, 1903.

The conditions of industry in England which had been prescribed by the Legislature caused the output of commodities here to be dearer generally than the output of commodities abroad.—Mr. A. LYTTELTON in the House of Commons, February 11, 1904.

While it is true that some of the requirements laid upon employers for the sake of their workpeople are unproductive of a direct return in money, it will be obvious to careful observers that even those demands which appear to be least productive do in fact yield to the employer a return in increased efficiency of work. It may be said, for example, that the provision of separate dressing-rooms and dining-rooms for men and women is a requirement entailing considerable expense without any corresponding recompense. But the workpeople who are not allowed to take meals in the factory will return to their work after the meal hour much better equipped both in inclination and capacity if they have taken their meal and relaxation in a comfortable room, than if their only choice had lain between the factory yard and a fatiguing walk to their home. In this manner have employers their reward.

Again, the provision of ventilation may be and often is costly, and its economical influence may seem obscure; but two cases cited by Miss Anderson, in the précis already referred to,[1] bear interesting testimony to its possibilities. The Inspector for Münster reports upon a cotton factory fitted with mechanical ventilators which had served as a useful

[1] Page 148.

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model for many others. "The statistics as to sickness in this factory are said to show a most remarkable diminution in the number of sick persons and days of sick leave." And a firm of spinners in Ochtrupp, in whose mills a ventilating apparatus had been installed at a cost of about £800, reports "a decided improvement in the vigour of the workers and *an increase of about 8 per cent. in the output.*"

Mr. Osborn, who for many years administered the Cotton Cloth Factories Acts, brings supporting evidence of a similar kind on behalf of this country. He remarks:

> It is with great pleasure that I testify to the goodwill of the employers in readily carrying out suggestions, though in many cases with some natural apprehension as to results; . . . It is found that during this last summer, when the new arrangements were completed, the workpeople have not felt the same lassitude, and have suffered less from excessive heat . . . while work has been better and *production more satisfactory.*[1]

The limitation of the hours of labour is given a prominent place among the alleged disabilities of our manufacturers; it is urged that in protectionist countries longer hours may and are exacted. The charge of longer hours does not lie against the United States, but it lies truly enough against most continental countries, and therefore its force must be examined. Do the longer hours of continental workers imply a lower cost of production? An important factor in that cost is energy of labour, and it is frequently found that activities persistently maintained at their utmost stretch give no greater, give even a lower return than they would under conditions of lesser strain. Happily, though the subject remains a battlefield for the advocates of factory legislation and their opponents, much has been done by experiment to prove that an increase either in efficiency, or in output, or in both, may follow upon a reduction of hours. The true economic minimum of the period of employment is difficult of proof, but the interesting experiments which have been made for two generations by enterprising employers in different trades establish much.

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories, 1892.

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One such experiment is recounted by Mr. Kennedy, an Inspector of Factories in 1848. A dye and print factory was put on to its fullest output, and during a period of four months no stop was allowed even for meals. After a short time a decrease of production was observed and an increase in the proportion of spoiled work. "The amount of spoiled work increased to such an alarming degree that the parties felt themselves compelled to shorten the hours of labour to avoid loss; and as soon as the alteration was made the amount of spoiled work sunk to its former level." Inasmuch as the work-people were paid extra wages for extra exertions, there was clear incentive to careful effort. This is a good illustration of the physical impossibility for the human hand and eye and brain to act together with that degree of alertness and accuracy required to produce satisfactory work, even of a mechanical kind, after subjection to undue strain.

The Inspector of Docks and Wharves in Austria contributes another example in a report upon one of the ports under his inspection, where more work was now turned out in nine hours than formerly in ten.

Finally, the Royal Commission on Labour gives certain interesting facts bearing on this argument. Sir William Allan, M.P., whose death last year was much regretted, gave evidence before that Commission as to the results he had obtained in his boiler works, where he employed from 300 to 400 men, by reducing the working week from fifty-three hours to forty-eight. He accompanied the reduction in hours by a 5 per cent. reduction in wages, which he promised to withdraw if no loss in production resulted from the changed conditions. At the end of a six months' test he was able to restore wages to their former level, and after a considerable further test he found that *the advantage was on his side.*[1]

Another example is furnished by the same Royal Commission. At a large factory[2] in the North of Ireland "the

[1] Royal Commission on Labour. Question Number 6867.

[2] *Ibid.* Employment of Women, 1893, p. 325.

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hours were 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., but the firm could not . . . obtain punctual attendance. . . . They then decided to start work at nine o'clock instead of eight o'clock. The pay list immediately went up an amount varying from £4 to £6 a fortnight, and this increase has been maintained. The firm find that together with the benefit to them of increased production, there is the saving of coal and gas in the winter months."

Again the Commissioners report: "Experience shows that in many industries reduction of hours is consistent with maintenance and even increase of output, and consequently that in those trades the same number of men working shorter hours can earn at least as much as when they worked longer hours." [1]

Before concluding this part of the case it is interesting to look back to the opinions expressed by Mr. Chamberlain on this important subject in bygone years. He was one of the most distinguished witnesses who appeared before the Royal Commission on the Factory Acts in 1875. When considering the growing competition of American and foreign workmen he said, "Our supremacy . . . will only be retained, I believe, by an increase in the intelligence of our workpeople." Then, dismissing the suggestion that this country was embarrassed in its competition by its higher wages and by legislative restrictions alleged to be more stringent than those of other countries, he concludes: "And finally, my own belief is that this competition arises entirely from the greater intelligence of the foreign workpeople as compared with our own."

After a lapse of years we find Mr. Chamberlain preaching a similar sermon from the same text. For on January 6, 1902, he said:

> In order to keep the trade we have got, in order that we may develop and increase it, employers and employed . . . must keep alive with the spirit of the times; employers will have to bring to bear more scientific intelligence

[1] Royal Commission on Labour Fifth and Final Report, Part I, § 175 (3) (a), p. 61.

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in the management of their business. The old rule of thumb methods will not last for ever,

and then he goes on to advise employers to "develop their brains" and workmen to develop the product of their labour.

If these two conditions are fulfilled, I for one am perfectly confident that there is no fear for the future, no fear that we shall take an inferior position to that of our ancestors, no fear that we shall not meet competition from whatever quarter it comes, that we shall not meet the rivalries of all the world.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham.

I have endeavoured to deal with the three propositions with which we set out: (1) That there is no inconsistency in a defence of free imports and a belief in the wisdom and necessity of our industrial laws: (2) That foreign workmen are in many material respects as carefully sheltered from industrial abuses as British workmen, and in certain others more fully secured: and (3) That protective laws produce a higher standard of workmen and an increased efficiency of work, from which we may rather look for economic gain than increased cost of production. While continental nations are largely in debt to Great Britain for the pioneer work she did at the beginning of the last century, it will be seen that certain examples have since been set us by foreign countries which we should hasten to follow. If the fiscal controversy, though it rage and tear, should prove the unwitting instrument by which we are led to strengthen and extend the training of our manufacturers and our workmen, and to broaden and fortify our own industrial code, the tumult will not have raged in vain.

H. J. TENNANT.

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BUSHIDO, THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE

IN the past, as in the present, the wise men of the East have been renowned for the deepness of their thought and the profundity of their vision, and times without number great reforms and great truths have arisen from the East for the enlightenment of the West, so that in this late day of the world it would be false modesty to have a prejudice against taking advantage of anything that the concentrated moral essence of the thoughts of the Buddhist priests and Chinese sages of countless generations may have to offer us. For Japan, though considered certainly a non-Christian country, is admittedly the receptacle of the finest thoughts and teachings of China and India, filtered into it through Korea. At a time when Japan is perhaps holding the balance of power in the hollow of her hand in the Far East, it is a relief and very interesting to discover upon what firm and admirable foundations her moral and ethical character—the actuating motive of all actions—lies. Japan possesses in *Bushido* a system of ethical training, the very existence of which during so many centuries should give one confidence in the present Japanese character.

The one real drawback that *Bushido* does present is the non-existence of suitable text-books to enable one to find out what it is; to see what it contains, and how it is taught. This objection may be met, however, to a very great extent by

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reference to an excellent book on the subject from the pen of Professor Inazo Nitobe, a well-known Japanese scholar and writer. With the help of this a very clear idea may be gained of what is taught in the Japanese schools, and how the code of *Bushido* came into existence. Before dealing with this in detail, I cannot do better than quote here the full text of the famous speech on education by the Japanese Emperor, which is read regularly in all the schools of Japan. When the deep influence of the Emperor over his people is remembered, an influence which the whole system of ancestor-worship forces upon them, it will be more clearly understood how powerful is the advice contained therein, and what a sanction and force it gives to *Bushido*. The speech runs thus:

The Founder of our Imperial House and our other Imperial Ancestors laid the foundations of our Empire on a grand and everlasting basis, and deeply implanted the virtues to be ever cherished.

The goodness of our subjects, displayed generation after generation in loyalty and piety and in harmonious co-operation, constitutes the fundamental character of our country, and from this the principles of education for our subjects have been derived.

Do you, our subjects, be filial to your parents, kind to your brothers, harmonious in your relations as husbands and wives, and faithful to your friends; let your conduct be courteous and frugal, and love others as yourselves, attend to your studies and practise your respective callings; cultivate your intellectual faculties and train your moral feelings; foster the public weal and promote the interests of society; ever render strict obedience to the Constitution and to all the laws of your Empire; display your public spirit and your courage on behalf of our country whenever required, and thereby give us your support in promoting and maintaining the honour and prosperity of our Empire, which is coeval with the heavens and the earth.

Such conduct on your part will not only be what is fitting in our good and loyal subjects, but will also suffice to make manifest the customs and manners bequeathed to you by your Ancestors.

These instructions, bequeathed to us by our Imperial Ancestors, to indicate the course of conduct which we and our subjects are bound to pursue, have been of unfailing validity in all ages past, as in the present, and in all countries whatever.

Consequently we trust that neither we nor our subjects shall at any time fail to observe faithfully these sacred principles.

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This speech covers a wide field, and, stripped perhaps of its appendages of ancestor-worship, would not come amiss from the King of England or his Government. The precepts contained in the Imperial speech are drawn from the moral code, spoken of before, which is known in Japan as *Bushido*. This means literally military—knight—ways, or, as we might interpret it, "Precepts of Knighthood," the "noblesse oblige" of chivalry. In short it was a collection of the precepts which the fighting nobles, or *samurai*, should observe in their daily life, as well as in their vocation as warriors. But it must not be imagined that *Bushido* means simply the old knightly code of European and Japanese chivalry. It is far more than this, and may be described as the Japanese term for what the Christian nations would call the Infinite Truth. It is the crystallisation of the moral precepts which are inculcated by all religious teachings. *Bushido* is the "Soul of Japan," productive of and animating all the forms and expressions of Japanese religions. Whatever be the diversity of sect, a common meeting-ground is found in *Bushido*, since it is simply the fundamental vitality, untrammelled by dogma, from which all the moral part of religion, as distinct from the belief in the divine, has sprung. It teaches the elements of all true virtue, how to be upright in every thought and action, ethically and morally. To turn now to Professor Nitobe's book for a definite description of *Bushido*. He says:

Bushido is the code of moral principles which the knights were required or instructed to observe. It is not a written code; at best it consists of a few maxims handed down from mouth to mouth or coming from the pen of some well-known warrior or savant. More frequently it is a code unwritten and unuttered, possessing all the more the powerful sanction of veritable deed, and of a law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart. It was founded, not on the creation of one brain, however able, or on the life of a single personage, however renowned. It was an organic growth of decades and centuries of military career. It, perhaps, fills the same position in the history of ethics that the English Constitution does in political history; yet it has had nothing to compare with the Magna Charta or the Habeas Corpus Act. True, early in the seventeenth century Military Statutes (*Buke Hatto*) were promulgated; but their

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thirteen short articles were taken up mostly with marriages, castles, leagues, etc., and didactic regulations were but meagrely touched upon. We cannot, therefore, point out any definite time and place, and say, "Here is its fountain-head." Only as it attains consciousness in the feudal age, its origin in respect to time, it may be identified with feudalism. But feudalism itself is woven of many threads, and *Bushido* shares its intimate nature.

With the feudal age was developed the fighting class, known as *samurai*, meaning literally, like the old English word *cniht* (knecht, knight), guards or attendants. Originally of very rough breed, these *samurai* were a privileged class, and came gradually to great honour and privileges. Their increased responsibilities forced upon them the necessity of a common standard of behaviour, a need accentuated by the state of feud constantly to be found between the various clans. To quote Dr. Nitobe again:

Fair play in fight! what fertile germs of morality lie in this primitive sense of savagery and childhood. Is it not the root of all civic and military virtues? We smile (as if we had outgrown it) at the boyish desire of the small Britisher, Tom Brown, "to leave behind him the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one." And yet who does not know that this desire is the corner-stone on which moral structures of mighty dimensions can be reared? May I not even go as far as to say that the gentlest and most peace-loving of religions endorses this aspiration? This desire of Tom's is the basis on which the greatness of England is largely built, and it will not take us long to discover that *Bushido* does not stand on a lower pedestal.

It may be as well before dealing with its chief points to glance more closely at the origins and sources of *Bushido*. Firstly there was *Buddhism*, which supplied a sentiment of calm trust in Fate, a quiet submission to the inevitable, a stoical composure in sight of danger and calamity, a disdain of life, and friendliness with death. Secondly, came *Shintoism*, which supplied many of the elements lacking in the Buddhist teaching. It was Shintoism which inculcated loyalty to the Sovereign, reverence for ancestral memory, and filial piety—to a greater degree than these are found in any other creed. It is interesting to note in this connection that in the Shinto

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Temples the place of honour is given to a plain mirror, before which the worshippers kneel, seeing their own images reflected in the shining surface. The act of worship in these temples is tantamount to the old Delphic injunction "know thyself." To the warriors then, and to the Japanese people now, Shintoism is a call to regard their country as "more than land and soil from which to mine gold or to reap grain—it is the sacred abode of the gods, the spirits of our forefathers: to us the Emperor is the bodily representative of heaven on earth, blending in his person its power and its mercy."

Besides these two important sources of *Bushido* it must be remembered that the writings of Confucius and Mencius formed the principal text-books of the youths of Japan. These two thinkers supplied the chief part of the strictly ethical doctrines of *Bushido*. The five moral relations enunciated by Confucius were well suited to the *samurai*.

So much for the sources of the code; the essential principles which *Bushido* drew from them and from which it formed itself were few and simple. Foremost in the list comes Rectitude, or Justice, which was by far the most weighty precept in the *samurai's* code. Underhand dealings and crooked paths were abhorrent to his mind—he was essentially no diplomat, as diplomacy is now understood. The two following definitions by well-known *samurai* throw light upon what these knights understood by this precept:

> Rectitude is the power of deciding upon a certain course of conduct in accordance with reason, without wavering; to die when it is right to die, to strike when to strike is right.
>
> Rectitude is the bone that gives firmness and stature. As without bones the head cannot rest on the top of the spine, nor hands move, nor feet stand: so without Rectitude neither talent nor learning can make of a human frame a *samurai*. With it the lack of accomplishments is as nothing.

Even to the very last day of Feudalism the title of *Gishi* (a man of rectitude) was considered superior to any other title.

Differing slightly from Rectitude was *Giri*, literally Right Reason, which came to mean the duty one owes to parents,

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superiors, to inferiors, to society at large, and so on. Filial piety was one of the most striking instances of *Giri*.

We come now to Courage, which however was scarcely considered worthy to rank as a virtue, unless it was employed in the cause of righteousness. Confucius defines Courage by explaining in his usual negative way what it is not. "Perceiving what is right, and doing it not, argues lack of courage." A strong distinction was made between mere physical and moral courage. A *samurai* Prince said once, "To rush into the thick of battle and be slain in it, is easy enough, and the merest churl is equal to the task; but it is true courage to live when it is right to live, and to die only when it is right to die." "Great Valour" in Japan meant moral courage, and the title of "The courage of a villein" was bestowed upon mere physical bravery. All the children of *samurai* were brought up in a most Spartan-like manner, and thus there was no need of a special teaching of physical courage and endurance.

Following Courage comes Benevolence and the feeling of Piety. Love, Magnanimity, Affection for others, Sympathy and Mercy were always recognised by the *samurai* as supreme virtues, the highest of all the attributes of the human soul. Even in the rough fighting days of Feudalism mercy was not too rare. *Bushi no nasake*—the tenderness of a warrior—was considered superior to ordinary tenderness or mercy, since it implied mercy where it recognised due regard to justice also. The young *samurai* were taught to practise music and to make poetry—not the music of trumpet or of drum, but the soft melody of stringed instruments, while the verses of the warriors dealt with the beauties of nature or the singing of birds, rather than of battle or of death. Professor Nitobe says of this:

> What Christianity has done in Europe towards arousing compassion in the midst of belligerent horrors, love of music and letters has done in Japan. The cultivation of tender feelings breeds considerate regard for the sufferings of others.

Politeness and respect for the feelings of others were insisted upon by all the followers of *Bushido*, although they were not

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considered as being in the front rank of virtues. Dr. Nitobe says of them:

> Politeness is a poor virtue if it is actuated only by a fear of offending good taste, whereas it should be the outward manifestation of a sympathetic regard for the feelings of others. It also implies a due regard for the fitness of things, therefore due respect to social positions; for these latter express no plutocratic distinctions, but were originally distinctions for actual merit. In its highest form politeness almost approaches love.

This teaching of politeness caused a very elaborate system of ceremonial usage to spring up. Table manners have grown to be a science. Tea drinking and serving have been raised to a ceremony. To quote again:

> I have heard slighting remarks made by Europeans upon our elaborate discipline of politeness. It has been criticised as absorbing too much of our thought, and so a folly to observe strict obedience to it. I admit that there may be unnecessary niceties in ceremonious etiquette, but whether it partakes as much of folly as the adherence to ever changing fashions in the West is a question not very clear in my mind.

Politeness, as such, is a great acquisition, even although it should go no further than to impart grace to manners. But *Bushido* teaches that politeness and propriety mean much more than this. Springing from motives of benevolence and modesty, and actuated by tender feelings toward the sensibilities of others, it is ever a graceful expression of sympathy. It causes its believers to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. But it was also recognised that politeness might be carried too far and become a farce. "Propriety," says Masamme, "carried beyond right bounds becomes a lie."

And so *Bushido* brought into great prominence the value of *Veracity* or Truthfulness. What teaching could be more fine than that of the old poet of Japan, who said: "To thyself be faithful; if in thy heart thou strayest not from truth, without prayer of thine, the gods will keep thee whole."

Lying or equivocation were deemed equally cowardly. The *Bushi* held that his high social position demanded a loftier standard of veracity than that of the tradesman and peasant. *Bushi-no-ichigon*—the word of a *samurai*—was

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sufficient guarantee of the truthfulness of an assertion. His word carried such weight with it that promises were generally made and fulfilled without a written pledge; which would have been considered quite beneath his dignity. The regard for veracity was so high that, unlike the generality of Christians who persistently violate the plain command of their teacher not to swear, the best *samurai* looked upon an oath as derogatory to their honour.

It is interesting to find that there was not any command against bearing false witness, neither was lying condemned as sin; it was simply denounced as dishonourable. And honour was one of the great virtues of a *samurai*, if not the very greatest.

A good name being assumed as a matter of course, any stain upon its integrity was felt as shame, and the sense of shame (*Ren chi shin*) was one of the earliest to be cherished in juvenile education. "You will be laughed at," "It will disgrace you," "Are you not ashamed?" were the last appeals to be made to correct the behaviour on the part of the youthful delinquent. Such an appeal to his honour touched the most sensitive spot in the child's heart, as though it had been nursed in honour in its mother's womb. Indeed, the sense of shame seems to be the earliest indication of moral consciousness.

That *samurai* was right who refused to compromise his character by a slight humiliation in his youth; "because," he said, "dishonour is like a scar on a tree, which time instead of effacing only helps to enlarge."

Even to-day in Tokyo it is easy to find poor shopkeepers or milkmen, who still retain all the instincts of the *samurai*, and to whom the refusal of a customer to pay his debts was more completely to be punished by the exposure of his shameful conduct in the public press than by recourse to law.

Centuries before the time of Carlyle, Mencius taught that "Shame is the soil of all virtues, of good manners and good morals."

But *Bushido*, besides establishing a delicate code of honour, prepared also safeguards against too morbid excess in this direction by teaching Magnaminity and Patience. As the popular saying runs, "To bear what you think you cannot bear, is really to bear." The following few sayings by great *samurai*, or teachers, show clearly enough that while *Bushido* was a code of morals for a warlike race, it in no wise urged them solely towards bloodshed and cruelty. The great Iyiyasu said

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once, "The life of a man is like the going a long journey with a heavy load on the shoulders. Haste not. Reproach none, but be for ever watchful of thine own shortcomings. Forbearance is the basis of length of days." Mencius was a firm advocate of patience and long-suffering. "Though you denude yourself and insult me," he says, "what is that to me? You cannot defile my soul by your outrage." He also teaches that while indignation for a great cause is righteous wrath, anger at a petty offence is unworthy of a great man. "When others speak all manner of evil things against thee, return not evil for evil, but reflect rather that thou wast not more faithful in the discharge of thy duties." "When others blame thee, blame them not; when others are angry with thee, return not anger: Joy cometh only as a Passion and Desire part."

Brave words of brave men! For these last two quotations fell from the lips of two of the bravest of all the votaries of *Bushido*, men whose words and deeds are treasured and repeated throughout the length and breadth of Japan to this day. There is no end to the utterances, maxims, and examples which might be quoted here in proof of the fine effect of the teachings of *Bushido* on these once rough warriors and fighters.

Bushido had one point in its teaching for which no sacrifice was held too dear, no life too precious: this was the duty of Loyalty, which was as the keystone of the arch of feudal virtues. The feudal system has passed away from Japan as it has from England, and yet there is no less reverence to the duty of Loyalty in Japan to-day than long ago. As *Bushido* holds that the interests of the family and of its members are one and the same, so it should be with the entire nation. There should be no interests separately for the subjects, or the rulers; all should work for the whole, and merge his or her personal interest in the interests of the whole nation. Thus has *Bushido* made of the Japanese the most patriotic race in the world.

Although at first this code was for the *samurai* only, it

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filtered down and acted as leaven among the masses, furnishing a moral standard for the whole people. The precepts of knighthood, beginning at first for the glory of the *élite*, became in time an inspiration and an aspiration to the nation at large; and though the populace cannot attain the height of these loftier souls, yet they can strive for that attainment, and *Yamato Damashi* (the Soul of Japan) ultimately came to express the Volkgeist of the Island Kingdom.

This *Yamato* spirit has for its emblem the wild cherry, the national flower. This cherry is not a cultivated tender plant, but a wild, natural tree, indigenous to the soil of Japan, and so is a fitting symbol of this Soul of Japan.

We must quote Professor Nitobe again to show the influence of *Bushido* in the wonderful growth of Japan in these last three decades.

When we opened the whole country to foreign trade, when we introduced the latest improvements in every department of life, when we began to study Western politics and sciences, our guiding motive was not the development of our physical resources and the increase of wealth; much less was it a blind imitation of Western customs. The sense of honour which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power—that was the strongest of motives. Pecuniary or industrial considerations were awakened later in the process of transformation.

To the would-be disciple of *Bushido* the knowledge of the training of the *samurai* would be indispensable.

The first point to be observed in knightly pedagogics was to build up character, leaving in the shade the subtler faculties of Prudence, Intelligence and Dialectics. We have seen the important part æsthetic accomplishments played in his education. Indispensable as they were to a man of culture, they were accessories rather than essentials of the *samurai* training. Intellectual superiority was of course esteemed; but the word *Chi*, which was employed to denote intellectuality, meant wisdom in the first instance, and placed mere knowledge only in a very subordinate place. The tripod that supported *Bushido* was said to be *Chi, Jin, Yu*; respectively, Wisdom, Benevolence and Courage. A *samurai* was essentially a man of action. Science was out of the pale of his activity. He took advantage of it in so far as it concerned his profession of arms. Religion and Theology were relegated to the priests; he only concerned himself with them in so far as they helped to nourish courage. Like

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an English poet the *samurai* believed "'tis not the creed that saves the man, but it is the man that justifies the creed." Philosophy and literature formed the chief part of his intellectual training; but even in the pursuit of these it was not objective truth that he strove after. Literature was pursued mainly as a pastime, and philosophy as a practical aid in the formation of character, if not for the exposition of some military or political problem.

From this brief explanation of the subject so lucidly and ably set forth in detail in Professor Nitobe's book, we see that *Bushido* taught Rectitude, Justice, Filial Piety and Duty, Courage, Benevolence and Pity, Politeness and Propriety, Truthfulness and Uprightness, Honour and the Disgrace of dishonourable actions, and the duty of Loyalty to oneself, to one's family and to the nation.

Is not a code to be emulated that, although designed for a warlike class, taught mercy and patience under insult, and drew a strong line between righteous and unrighteous anger? Have not the educational codes of religious morality of the West too often resulted in a teaching of hatred rather than of peace, of honesty because it pays to be honest, of hypocrisy rather than rectitude, of selfishness rather than justice? There are flaws to be found in *Bushido* doubtless, since there is nothing perfect; but the great strength that it has to the thinking mind is that it gets beneath the various creeds and dogmas to the fundamental truths necessary to the building up of fine character. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the nations of the world may look with more equanimity upon the present struggle, knowing that since one at least of the combatants has been reared in an atmosphere charged with the moral ideas of *Bushido*, the horrors of war will wherever possible be mitigated? Is such a nation so likely to abuse the power she possesses as another nation without the same privileges might be?

ALFRED STEAD.

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THE JAPANESE WARRIOR

(OLD STYLE)

FROM "LE SAMOURAI" OF J. M. DE HÉRÉDIA

SWEEPING o'er full-voiced chords a careless hand,
Through strips of thin bamboo, her lattice slight,
Lord of her dreams she views her conquering knight
March swinging o'er the broad and dazzling strand.
'Tis he. Two-sworded, holding high a fan,
He comes. A scarlet girdle, red as war,
Glows upon jet-black armour, and from far
Gleams on his arm the blazon of a clan.
Bronze-mailed and lacquer-plated, in array
Of bravest silk,—is this a warrior gay,
Or sea crustacean, vermeil-tinged and dun?
Ah, he has seen! and smiling 'neath his mask,
With quickening pace makes glitter in the sun
Two gilt antennæ quivering o'er his casque.

W. P. Reeves.

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CANON AINGER

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

PERHAPS it is a merciful dispensation of Nature that we do not judge life by the light of death. And yet what a waste it is also! If we did, how many more diaries should we keep, how much more definite would be our remembrance of the presence that has enchanted us, of the words of wit and wisdom that have fallen from lips now silent, of the very looks that have become to us an outward and visible sign, the forcible expression of a human soul! This has seldom been truer than it is in the case of the man who has but now passed away from among us—who is still and ever will be in our midst—the Master of the Temple, known to most people as Canon Ainger. The world of letters has lost a choice spirit: a writer of fastidious charm, a distinguished critic, an intimate friend of good poetry. Of the author of "Lamb's Life" and the editor of his works, of the commentator on Tom Hood and the biographer of Crabbe, of the subtle essayist and the lecturer on Chaucer, there is much to be written. But in the first days of loss it is personality that we think of, personality that we sorely miss, and among Canon Ainger's many powers personality was surely the greatest. It is a rare enough endowment and can no more be explained than genius; for when we have said that it is an electric force, a force which communicates itself, which often incites others to be what they will never be again, we have hardly got nearer

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to its essence. When Canon Ainger entered a room, that room was changed and every one knew it. There is no need to recall his appearance, and yet it is impossible not to do so. It may be that the shock of his death was the greater because one had hardly contemplated it. He appeared to possess no body, to have nothing to do with the ordinary limitations of mortality. The frail, sprite-like form, the pale sprite-like face; the snow-white hair, whose whiteness seemed to come not from age, but rather from some mystic quality of his wit; the eyes which darkened and glowed with the fun and fire of talk —elfin eyes that changed with every mood; the protruding under-lip, which looked as if it were shooting forth some whimsy; the stooping gait, the rather striding step—all this made up an appearance which was fantastic, almost incorporeal. Yet it was fraught with human dignity; and the impression was deepened when one heard the well-known voice, silver-toned, vibrating, whether he were reading some passage from a favourite poet, or the lessons in church, or that noble prayer for the Realm which precedes the sermon at the Temple—which whoso has heard him say will hardly henceforth dissociate from his quiet, thrilling tones.

He might be standing at a lecturer's desk, or sitting cross-kneed, half lost (yet dominant) in a big armchair: one felt all the time in the presence of some spirit out of Shakspeare whom Prospero had conjured to his island. For Canon Ainger was many things that do not usually come together. He was an Ariel, he was also a wise and sympathising human being conversant with sorrow and with suffering; he was a creative talker, a patient listener; an eloquent preacher, a born musician; he was very much a clergyman of the Church of England; he was a lover of freaks and a lover of sober sense; an accomplished actor, and a master of dignified decorum; a brilliant wit, and a serious moralist who disliked flippancy more than he disliked dulness. Indeed, his kindness and fidelity to dull and apparently uninteresting people were not his least remarkable qualities. Old friendship ever meant more to him

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than good company, and the houses in which year in, year out, he was to be met were not always the most brilliant and often bore no inconsiderable testimony to his large and loyal charity.

For Canon Ainger presented the most uncommon of all combinations—he was both good and witty. The same can be said of few men, perhaps of none other so fully as of his beloved Charles Lamb, who though, of course, the greater genius, had so many affinities with him both of mind and character. Among the many sayings of Canon Ainger, we do not recall one which is unkind. He was not without a fine malice, a delicious, elusive malice; but when he used it, it was the silvery flash of the blade and not its sharpness that we remember; and the blade, as a rule, was not directed so much against individuals as against types, against persons, that is, who represented certain tendencies that were ridiculous in his eyes. He loved to convey a grave criticism by means of a paradoxical allusion. Some dinner-party talk had once gone on about a minor poet, whom he disliked because he thought him pretentious. In the middle of dinner Canon Ainger took one of his favourite salted almonds from a dish before him. "This reconciles me," he said, "to living in the same world as Mr. ——"; and there seemed no need for further judgment. On another occasion, long ago, a young pianiste at her first appearance had played a late sonata of Beethoven's. Her merits were being wordily canvassed. "If I ever become an M.P.," remarked Canon Ainger, "the first thing I shall do will be to pass a Bill forbidding young persons under twenty-five to perform posthumous works of Beethoven." The foibles of the player, her over-effectiveness and her crudity seemed all sufficiently summed up. Sometimes the verdict was more exuberant. I remember, and again it was at a dinner-party, a rather prolonged discussion about the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which had but just come out. Canon Ainger was bored by the subject, but was too courteous and too witty to show it in the usual way. Some one at table

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said they had heard it was by a lady who lived in Venice. "I wonder," he remarked, turning gravely to his neighbour, "whether it can possibly be by that other Venetian lady," and he gravely repeated straight off a nonsense-rhyme, evidently composed as he went along.

> There once was a lady of Venice,
> Who said, "How productive my hen is!"

it began, but the rest of the poem is, unfortunately, beyond recall. The tedious topic, however, was stopped by a laugh, not a snub, and the tactician's object was gained.

The witticisms of his that are mostly on men's lips are the more direct ones—the puns and the play on words in which he so metimes delighted. None had a more delicate knowledge of the ethics of punning, or could more finely distinguish between such puns as were well-born and their poor relations. He has discussed the matter in his preface to the "Humorous Poems" of Hood, the poet whose works he so dearly loved, with whose mirth and melancholy, with whose sufferings and courage, he so deeply sympathised.

> To hear [he says] of any ordinary man that he makes puns is properly a warning to avoid his society. For with the funny man the verbal coincidence is everything; there is nothing underlying it, or beyond it. In the hands of a Hood the pun becomes an element in his fancy, his humour, his ethical teaching, even his pathos. As ordinarily experienced, the pun is the irreconcilable enemy of these things. It could not dwell with them "in one house." Hood saw and was the first to show that the pun might become even their handmaid, and in this confidence dared to use it often in his serious poems, when he was conveying some moral truth or expressing some profound human emotion. . . The ordinary pun is, for the most part, profoundly depressing, being generally an impertinence; while Hood's at their best exhilarate and fill the reader with a glow of admiration and surprise. The "sudden glory" which Hobbes pronounced to be the secret of the pleasure derived from wit is true of Hood's. . . He never hesitated to make the pun minister to higher ends and vindicate its right to a share in quickening men's best sympathies.

All that he says here of puns certainly holds true of his own. They always had an atmospheric effect, and belonged as by right to the people or the circumstances that evoked

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them. "What do you feel about this marriage?" asked some one at the wedding of a very short bride and bridegroom. "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms," was his swift reply. But most of his jokes need himself, his tone, his gesture, their original *mise en scène* to produce their irresistibly droll effect. Among such, perhaps, was his solution of a country-house difficulty—a difficulty as to how a large party of visitors at a place where he was staying, was to divide itself for the homeward journey between a hired barouche and a worn-out saddle-horse. "Mr. Smith," he said of a sudden, "will accompany the party on the Bones." And yet, as I write this, I realise that the sight of that woe-begone horse, of the unequestrian Mr. Smith and the flustered party in the carriage, could alone give the quip its context. It is difficult, too, to quote from his verses, which no less require their proper background. There are some who may remember the Cantata that he contributed long ago to *Punch* on the Monday Popular Concerts:

> To your chieftain long be loyal
> Children of the Chapell Royal.
> . . . . .
> Should you fail us but for one day
> Transit gloria of that Monday.

But to those who knew his voice, the written version seems the wrong one.

I have heard him maintain that if a man made a story his own he had the right to embroider it, for it had passed from the domain of truth into the domain of art. The subtle differences between fact and truth, between lesser and greater, were deftly grasped by him; and he has even been heard to recount a dream, an entrancing whimsical dream, about himself at Clapham Junction, then to have confessed later that he invented it to amuse his companion. And this was piquant because it came from the most truthful of men, with the nicest of moral perceptions. Indeed, in whatever Canon Ainger said or did, there was a strong moral tendency, quiet, unobtrusive, but always there, whether in his conduct or his *bons mots*. In this

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his wit was very English, and it was ever at its best when it concerned men's character or the humours of society. We might almost venture to say that no Frenchman, even were he Sainte-Beuve, could possibly understand it; it is too freakish, too informal, too humorous. This moral tendency was no less evident, too, in his criticisms, and without detracting from his humility—one of his most lovable characteristics—it gave a twofold value to his judgments on poetry and literature. In a paper on Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," which appeared in the *Pilot* some four years ago, Canon Ainger analyses two reasons why to him the play seems rather thin and unsatisfactory:

> The occurrence in "Paolo and Francesca" of a single parenthesis such as "One who loved not wisely but too well," or "A man more sinned against than sinning," would have at once lifted the catastrophe to a level of the true pathetic, which at present, in my judgment, it never attains. The play seems always aiming at the pathetic and never reaching it—and the lack of the ethical touch must surely be the reason for the failure. Nor, notwithstanding the deep human misery with which it deals, is it ever poignant. There is no such moment in the whole play, where the reader is struck dumb with pity, as in Dante's
>
> Se fosse amico il Re dell Universo,
> Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,
>
> for the very soul of pathos is in Dante, just because he never stands aloof from the moral aspect of suffering—because he is never a disinterested spectator of human frailty.[1]

It may have been this moral power of his which helped to endow his sweet and reasonable nature with a few delightful prejudices—keen, robust, and often unexpected—prejudices against certain authors, certain qualities, certain modern tastes. He was put out by any affectation or vagueness, by any forced attitude of thought or feeling. Some of his dislikes cut deeper and became principles. The possession of mind without heart by no means found favour in his eyes, and one of the things that he most disapproved of was the cultivation of the intellect for its own sake. "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

[1] *The Pilot*, March 3, 1900.

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not light them for themselves," summed up much of his daily philosophy; and any narrowness, any spiritual pedantry, any government of conduct by shibboleths, however choice they might seem, was distasteful to him. Living to him meant an art, and not a science. "Life is greater than light," he said last year from the Temple pulpit in a sermon on intellectual exclusiveness; and, though he had no notion that they were so, his words were an epigram on himself.

No account, however brief, of this unique, this most elusive of beings, could pretend to any resemblance without dwelling on the two gifts among his many which gave himself and others such enjoyment: his gifts as an actor, as a musician. And yet, in writing the word actor, the pen halts and sticks. We feel that it is the wrong term for his particular power—too definite, too professional. His acting, his inimitable mimicry, were really feats of *interpretation* and all of a piece with his general gift for living and for being. There was no actor he could not imitate, could not conjure into the room. How the imitator contrived to merge himself in another's personality, and yet keep his own entire, was his secret. Who that has heard it can ever forget his reproduction of the plays that Charles Dickens wrote for him and for his schoolmates, Dickens' sons, to act at Tavistock House at Christmas? There was one especially, a little unpublished farce called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*,[1] which he loved to recall and in which Charles Dickens himself was sole actor, playing one *rôle* after another. If Canon Ainger were in the mood, and had two or three friends about him, he would bring this scene out quite casually, on some chance allusion—standing where he happened to be, with his back to the fire perhaps; nor did he stop for a minute till he had gone through the greater part of it. He would begin gravely, almost solemnly, with the speech of a nameless old lady of the true Dickens race, but as he went on his face changed and the look of the rambling gossip came into his

[1] Mark Lemon helped Dickens in the writing of this, but the speech quoted, as may be seen, is purely from the hand of the greater writer.

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eyes; his vitality changed—it became that of the old lady who cannot stop her tongue if she would; his diction changed and, from being deliberate, swelled into a torrent of speech till it burst into the breathless peroration:

> Ah, affliction sore long time Maria Nightingale bore; physicians *was* in vain. . . and dead she is and will be as the hosts of the Egyptian fairies; and this I shall prove, directly minute on the evingdence of my brother the sexton whom I shall here produce to your confusion, young person, in the twinkling of a star or humin eye.

The words ceased, and the audience discovered that it had heard and realised three people—Charles Dickens, a garrulous woman, and Canon Ainger.

And then he would slip away from the play itself and wander off into a kind of spoken reverie about past times—about the household at Gadshill and Dickens' stage management and the wonderful programmes he invented for his children. There were nicknames for every actor, even for the youngest; for Miss —— was to be performed "by the Baby (kept out of her bed at a vast expense)." There was no end to the mercurial speaker's memories or his powers of transmitting what he felt.

But what those who heard would most care to convey was his reading, his acting of Shakespeare. It helped one to grasp Charles Lamb's full meaning when he said that he disliked seeing Shakespeare on the stage. To hear Canon Ainger's reading of the storm scene in *King Lear* was to feel the full impressiveness of profound poetic imagination made visible, as it were, direct to the soul instead of first to the eye. His Fool was unforgettable—Shakespeare's own Fool—the subtlest compound of shrewd insight and innocence, pathos and frolic, servility and impertinence, waywardness and dignity; now a prince, then a child, and now a will-o'-the-wisp. And the realisation of the whole tragedy was on the same level. The piercing sorrow of King Lear was well-nigh unbearable; and when "Poor Tom's a' cold" and a shiver ran through his frail form, the tempest burst suddenly upon us on the vast heath;

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the walls of the public hall fell away, and we were set face to face with the elements and with elemental human passions.

Yet effectual though his rendering was, he never made any effects. It was this power of quietness which helped his preaching to be what it was—an exquisite expression of thought and feeling, of spiritual and intellectual dignity, of sober, daily aspiration. His sermons, which might have meant art and literature, meant earnest religion first and foremost; and the delicate moral taste which made him shrink from italics and prefer the obvious to the emotional, gave him an influence over his hearers which may not so much have moved them at first, but which deepened with memory afterwards. Fastidiousness was the note of his character, the quality which lent his writings their subtle charm, yet prevented him from giving us more of them to enjoy. And perhaps this was one of the most interesting things about him, that he was both creative and critical, exuberant and self-repressive.

We have left the musician to the last, maybe because it is Canon Ainger's feeling for music over which we would fain linger lovingly and longest. It was almost the strongest thing in him. Music possessed him; he was impassioned of it—we can use no other word. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, were the happiness, the refreshment of his life, and he listened to them as only one who understands can listen. He would sit buried in his chair, sometimes smiling to himself, sometimes beating time with head or hand, now and again humming softly, or whistling some passage that he wanted to recall or to have played to him. Or he would leap up suddenly, with a "This is *too* beautiful!" and the tears upon his cheek. Sometimes (of late very rarely) his pleasure would, as it were, compel him into song, and he would come to the piano and sing through some "Lied" of Schubert's in a sweet and slender tenor which expressed all that he intended.

For it was Schubert who touched him the most closely; in whose grace he found something that was almost as akin to

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him in music as were the qualities of Charles Lamb in literature. It was not that he placed Schubert highest among musicians, but he had a feeling of personal intimacy with him. He used to describe how, as a country curate, he would cheer the monotony of his parochial tramps by whistling through all the songs that he knew by his well-loved composer. Later he completed his knowledge and became conversant with the whole ten volumes of them. And, indeed, "Our Schubert's magic Lyre" (to quote a poem of his own) never failed him to the end.

He once said that before he read to an audience he liked to have Schumann's "Romance" played to him; and, perhaps, after Schubert, it was Schumann to whom he felt the nearest.

> When the soul with sorrow laden
> Finds no answer to its moan
> In the jocund voice of Haydn
> Or Mozart's pellucid tone.
>
> . . . . .
>
> When the mists that bound things human
> We have sought to pierce in vain—
> Then we turn to thee, oh Schumann,
> Bid thee sing to us our pain.

So run some verses of his written long ago, in the days that he still liked to live in, the days of his early friendship with Sir George Grove, when Schumann was almost of the present, and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony was still to find. But, although he was fond of going back to the music-making of the past, he did not despise the music-making of the present. The happy friends who happened to be singing or playing to him had their reward, whether they were giving him Brahms' songs, or a Prelude of Bach's, or a Sonata of Beethoven's, or one of his favourite Schubert's—especially if it were "Im Frühling." One could almost see him, as it were, dip deep into the limpid waters, and come forth soothed and refreshed, with a store of new vitality.

It was at music that the writer of these most inadequate

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pages last enjoyed Canon Ainger's presence: the music he loved best to hear, that which comes from the violin of Joachim. The concert ended with a composition by Brahms. "That has grown wonderfully clear to me," were almost his last words before parting. And they seem the fitting words to close with. To imagine the how or where is beyond the charter of our mortality. But it cannot be irreverent to believe that, in whatever place of harmony his spirit dwells, more things, and harder perhaps than Brahms, have now grown "wonderfully clear" to him.

EDITH SICHEL.

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ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN

By COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

Member for the Second Electoral District of Rome in the Italian Parliament, Member of the General Budget Committee, Leader of the Italian Liberal Party (Crispi section)

II

REFERRING above to a letter of Prince Napoleon, I gave the Emperor's proposals for the settlement of the outstanding difficulties with the Papacy. To these proposals, Cavour, dissatisfied though he certainly was with their tenor, was nevertheless compelled to give a reply; for in the treaty contracted at Paris with the Holy See the recognition of the new kingdom had been made conditional thereto. But whilst the Cabinet of the Tuileries resorted to cavilling as their *épée de combat*, an unconditional and formal recognition reached us from London, only five days after the Parliament had proclaimed Victor Emmanuel second King of Italy; an act which showed real disinterestedness on the British side.

Finally, on April 17, Count Cavour replied to the letter of the 18th, accepting "non per fas, non per nefas" the conditions thus imposed upon him. He annexed, however, two additional clauses, by which he hoped to safeguard the dignity of his Government:

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Toutefois je me permettrai d'indiquer deux points qui me paraissent de la plus haute importance.

1. C'est que la reconnaissance du Royaume d'Italie ait lieu le jour même de la signature du traité. A cet effet nous munirons le personnage chargé de signer le traité de lettres de créance qu'il pourrait remettre sans délai à l'Empereur. Cette mission pourrait avoir un caractère d'autant plus solennel qu'elle aurait un but spécial et ne serait pas temporaire.

2. Sans s'engager à nous prêter un concours direct, la France pourrait nous promettre ses bons offices pour amener le Pape à consentir à un accord définitif avec l'Italie, en harmonie avec les principes que le Cardinal Santucci et la Père Passaglia ont soumis au Cardinal Antonelli. Cette clause aurait l'immense avantage de rendre la Cour de Rome plus sage, et le peuple romain plus patient.

Je ne doute pas que le secret ne soit aussi bien gardé à Paris qu'à Turin, mais il me paraît essentiel de ne pas mettre dans la confidence Grammont, qui n'est pas toujours assez en garde vis-à-vis du Cardinal Antonelli, qui excelle dans l'art de pénétrer les véritables intentions des diplomates, avec lesquels il a à faire. [1]

Count Cavour disguised to himself neither the importance of the action he was about to take nor the deplorable impression which it could not fail to produce among the Italian people. On May 27—ten days before his death—he wrote to Pantaleoni, saying that the treaty he was concluding with France might prove a temporary misfortune for the State, but would not hamper it in the future. But, fearful of Garibaldi's indignation, he asked for the assistance of a Garibaldian general, to whom he said:

Je suis en train d'accomplir un acte qui me rendra le plus impopulaire de l'Italie pendant un certain temps. Cet acte, je l'accomplirai, car c'est la seule manière de résoudre une grande difficulté. Je conclurai avec la France une convention, par laquelle elle retirera ses troupes de Rome. De mon côté, je prends l'engagement de garder la frontière papale et de ne pas permettre d'y porter la révolution. Tenez-vous prêt, je vous prie, car dans quelques jours, lorsque le traité sera conclu, je vous demanderai d'aller voir le Général Garibaldi. Vous aurez à lui faire comprendre l'impérieuse nécessité qui m'oblige à subir cette convention.

Death, which overtook him on June 6, 1861, perhaps

[1] Cavour: Correspondence, vol. vi. pp. 703–704.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 333; vol. vi. p. 702, see note.

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spared Count Cavour the mortification of concluding a treaty to which he would have submitted only in the hope of arriving at a prompt solution of so grave a problem, without regarding such an act as final. The negotiations were reopened shortly afterwards by Baron Ricasoli, but nothing came of them. They were again interrupted, for sundry reasons, under the Rattazzi Ministry, who would certainly have been only too anxious to get rid of the Roman question, which brought about the Aspromonte catastrophe. The painful office devolved on the severely tried Minghetti Ministry, and it is well known that the Convention of September 1864, whilst securing Rome for the Pope, cost the latter many a hard time, by compelling him to listen to the bitter reproaches of his opponents, and to witness the defection of a large number of his political friends.

The Emperor, meanwhile, was unable to conceal his resentment against the Turin Cabinet; but, as Cavour had put it to Prince Napoleon, in the letter recorded above, a complete reconciliation between France and Italy was requisite, or the enemies of either Goverment might take advantage of the unsettled state of their official relations. Accordingly, on June 15, 1861, Minister Thouvenel wrote, by command of his Sovereign, a recognition of the new King; but this recognition, couched in very involved terms, was followed up by such strong protests against all the changes that had taken place in the previous year, and such numerous reservations in regard to the future, that the letter bore the appearance rather of an act of pure courtesy than of a substantial adhesion to the new Monarchy. Concerning the Roman question, it contained more explicit declarations, which ran thus:

Le Cabinet de Turin se rendra compte des devoirs, que notre position nous crée envers le Saint-Siège, et je croirais superflu d'ajouter qu'en nouant des rapports officiels avec le gouvernement italien, nous n'entendons nullement affaiblir la valeur des protestations formulées par la Cour de Rome contre l'invasion de plusieurs provinces des Etats Pontificaux. Pas plus que nous, le gouvernement du Roi Victor Emmanuel ne saurait contester la puissance des considérations de toute nature qui se rattachent à la question romaine et dominent nécessairement nos déterminations, et il comprendra qu'en recon-

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naissant le Roi d'Italie, nous devons continuer d'occuper Rome tant que des garanties suffisantes ne couvriront pas les intérêts qui nous y ont amenés.[1]

To this Baron Ricasoli replied, if not with the pride which was said to be peculiar to his character, at least with sufficient firmness to safeguard the national claims to Rome. Here are his words:

Notre voeu est de rendre à l'Italie sa glorieuse capitale; mais notre intention est de ne rien ôter à la grandeur de l'Eglise, à l'indépendance du Chef Auguste de la Religion Catholique. Nous aimons, par conséquent, à espérer que l'Empereur pourra, dans quelques temps, rappeler ses troupes de Rome, sans que cette mesure fasse éprouver aux catholiques sincères des appréhensions que nous serions les premiers à regretter. Les intérêts mêmes de la France, nous en avons la conviction, décideront le gouvernement français à prendre cette détermination. Tout en laissant à la haute sagesse de l'Empereur d'apprécier le moment où Rome pourra être, sans danger, laissée à elle-même, nous nous ferons toujours un devoir de faciliter cette solution, et nous espérons que le gouvernement français ne nous refusera pas ses bons offices pour amener la Cour de Rome à accepter un accord qui serait fertile en conséquences heureuses pour l'avenir de la Religion aussi bien que pour le sort de l'Italie.[2]

From 1861 henceforth the Roman question became the nightmare of all Italian Ministers; and the opposition campaign in Paris aroused resentment against Napoleon III., the only sincere friend Italy had ever found in France, who had thus to pay the penalty for all the errors, ill-feeling and prejudice revealed by the whole French nation in their attitude towards us. The September convention, owing partly to the iniquitous conditions therein contained, partly to the energetic manner in which the transference of the capital from Turin to Florence had been carried out, had deeply embittered the public feeling. The French troops withdrew from the Eternal City, but re-entered it after Mentana.

The collisions which occurred in November 1867 between the Garibaldians and the French troops, the capital sentences extorted at Rome from the reluctant Pius IX. by his foreign mercenaries—almost exclusively composed of Frenchmen—

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1861, vol. iii. p. 135.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. 144–145.

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and the arrest of Garibaldi did nothing but increase the popular dislike for France, and further discredit the Temporal Power. One need only recall the enthusiasm with which Italy greeted the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and the chimerical hopes of 1859, to understand how unanimous and intense were the curses now heaped on France, whose bayonets had compelled the enslaved Papal Government to erect a new guillotine, and hindered the definite reconstitution of our national Unity.

For Italy, unity is the guarantee of her existence; and unity without Rome could never have been secure. The Pope-King, settled in the very heart of the Peninsula, was a permanent danger to the public peace. The English Minister Paget, writing to Lord Granville on August 8, 1870, declared that the Papal Court was the focus of the revolutionary party, who would seize upon the very first opportunity to take arms against the Italian Monarchy.[1] The situation had become intolerable.

When, in 1869, the Viennese Cabinet had asked, as the basis to an agreement, for the withdrawal of the French garrison from the States of the Church, the Tuileries had refused, thus rendering impossible the triple alliance of Austria, France, and Italy, as suggested by Count von Beust, And now the reckless war of 1870–71, to which France had forced Napoleon III. against his will, and which proved equally disastrous for himself and his country, opened the highway to Rome, and gave the Lanza Cabinet a unique opportunity for attempting to solve the contention between Italy and the Pope. Count Ponza di San Martino was hurriedly despatched to Pius IX. in order to urge him to an agreement, but the ambassador of Victor Emmanuel was not listened to. Just as in 1861 Cavour would have been satisfied with a Royal Vicariate *in perpetuo* over the States of the Church, so in 1870 the Italian Ministry did not demand a complete abdication of the Temporal Power, but requested that it be limited

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1874, vol. ii. p. 8.

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to the Leonine City. But Pius IX. was inflexible in his *non possumus*: "Neither Vicariate nor Leonine City." And General Cadorna, at the head of his troops, was constrained to solve the question by force of arms.

The note addressed on August 29, 1870, by the Marquis Visconti-Venosta to all the Powers remains as a political monument in the annals of our national life. After a general *exposé* of the negotiations pursued since 1866 towards an agreement with the Vatican, the Minister ends by summarising in the following articles the various concessions which Italy would have been prepared to grant the Holy See:

To the Pope the dignity, inviolability and all other prerogatives of Sovereignty, and, in addition, the precedence over all other Sovereigns, according to custom.

To the Cardinals of the Roman Church the title of Prince and the honours thereto attached.

To the Pope the sovereignty and plenary jurisdiction over the Leonine City.

Within its own territory the Italian Government also guaranteed:

(*a*) Full liberty for the Pope to communicate with the foreign States, clergy and people.

(*b*) Diplomatic immunity for the Nuncii and Papal representatives accredited to foreign governments and for the foreign Ministers accredited to the Holy See.

All institutions, offices and ecclesiastical bodies whose seat of administration was at Rome were maintained.

All ecclesiastical properties, whose revenue appertained to the charges, offices and corporations, or to ecclesiastical corporations and bodies whose headquarters were at Rome or in the Leonine City, would remain theirs, without being subject to any special taxation.

The Government would abstain from all interference with the internal discipline of the ecclesiastical bodies domiciled in Rome.

The Bishops and Vicars throughout the Kingdom, within their respective dioceses and parishes, would be free from all governmental interference in the exercise of their spiritual ministry.

The King would renounce in favour of the Church all the rights of Royal Patronage over the ecclesiastical livings, both major or minor, within the City of Rome.

For the Holy See and the Sacred College a fixed and intangible dotation

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would be established, of a value at least equal to that formerly assigned on the Budget of the Papal States.

The rank, emoluments and seniority of the military and civil officers of the Papal States would be maintained in the case of all Italians.

The aforesaid articles would have constituted a bilateral public contract, and been made the subject of an international agreement with the Powers possessing Catholic subjects.

The Italian Ministry, before the material transfer of its seat to Rome, presented to Parliament a Bill establishing the prerogatives of the Pope and Holy See and regulating the relations between Church and State. The Temporal Power was to be entirely abolished, and the Leonine City was thus admitted to the benefits of the new law. The idea never occurred of raising to an international compact the concessions made to the Head of the Catholic Church, but, as regards all other dispositions, the note of August 29, 1870, to the foreign Powers was closely followed. These proposals, after a lengthy debate in both Houses, became public law on May 13, 1871, and for twenty years the successive Italian Ministers held its scrupulous observance for a debt of honour. The Pope refused to recognise it; and in his Encyclical of May 15, 1871, issued a formal protest, affirming the need of the Temporal Power for the exercise of his spiritual functions. [1]

The law of May 13, 1871, conceded to the Church of Rome prerogatives and liberties such as no other denomination has ever obtained within any civilised State. The Pope was confirmed in his spiritual stronghold, and rendered free from all material attack. Whilst he is enabled to chastise other Sovereigns, none of these has either the power or the means to lay hands upon him. In truth, when the Pope was a temporal prince the appearance of a cruiser at Civitavecchia, or the invasion of some part of his territory by an armed force, would compel him to submit to foreign exactions, a possibility which the Austrian veto at the recent Conclave has implicitly proclaimed anew. To-day such a course were impossible. And both Pius IX.

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1874, vol. ii. p. 228.

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and his successor, thanks to the invulnerability of the Holy See established by the Italian Parliament, clearly manifested their omnipotence in the struggle which for nine years they successfully sustained against the German Emperor.

The law of May 18, 1871, had taken it for granted that the Pope would in future confine himself to his spiritual mission, and forsake all earthly interests. The inviolability of his person, his territorial immunity, his liberty of speech and press, his absolute right to communicate with the Catholic world, and his privilege of convening councils, would not have presented the slightest danger had he restricted the scope of his influence to the realm of conscience.

I trust I shall be excused for having dwelt at such length on the documentary account of the negotiations between the Royal Government and the Papacy, two Powers which, in my opinion, should be able to live together in friendly intercourse in the capital, thanks to the political common sense of the Roman people. Such a digression affords a necessary and graphic illustration of the difficult problem I have attempted—a problem indeed worthy of a periodical so widely appreciated as is the MONTHLY REVIEW. Besides, in order to estimate appropriately the various factors that tend towards a reconciliation between the Vatican and Quirinal, and the influence which this consummation could not fail to exercise over the home and foreign policy of the Italian Kingdom, a retrospective summary seemed to me advisable, by virtue of the time-honoured principle, "from cause to effect."

I shall now proceed to analyse the personal bent of the new Pope, which, if as yet incompletely revealed and not directly opposed to his predecessor's attitude, will no doubt greatly modify it, as I like to think. One fact, at least, will go far to facilitate a *modus vivendi* between Church and State: throughout the whole course of his ecclesiastical career, whether in the exercise of his parochial or episcopal duties, Pius X. has invariably lived in undisturbed harmony with the public authorities; admirals, generals, prefects, and mayors have been

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numbered alike among his friends. Nor should I omit to recall his crowning meeting with the Queen Mother and the late King Humbert I., whose cruel death drew from the venerable Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, an utterance both exquisitely Christian and patriotic in feeling, which was followed by a touching commemorative service on behalf of the noble and pious soul of the much-lamented monarch.

As I remarked above, if we except the vain attempt made by Visconti-Venosta in 1870, we must skip the long list of Italian Ministers from Cavour to Crispi to come to any substantial move on the part of the State towards the conclusion of an agreement. For Crispi, once in office, peace between the two Powers became his foremost and most cherished thought, the question to which he devoted the greatest study and care. And thus he set himself to the task of carrying out, if not officially, which was no longer possible, at least by indirect means, a project born of his lofty mind and statesmanlike purpose. There is also little doubt but that he alone was qualified for this difficult undertaking; indeed, his revolutionary antecedents would of themselves have sufficed to shield him against the accusation of being lukewarm in his liberalism. The subtlety of his political intuition, coupled with his mental vigour, had grasped the new strength which the Government would derive from a congenial and dignified concordance of the religious and patriotic ideals, for his personal faith in God was deep-rooted. This is made amply clear from his parliamentary declarations, but is even better known to those, including myself, who had the honour of an intimate communion of thought and feeling with the great patriot. I should add that his faith never induced him to relinquish for a moment the rights of the State *vis-à-vis* the Vatican. Were I not afraid of straining the patience of my readers, and the courteous hospitality extended to me by this scholarly Review, I might justify this contention by valuable documents from the private records of Crispi himself. But I may assert without the slightest fear of contradiction that the effort of that learned

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and much-lamented Father Tosti, who died of a broken heart in his mystical seclusion at Monte Cassino, was due in the first instance to Crispi's impulse. This effort seemed so full of promise at its first appearance, that everywhere it was rumoured that the great Benedictine's famous treatise was a faithful reproduction of Leo XIII.'s original intentions concerning a *modus vivendi* with the Royal Government. No less notorious, however, is the fierce opposition which, most unfortunately for our kingdom if not for the Catholic religion itself, this impatiently awaited agreement encountered among the Ambassadors accredited to the Pope and King by the French Republic — an opposition so relentless that the French diplomatic representatives threatened to demand their passports if the Pope did not instantly break off all relations with the Royal Government. In her hostile attitude on this occasion, which did us incalculable injury, France may have been counselled by her own interests, and have felt wisely alarmed at the immense increase in power and influence which the realisation of this bold scheme would have implied for Italy; at the same time she aroused deep pain and resentment in Francesco Crispi. For I will not deny that he was henceforth actuated by ill-feeling towards her, in memory of those intrigues which had hampered his masterly conception, and deprived our kingdom, when on the very brink of a happy issue, of so great an addition in strength and prestige. The historian of to-morrow will possibly ascribe Crispi's disappointment as regards France to the failure of his ecclesiastical policy; at the same time he cannot fail to see in it one of the many demonstrations of France's rancour and hatred for the statesman who embodied with such loftiness and delicacy the most sublime aspirations of the Italian nation. Others, unendowed with Crispi's broad and magnanimous spirit, would no doubt have found in this failure a pretext for retaliating against the Vatican. He, unperturbed and imperturbable, only pursued further his policy, full of deference for the Head of Christendom. Several notable events bear testimony to my assertion, such

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for instance, as the *exequatur* granted to the then Venetian Patriarch, now Pius X., and the establishment of an Apostolic Prefecture in Erythrea, coinciding with the expulsion from our colonies of the French Lazarist Brothers, whose intrigues against our influence were disclosed in grave documents found in the tent of Ras Mangascia, after the latter's flight consequent on our victories of Senafè and Coatit. With the Lazarists were allied other French, Russian, and Greek monks, whose infamous plots against Italy formed, if not the prime, at least an important cause of our cruel disasters in Africa.

But let us return to the personality of the new Pope. His allocution of November last furnished him with an opportunity for affirming anew the necessity for the Catholic Church of recovering her lost earthly dominions. It thereby annihilated the presumption of the more optimistically inclined that Pope Sarto would separate entirely matters of faith and politics. There are others, however, who, like myself, entertain no illusions as to a reconciliation in the full sense of the term, but who, in the joint interests of Italian and Catholic prestige, are nevertheless anxious for an *entente cordiale*, already initiated and in way of development, between the civil and religious Powers. We never expected the Pope to make a solemn abdication of the so-called Temporal claims. But what a difference between the stirring protests of Leo XIII. and the mild, humble and serene tone of Pope Sarto's allocution, so consonant with his truly evangelical unction!

It is perhaps worth while recalling a recent incident which occurred at the laying of the foundation-stone of the reconstructed historic campanile of St. Mark's, at Venice. The ceremony was performed in the presence of H.R.H. the Count of Turin, representing his Majesty the King, of all the civil and military authorities in the City, and of the then Minister of Public Instruction, M. Nasi, accompanied by his French colleague, M. Chaumié. M. Nasi, if we are to believe his critics, felt bound to pay the customary tribute to the Masonic Lodges, who might otherwise have viewed with disfavour the

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part taken by the Venetian Patriarch and his clergy. He repeated accordingly, with an allusion condemned alike by orthodox and dispassionate observers, the old saying—whose authenticity is moreover very doubtful—"Venetians first, Christians afterwards." Such an utterance was not merely a blunder but sheer discourtesy towards the venerable Patriarch whose very presence by the side of an exalted Prince of the Savoy House and of the civil and military authorities, constituted a Christian, patriotic and pre-eminently tactful act. But Cardinal Sarto—I hope my distinguished friend and valued colleague, M. Nasi, will forgive me for saying so!—gave our then Minister of Public Instruction a lesson in wit; he made the best of a bad job, and a struggle in politeness ensued between him and the authorities, whence the reputation for good taste of his abashed opponent did not emerge untarnished.

Reverting now to the specific and difficult problem which I am asked to discuss, *i.e.*, to estimate the various factors which tend towards a reconciliation between the Vatican and Quirinal, I find myself immediately confronted by the question: Do such factors really exist, and, granting their existence, are they to be found on both sides, or on one side only? I reply without hesitation that such factors *do* exist, if unequally distributed as regards their weight and merits. No unprejudiced or honest mind will deny that the immense majority of Italians, nay, of Italian Liberals even, cherish deep religious convictions and love of the Catholic Church. In support of this contention I need but refer to the dismal and inglorious failure of the Divorce Bill brought forward by the late Zanardelli Cabinet, who appear to have acted most unwisely on this occasion, and betrayed profound ignorance of the main currents of public opinion—for the latter is not exclusively expressed in sectarian and microscopic conventicles! A more serious mistake, since it revealed a certain want of regard for the Majesty of the Crown, was committed by the same Cabinet when they allowed a bill so distasteful to the Italian national feeling to be announced in the course of the speech from the

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Throne, and further aggravated the awkwardness of the situation thus created by submitting the Ministerial project to Parliament as embodying "the fulfilment of the exalted promise." This policy, based on none too constitutional lines, whilst laying the Crown open to public criticism, shifted on to the Royal shoulders all the odium and responsibility for the check sustained by a measure which threatened the very foundations of the family and of religion. We may thank God that, happily for our country, the Crown stands high above the pettinesses of cringing Ministries and the disgraceful pressure of sectarian organisations.

I said above that conciliatory factors are to be found on both sides, and, indeed, the greater portion of the Italian clergy, although poor and treated—or ill-treated!—with great stinginess by the Government, are staunch patriots at heart. The main obstacle to the much-desired *modus vivendi* arises from that group which I would fain term "the foreign Vatican," and is composed chiefly of French and Spanish prelates; and whoever wishes to judge fairly must take into account the enormous difficulties—due to the international character attaching to the Papal organism, though this organism draws its main fount of honour from the person of the Pope, generally an Italian—which the Pope has to face, however well disposed he may feel towards the Royal Government. The papal declarations, clothed in a very pure Latin, admit of no two interpretations. They were clear and deliberate, and may well defy the distortions of malcontent critics. It was after all but natural that sooner or later Pius X. should thus express himself in a definite manner to the Cardinals assembled for a consistory; nor could one reasonably expect the new Pope, however great his conciliatory tendencies and good faith, to reverse and condemn, from one day to another, the entire attitude of his predecessors, one of whom, Leo XIII., had consecrated him by the prestige of an authority that has left a most durable impress upon the evolution of the Church. Pius X. did all within his power, and will continue to do so

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to smooth the differences, in order that, in the long run, a new state of things may be evolved; and the new aspect will, no doubt, provide the necessary means for settling once for all the painful conflict between Italy and the Papacy. But, if the Pope can prepare an evolution, he cannot attempt a revolution.

At the death of Leo XIII., the Liberal press was unanimous in its verdict that the late Pope, far from creating for his country any internal or external embarrassment, had been content with a periodical reiteration, whether in a consistorial allocution or in an encyclical to the Bishops, of those sentimental and melancholy complaints which lacked invariably both logic and practical effect. Pius X. does not even go so far; at his accession to the Pontifical throne he refrained from notifying to the foreign Governments the ritual protest against the occupation of Rome, as formerly Leo. XIII. had done n strong-worded terms with the assistance of Cardinal Simeoni. True, at the death of Leo XIII. the Sacred College, as the Regent of the Church Government, renewed the protest, but in a very temperate form, thus showing clearly that the twenty-five years which had elapsed since the election of Cardinal Pecci —or thirty-three years since the seizure of Rome—had in reality thrown much water upon the flames.

The new Pope has resolutely let drop this formal diplomatic protest, the significance of which differed widely from that attaching to a speech or encyclical. He has thus consciously and voluntarily broken away from the tradition therein embodied, of a vain appeal to the foreign Powers to interfere with the affairs of our country. By so doing, Pius X. has earned no small merit as an Italian, and that at the very moment when he inherited the political estate of his proud predecessor. The personality of Pius X. differs so vastly from that of Leo XIII. that it seems on many points to form the very antipodes of the latter; for, although both were consecrated in the same articles of faith and cardinal principles of political action, each, thanks to individual impulse or to a

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preconceived programme, succeeded in creating an atmosphere of his own amid surroundings and personages almost identical. Leo XIII., more suited in his papal capacity to bygone times than to the present day, strove to raise the prestige of the Papacy, by means of his unwearying, if not invariably successful diplomacy, and of the quasi-Castillian pomp wherein he encompassed the dignity of "Sommo Gerarca." He elected to live at inaccessible heights, and dreamed perhaps of equalling the omnipotence of Gregory VII., subjecting the Emperor to do penance for three days and three nights amid the snows of Canossa. Pius X. avails himself of diplomatic resources only so far as is indispensable to maintain for the Holy See all the appearances of an organised State. He shuns the escort of the "Guardie nobili," will make no use of the "Sedia Gestatoria," or of the Sedan-chair, allows his relatives and friends to sit at his own table, and, when by chance a visitor refuses to approach the degrees of his throne, he himself rises to come forward, without requiring either canopy or fans, and greets both the timid and reluctant with words of faith and friendship.

Under Leo XIII. it was extremely difficult to attend the audiences granted to visitors of high rank, and even the ordinary receptions. The entrance tickets, as distributed among the Ambassadors, Cardinals, and Roman princes, were either exclusively reserved for the use of persons of high social status or else were sold by members of the household to the highest bidders in the larger hotels. Thousands of people who did all within their power to catch a glimpse of Leo XIII. throughout his long reign never saw him. But Pius X. likes to see all and to be seen by all, whether rich or poor, sceptics or believers, and, by his command, the parochial clergy of Rome go from house to house to deposit as many entrance tickets as there are members in each family. All flock to the Court of San Damaso to listen to the Pope's voice, a voice that leaves politics alone, and knocks at the door of every heart and conscience. And not only has Pius X. abolished the kissing of feet—called the "Kiss of the Holy Slipper"—but he requests every one to be

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seated. More significant still is the hearty welcome he extends to senators, deputies, and officials of the Italian Kingdom, whilst ladies and gentlemen of their Majesties' Court have met with an equally gracious reception. It would be misleading, however, to pretend that the new *rôle* assumed by the Pope nas won universal approbation among the members of the Curia. The Papal Court, like all other Courts, places inveterate traditions, pageantry and ceremonial on a par with articles of faith, and cannot conceive the Pope otherwise than surrounded by outward pomp and solemnity, which, it may be added, serve to keep up certain vague and useless appointments and—especially!—the salaries attached thereto! We find, for instance, "camerieri segreti participanti" (assistant privy chamberlains), whose importance may be gauged from the relation of their duties. One helps to carry the Pope's hat when passing from one room to another; a second one has charge of the Pope's red cloak when he takes a walk in the gardens; and a third has to stand by with a glass of water when the Pope is making a speech. And the holders of these offices are admitted to the title of *Monsignor* and to wear the purple cassock, when their sinecures are not the stepping-stone to a nunciature, a bishopric or a cardinalate. Pius X. takes a walk by himself, carries his own hat and cloak, and rings for a servant if he requires a glass of water. It is obvious that his simple and unaffected ways are fast becoming a cause of profound alarm to the superfluous establishment of the Papal Court, inasmuch as the condition of the treasury, contrary to the general belief, is anything but flourishing and does not permit of any unnecessary expense.

I am not aware whether Pius X. has been informed of the petty and secret war which, hatched in the ante-chamber of a very famous Cardinal, has latterly invaded the corridors of the Vatican. Its promoter, at the recent Conclave, had declared until the very last ballot his opposition to the candidateship of Cardinal Sarto. Moreover, even among those "Eminences," who formerly put forward or supported the appointment of Mgr. Merry Del Val to the Pro-Secretaryship of State, some

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now show a veiled hostility to Pius X. for having confirmed in his office this young, talented, and devoted prelate. It is well known that Mgr. Del Val remained practically alone with the Pope in the earliest and most trying days of his Pontificate, a considerable section of Cardinals having departed from Rome soon after the Conclave, whilst others absented themselves intentionally from the Vatican, and in several cases flatly declined to render assistance to the Pope and his Secretary of State.

I certainly cannot say, until he can be judged by results, that the choice of Merry Del Val calls for unlimited praise; but the influence exerted over Pius X. by the gifted and successful Spaniard is easily explained by the external requirements of etiquette. He will, no doubt, prove to be specially useful as a courteous introducer of Ambassadors, or as an intelligent and capable interpreter of foreign languages—with which Pope Sarto is little acquainted: in brief, he promises to be the "the Grand Master of the Ceremonies" rather than the principal adviser to the new Pontiff.

Yet, in spite of all such difficulties—wherewith Leo XIII. had also to contend at his accession—Pius X. continues to assert his personal bent, a pre-eminently conciliatory one, which before his election to the Throne had already earned for him warm and widespread sympathy. What! Conciliatory? my astonished readers will exclaim, if they recall his temporal-minded pronunciamento at the last Consistory.

Yes, conciliatory, I affirm and repeat. Words have but a relative value as compared to the actual modifications wrought in the Papal surroundings by the infusion of a broad spirit of tolerance and equanimity, whose absence gave us formerly much cause for regret. Indeed, a distinguished prelate to whom I was pointing out the other day the striking contrast betrayed by the Pope's declaration and his personal attitude, did not hesitate to reply:

> In future the Popes, regarding as they now do Italian Unity as unassailable, will consent to follow in the footsteps of the Spanish grandees, who at each

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accession to the Throne of a new King, invariably renew the traditional claims to their ancient but perfunctory rights. It is but a matter of form which does not in the least affect the real state of things. Pope Pius X. in appearing to demand the restitution of Rome carefully abstains from using any strong expression or addressing any protest to the foreign Powers, and thereby he is implicitly preparing the way for a final reconciliation.

I had hoped to discuss the old and but recently revived question of the foreign veto, but find that such a discussion would carry us too far. In concluding, I must therefore confine myself to one main consideration, the real political independence which devolved on the universal and spiritual mission of the exalted Head of Catholicism thanks to the providential loss of the Temporal power. There is now, besides the loyalty due to international and internal compacts, and the absolute independence of the Conclave, the Italian Kingdom to safeguard, by force of arms if necessary. For our country would necessarily oppose the pretension of any foreign Power to support by action the nominal exercise of the right of veto. It has been stated that the Sacred College held a meeting presided over by the aged Cardinal Camerlengo Oreglia, in order to forestall any repetition of diplomatic interference—merely diplomatic, observe, owing to the energy of the Italian Government seated in Rome!—but this statement lacks documentary evidence. Yet, whatever opinion one may hold in this particular connection, no man endowed with a grain of common sense will for a moment entertain seriously or honestly the Papal claims to Rome. These claims are perhaps imprescriptible in the eyes of the Catholic world at large; they will remain as a sentimental and platonic protest —a means of honouring the Papal signature.

It is not long since an illustrious Prelate, who is also a direct descendant of the old Roman aristocracy, confessed to me in the course of a conversation that, in the improbable—nay, inconceivable!—event of his Majesty's Government ever offering to restore Rome to the Pope, the latter, for reasons too obvious to require any explanation, would feel bound to

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decline the proposal. The Vatican is not blind to the fact that its institutions would be threatened with immediate destruction at the hands of a republican, not to say socialist or anarchist, revolution against the Italian kingdom.

I observed above that the Zanardelli Cabinet had allowed themselves to be dragged by sectaries and demagogues into the quagmire of an undignified and short-sighted ecclesiastical policy—as shown by that ill-starred Divorce Bill, so obnoxious and distasteful to our national aspirations, that, instead of dying a quiet death, it had to undergo the ordeal of a popular bonfire! M. Gioletti, the President of the present Cabinet, is assuredly no Cavour, but he, at least, can boast the rare merit of not thinking himself one. A man of practical sense and foresight, he should shape the policy he intends pursuing towards the Vatican on cautious and moderate, if clearly defined, lines, ever mindful of the wise axiom that "the best clerical policy is conspicuous by its absence."

At any rate, the most uncompromising "Temporalists" at the Vatican are compelled to admit that the policy of our kingdom with regard to church matters is infinitely more loyal, respectful, and free from persecution than that followed by the present government of the French Republic.

I shall, no doubt, be labelled an optimist. I do not object to the epithet. In my twofold capacity as an Italian Liberal and a Catholic, I hold that from a happy understanding between Church and State can result nothing but advantage to both. And I cherish the warmest hope that before long the glorious day will dawn which, by linking together the two ideals of patriotism and religion, will mark a radiant triumph for the Church of Christ and for my noble, beloved and idolised Italy.

FELICE SANTINI.

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THE PRUSSIAN CO-OPERATION AT WATERLOO

THE German Emperor, presiding at a banquet held at Hanover on December 19, 1908, to commemorate the formation of the King's German Legion a century before, uttered these words: "With hearty thanks I raise my glass in contemplation of the past, to the health of the German Legion, in memory of the incomparable deeds which, in conjunction with Blücher and the Prussians, rescued the English army from destruction at Waterloo." No sensible man would be disposed to take these words very seriously. The whole speech was obviously designed to strengthen in Hanover that wider Imperial feeling which has so largely replaced the narrow Guelf "particularism" of former days; and the enthusiastic cheers that greeted the Kaiser as he left the hall showed that the Hanoverians did not resent the somewhat unfortunate reference to Waterloo. Doubtless, in the enthusiasm of the moment all who were present, perhaps even including the august speaker himself, forgot that the 5800 men of the German Legion were serving their sovereign, our George III., *in Wellington's army*, and were therefore among those who were "rescued from destruction" by the Prussians. The same remark applies, of course, to the 11,000 Hanoverian troops, mostly Landwehr, who formed part of Wellington's motley array.

A phrase that may have been due to the inspiration of the

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moment should neither be judged pedantically, nor should it arouse any ill-feeling on this side of the German Ocean. Seeing, however, that it expressed a conviction that is widely prevalent in Germany and that finds expression in the well-known work on Napoleonic strategy by a former member of the General Staff, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, it seems desirable to clear up some of the popular misunderstandings which have unfortunately arisen between Britons and Germans on this topic. To do so fully would, of course, necessitate an examination of the whole campaign. This being out of the question here, we must limit ourselves to essentials. These comprise: (1) the understanding—if there was one—between Blücher and Wellington as to the general plan of campaign; (2) the (conditional) promise of Wellington to come to Blücher's assistance at Ligny on June 16; (3) Blücher's promise to help Wellington at the Waterloo position on June 18; (4) the effectiveness of the Prussian aid there given. Obviously, the first three questions are preliminary to the last, but they are essential to a due understanding of it, and must therefore be briefly considered.

The position of the allies in front of Napoleon after his return from Elba was as follows. By the beginning of June 1815, Blücher had assembled an army of 120,000 Prussians in the Belgic Netherlands between Charleroi, Namur and Liège; while Wellington's British, German, and Dutch-Belgian forces, together amounting to 94,000 men, were cantonned in the neighbourhood of Brussels, Nivelles, Ath and Mons. Both commanders were anxious to invade France as soon as possible in order to surprise Napoleon in the midst of his preparations and to support the royalist efforts that were being put forth in the South and West. In his despatches of April 10–12 Wellington urged the desirability of beginning, if possible, on May 1. The weakness of the French royalists and the delay in the approach of the Austrian and Russian armies destined for the invasion of Alsace-Lorraine disarranged this plan; but there is nothing to show that Blücher and

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Wellington devised any scheme of *defensive* warfare. True, they had an interview at Tirlemont on May 8, at which the Prussian commander gave the Duke "the most satisfactory assurances of support" in case Napoleon should invade Belgium; but that was considered to be a highly improbable event. They obviously trusted to the decision of the Czar that offensive movements should begin on all sides on June 1. Wellington's voluminous correspondence contains scarcely a single reference to defensive operations. In his important letter of May 8 to Lord Stewart, the Duke says: "I say nothing about our defensive operations because I am inclined to believe we are so well united and so strong that the enemy cannot do us much mischief." He then discusses the best plans for the joint invasion of France, and sums up his ideas in the phrase, "Let us begin when we shall have 450,000 men," *i.e.*, on the front stretching from Mons to Langres.

In passing, we may commend this letter to the notice of German writers, who, while admitting, like Gneisenau's biographer, Delbrück, that the Duke was unequalled in defensive warfare, nevertheless assert that he limited his views during the Waterloo campaign to the defence of "positions" after the style of strategists of the old school.[1] It is, however, clear from the letter just referred to, and from others like it, that the Duke saw the essentials to a successful invasion of France, but gave far too little thought to the defence of positions. In point of fact, Blücher and he were guilty of the capital error of under-rating the enemy. Even on the morning of June 15, when the French were beginning to drive the Prussian outposts from the River Sambre, Wellington dictated a long despatch "to the Emperor of" [Russia], as to the best routes to be adopted in the forthcoming invasion of France, stating that his (Wellington's) army would have to lay siege to Maubeuge. Owing to unfortunate accidents, Wellington did not receive the news of the attack on the 1st Prussian

[1] "Leben des Feldmarschalls von Gneisenau," von Hans Delbrück (Berlin, 1880), iv pp. 408–413.

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corps (Ziethen's) until 6 P.M., a delay that led to most untoward results.[1]

Everything, then, tends to show that the allies had agreed on no plan of combined action in case they were attacked; and this is the conclusion of that able military writer, Mr. J. C. Ropes, as well as of the latest and most careful of German historians of the campaign, Professor von Pflugk-Harttung. Some Continental historians have stated that there was such a plan; but they have brought forward no proof; and the only *contemporary* assertion that favours any such conclusion is the following, from General von Müffling's "Passages from My Life": "The junction of the English and Prussian armies for a defensive battle . . . was so distinctly prescribed by circumstances and by the locality that no doubt whatever could be raised on the point." This vague statement, written *after* the event, is at variance with the known facts. Müffling, then Prussia's military representative at the British headquarters, was with Wellington on the evening of June 15 at Brussels just before the Duchess of Richmond's ball; but at that time the British troops were being directed *to Nivelles*, not to Quatre Bras, where they would be in touch with Blücher. The Prussians were then hurriedly concentrating at Sombref, near Ligny; but Blücher's orders, or rather those of Gneisenau, his Chief of Staff, were so far inexact that Bülow's corps, 32,000 strong, was still at Liège, and took no part in the great battle on the morrow.[2] The massing of Wellington's forces was equally unsatisfactory, mainly because he believed, up to a late hour of June 15, that the main advance of the French would be by way of Mons or Nivelles, on the side of Blücher.

In truth, no fixed plan can be made for defensive operations against an enterprising enemy who has the choice of three

[1] "Vorgeschichte der Schlacht bei Belle-Alliance," von J. von Pflugk-Harttung (Berlin, 1903), pp. 50–52. Ropes, "Waterloo Campaign," pp. 75–77.

[2] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. p. 199; von Pflugk-Harttung, *op. cit.* pp. 252–267.

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lines of advance. In such a case great commanders do not pin themselves to a hard and fast plan; they closely watch every development and act accordingly. It is inexact to say that Wellington and Blücher were surprised by Napoleon's attack. They thought it improbable, but were determined to keep in touch as closely as possible on or near the line of advance actually chosen by him. Before leaving this topic we may note that the delay in Wellington's concentration was largely due to the insufficient news sent by General Ziethen, commanding the 1st Prussian corps on the River Sambre, between Charleroi and Thuin. After sending a despatch to Müffling at the British headquarters early on June 15 to the effect that he was being attacked at the latter place, he forwarded no more news for twelve hours. The Duke, therefore, could not know how serious was the onset on that line. Thus, as generally happens in a complex situation, there were executive failings both on the Prussian and on the British side, the upshot being that Blücher had no help from Bülow's corps at Ligny, while the concentration of Wellington's forces was so tardy as to endanger the position of Quatre-Bras and to leave the Prussians without the succour on which they counted from their allies.

This brings us to the second question, whether Wellington offered help to Blücher at Ligny, and, if so, whether the offer was absolute or conditional. The only written contemporary evidence on this topic is contained in the letter sent by the Duke to Blücher from Quatre Bras at 10.30 A.M. on the 16th. First published by General von Ollech in 1876, it has since been quoted by Messrs. Ropes, Horsburgh, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and other English writers; we need, therefore, cite only the last two sentences: "I do not see much of the enemy in front of us, and I await news of your Highness and the arrival of troops in order to determine my operations for the day. Nothing has appeared on the side of Binche, or on our right."[1] The first part of the letter gave a general description

[1] Ollech, "Der Feldzug von 1815," p. 125.

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of the positions of Wellington's divisions on the march for Quatre Bras; and it is undeniable that in most cases they were not so far advanced as the Duke believed them to be. It is clear, however, that he had been misled by the "Memorandum" of De Lancey, his Chief of Staff, and that that experienced officer was at fault owing to the lack of training of his subordinates. Wellington knew his Staff to be new to the work, witness his letter of May 8: "I have got an infamous army, very weak and ill equipped, and a very inexperienced Staff." Though matters had improved since then, he was perhaps too sanguine in counting on the accuracy of the news collected by his Staff as to the hurried movements then going on. In any case, however, his written promise of help was conditional on the arrival of his divisions; and only a hasty and illogical reading could interpret it as an absolute pledge.

But there is also the question of what went on at an interview which Wellington had with the Prussian leaders at Bry, a hamlet near Ligny, shortly before the fighting began. As the conversation went on in French, Blücher held aloof; but his executive chiefs, Generals Gneisenau and Grolmann, took part in it, as also Generals Müffling and Dörnberg, who accompanied Wellington. The only accounts extant are by the two last. They vary considerably. Müffling states that he refrained from pointing out to Gneisenau the inaccuracy of the Duke's statement as to the positions of his forces; also that when Gneisenau pressed Wellington to lead a part of his army to help the Prussians, he (Müffling) privately advised him not to urge a request that would contravene the British commander's well-known principle of keeping his army undivided and well in hand. According to Müffling, Wellington's last words were, "Well! I will come, provided that I myself am not attacked."

In Dörnberg's version, Gneisenau appears as approving the Duke's plan of driving the French from before Quatre Bras back down the Charleroi road; but the Prussian Chief of Staff

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is then represented as suggesting that it would be even better if Wellington would hold the French in check on that side and march with the rest of his army to help the Prussians at Ligny. To this the Duke is said to have replied: "The reasoning is correct. I will see what is in front of me [at Quatre Bras] and how much of my army has arrived, and act accordingly."[1] Thus Dörnberg makes Wellington agree to the plan of dividing his army—the very plan to which Müffling states that he was firmly opposed. Evidently on the question of the suggested help to be given to the Prussians, the evidence of these two officers is worthless. We may add that the Prussian official report of the battle of Ligny is equally unsatisfactory on this point. It runs thus; ". . . Nevertheless, Field-Marshal Blücher resolved to give battle, Lord Wellington having already put in motion to support him a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the fourth corps of the Prussian army [Bülow's] being also on the point of arriving." These statements are incorrect. The Duke's forces were all marching for Quatre Bras, a movement far different from that of Bülow towards Ligny, with which it is here equated.

Apart from a later remark of Wellington to Hardinge and Stanhope that, during the conversation at Bry, he warned the Prussian chiefs of their dangerously exposed position on the slope behind Ligny, this is all that we know about this very important conference.[2] And I submit that the evidence disproves the assertions made by several German writers—Ollech and Pflugk-Harttung are honourable exceptions—that the Duke encouraged the Prussians to fight in a dangerous position by offering them promises of help which he knew he could not make good.

Besides, if we place the matter on general grounds, is it in the least degree likely that Wellington would endanger his good relations with the Prussians at the beginning of a

[1] Ollech, *op. cit.* pp. 126–127.

[2] Stanhope, "Conversations with Wellington," p. 109.

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great campaign by a display of shiftiness? To put it on the lowest ground, that of self-interest, he needed their co-operation far more than they needed his. The Prussian army was firm and homogeneous; while in that of the Duke four different languages were spoken, and the fidelity of the Belgians and Nassauers was open to question. Finally, if there be any doubt left on this topic, the reader may refer to the convincing arguments advanced by that able American writer, Mr. Ropes—a severe critic of Wellington on many points—showing that Blücher and Gneisenau had made all their dispositions to offer battle at Ligny on June 16, whether they had help from Wellington or not.[1]

I have examined the evidence on this point somewhat closely, firstly, because Gneisenau's resentment at what he chose to consider Wellington's breach of faith influenced the Prussian movements unfavourably on the morning of Waterloo, but also because his biographers and most subsequent German historians have approached the events of that great day with minds distinctly biased against Wellington, owing to his supposed double-dealing on the morning of June 16.

We now turn to the question of the Prussian co-operation on the 18th. It is, however, only fair to refer to the heroism which Gneisenau displayed at the close of the Battle of Ligny. Amidst the turmoil of defeat, when Blücher's severe fall caused the weight of responsibility to rest on his shoulders, he decided to give up his former base of supplies on the Namur-Liège road, and to direct the retreat northwards towards Wavre. The inference is inevitable that he did so in order to keep touch with Wellington for the defence of Brussels. Is it too much to assume that his distrust of Wellington was not an over-mastering motive?

As to the details of co-operation, the credit must be awarded to Blücher. That indomitable old man quickly recovered from his grievous shock, and at a conference held on the evening of June 17 declared strongly in favour of

[1] Ropes, "The Waterloo Campaign," chap. x.

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a flank march to join Wellington. Gneisenau was now in favour of caution; and according to Hardinge, who was present, he opposed the flank march as an imprudent step.[1] Certainly it was a daring conception; it bespoke that staunchness of mind which led Scharnhorst some years before to describe Blücher as the only Prussian general who had not a particle of fear of Napoleon. Still, there was nothing Quixotic in the proposal. Bülow's powerful corps was then at hand, and its arrival more than repaired the losses sustained at Ligny. The reserve ammunition had also escaped Grouchy's horsemen; and—a detail that is generally forgotten in the discussion of this question—the Prussians then believed Grouchy to have been sent in pursuit of them with only 15,000 men.[2] That would have left Wellington face to face with an even greater force than was then actually mustering on the slope of La Belle Alliance. Thus, all the facts, as then known at Blücher's headquarters at Wavre, called for a secret but determined march against Napoleon's flank on the morrow.

As for Wellington, he too certainly expected help from the Prussians. At 9 A.M. on that day he had sent word to Blücher that he would accept battle from Napoleon at the position in front of Waterloo if a Prussian *corps d'armée* came to his aid. Up to nightfall he had no reply; and it is significant that his despatch of the evening of June 17 to Colville at Hal contains the phrase: "The army will probably continue in its position in front of Waterloo to-morrow." That is to say, if the Prussians disappointed him, he was ready to beat a hasty retreat on Brussels and the citadel of Antwerp; but if they sent him a corps he was ready to face the risks of a battle. It was not until close on 3 A.M. of the 18th that a letter from Blücher to Müffling was communicated to the Duke and put an end to his uncertainty. It was penned shortly before midnight and ran as follows:

[1] Stanhope, "Conversations with Wellington," p. 110 (written in 1837).

[2] Ollech, p. 169. Grouchy really had 33,819 men.

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HEADQUARTERS, WAVRE, *June* 17, 1815.

I hereby inform you that, in consequence of the communication made to me to the effect that the Duke of Wellington will to-morrow accept battle in the position from Braine l'Alleud to La Haye, my troops will be put in motion in the following way: Bülow's corps will start very early at dawn from Dion-le-Mont and advance through Wavre by way of St. Lambert, in order to attack the enemy's right wing. The second corps will immediately follow the fourth [Bülow's] corps; and the first and third corps hold themselves ready likewise to follow thither. The exhaustion of the troops, which in part have not arrived (namely, the tail of the fourth corps) makes it impossible to advance earlier. In return, I beg you to inform me betimes when and how the Duke is attacked, so that I may be able to take measures accordingly.[1]

At midnight Blücher sent orders in the same sense to his four corps commanders. We know, however, that about 7 to 8 A.M. of the 18th, though no news came in as to Grouchy's approach, Gneisenau and Grolmann wished to hold back the first, second, and third corps until noon, ostensibly in order to see whether Grouchy would advance in unexpected force. But the real reason of Gneisenau's caution is to be seen in a postscript which he added to a despatch dictated by Blücher for Müffling at 9 30 A.M. The despatch itself renewed the promise of help to Wellington, and stated that Blücher would come in person. The postscript informed Müffling that Gneisenau agreed with the terms of the despatch, but begged him to

find out accurately whether the Duke has the fixed intention to fight in his present position, or whether possibly nothing but "demonstrations" are intended, as these can only be in the highest degree compromising to our army.[2]

Thus, while Blücher was doing his utmost to induce Wellington to withstand Napoleon's onset by sending a definite promise of speedy help with at least two army corps, Gneisenau and Grolmann took upon themselves to hold back the corps named above, and to allow the suspicion to take root at their headquarters that the advance towards Wellington might

[1] Ollech, p. 187. [2] *Ibid.* p. 189.

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prove to be a piece of chivalrous folly. It is easy to see that, with this feeling in the air, the march even of Bülow's corps could not at first be very expeditious. It was delayed by positive difficulties, such as the march over the narrow bridge at Wavre, the outbreak of a fire there, as well as by the fatigue of the soldiers themselves; but it has been pointed out that time might have been saved if Bülow had skirted the town instead of passing through it. Between 10 and 11 A.M. it was resolved at headquarters, probably through Blücher's direct intervention, that the second corps, that of Pirch I., should begin to follow Bülow; also that the first corps, that of Ziethen, should set out at noon by a road more to the north, so as to come into touch with Wellington's left wing. The distance to be covered by the three Prussian corps was about ten English miles, or twelve for that of Bülow, which started from the east of Wavre. The roads were narrow, hilly, and deep in mud from the heavy downpour of rain. Yet, allowing for these difficulties, Wellington might confidently expect the approach of the Prussians by midday. The terms of Blücher's letter fully warranted that belief. Clausewitz, a severe critic of Wellington, allows that six to eight hours was the natural time for the march; but he censures the arrangements of the Prussian Staff whereby Pirch's and Ziethen's corps had to cross each other's path. He points out that the serious delay which this involved might have been avoided if Ziethen had followed Bülow, while Pirch marched straight towards Smohain on Wellington's left.[1] The reason for these tortuous arrangements has, I believe, never been revealed.

What is quite clear is that Wellington made all his dispositions with a view to the early arrival of the Prussians. This explains his comparative neglect of his left wing. Defended by the steep slope in front and the outlying hamlets of Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohain, it could shift for itself for an hour or two; the Duke's chief care was bestowed on his more accessible right wing. He even removed the sappers

[1] Clausewitz, "Der Feldzug von 1815," p. 110.

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who were strengthening La Haye Sainte to Hougomont, with the view of making that *château* a formidable bulwark on his right. The evidence of British officers all tells the same tale. Sir Augustus Fraser says in his Letters: "We expected the help of the Prussians early in the day." Colonel Freemantle, aide-de-camp to Wellington, is even more explicit:

> Many officers were sent in the morning in search of the [Prussian] army. Towards six o'clock Sir Horace Seymour came and reported to the Duke of Wellington that he had seen the Prussian column.

A sentence in Sir Horace Seymour's letter on the same topic shows the grounds of Wellington's impatience at the delay of the Prussians:

> I was desired by the Duke of Wellington to tell General Bulow that the Duke wished him immediately to send him Prussian infantry to fill up the loss that had taken place in his lines.[1]

Now, Blücher had promised that Bülow should start at dawn to march against Napoleon's right flank. Wellington evidently believed that Bülow's objective would be the ground just to the south of Smohain, in front of his (Wellington's) left wing. As a matter of fact, Bülow was assigned a task of a far more drastic and difficult kind, namely, to attack Planchenoit, a village *to the rear* of the French right wing. This was sound strategy, but it had the grave tactical disadvantage of involving the attack of a naturally strong position, which, as the event proved, the French held with no difficulty for nearly five hours against the superior numbers brought up first by Bülow and thereafter by Pirch I.

Wellington, meanwhile, benefited only indirectly from this attack of the two Prussian corps which started first; for, as we have seen, the duty of supporting the British forces devolved on Ziethen's corps, which was the last to set out. Not only so, but this corps was by far the weakest of the Prussian

[1] Waterloo Letters, pp. 25–27, 170. These extracts refute Müffling's assertion that the Duke said he did not expect the Prussians till 2 or 3 o'clock. (Müffling, "Sketch of the Battle of Waterloo." English edit., p. 11, 1853.)

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army. It alone had borne the French onset on the Sambre, and was sharply handled in the running fight that followed. At Ligny it suffered frightfully. Reiche, the Chief of Staff of that corps, gives its losses on those two days as 225 officers and 12,486 non-commissioned officers and men, or two-fifths of its whole strength. Sixteen cannon were also lost. Deducting this from his total for the 14th, namely, 30,881 combatants, we have 18,120 as the largest possible number of effectives for the 16th.[1] This, we repeat, was the force told off for the direct support of Wellington. Owing to the delays that happened to the two first corps, Ziethen's leading brigade did not start until 2 P.M.—a delay that might easily have led to fatal consequences.[2]

Now, can this be considered a satisfactory execution of the promise made by Blücher in his midnight despatch? Wellington was believed to be very seriously outnumbered—more so than he actually was; and, considering the unsteadiness of a large part of his army, the Prussian Staff certainly dallied with Fortune in assuming that he could hold his own till the afternoon. At any rate, it was very questionable conduct to lead the Duke to expect help by midday and to withhold the arrival of any direct succour until the evening *without warning him of that postponement.* If the Prussian despatches to Wellington's headquarters are compared with the details of their execution, it will be seen that Gneisenau's conduct is open to the same criticism which his biographers have so vehemently brought against Wellington for the events of the 16th. It is true, of course, that the Duke's failure to send any troops to Ligny has an ugly look until we remember the uncertainty that hung over the enemy's movements on the 15th and 16th. It is also true that the flank march of the Prussians from Wavre was, for their septuagenarian leader and for the troops themselves, an exhibition of persistence that is unsurpassed in the history of war. But, none the less, if we look at the promise held out to Wellington, the performance, as far as concerned the Prussian Staff, must be pronounced slow and half-hearted.

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. pp. 195–196. [2] Ollech, p. 193.

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Finally, we must point out that the allied armies were in very different positions on the 16th and the 18th. At the earlier date their concentrations were incomplete; on the 18th the allies were completely massed, excepting the force at Hal. They had also fathomed the aims of Napoleon, the result being that the paralysing uncertainties of the first two days of the campaign now gave place to that assurance which enabled blows to be struck boldly. The only element of uncertainty for the Prussians on the 18th was as to the strength and aims of Grouchy's force; and the well-known preference of Napoleon for acting with great masses forbade the assumption that he had detached a large force from his main command. All the news to hand about Grouchy's column served to show that it was neither strong nor well led. Thielmann's corps, some 28,000 strong, holding the fairly good position in front of Wavre, was a reasonable defence against any moves that Grouchy might attempt against the other three corps during their flank march. It would be hypercritical, however, to blame Bülow, Pirch, and Ziethen for making a halt when they heard Grouchy's cannon south of Wavre. Ziethen especially deserves credit for deciding, on his own responsibility, to resume his advance, leaving only a part of his fourth brigade to act as a rearguard. [1]

We now come to the final question of the effectiveness of Prussian help in the battle. Obviously this divides itself into two parts, the indirect and the direct assistance. The indirect help was that which the pressure of Bülow's and Pirch's corps exerted, far away from the British left, on Napoleon's right wing and reserves, and on his conduct of the fight. The direct help was that given by Ziethen's corps on Wellington's right at the close of the battle. Obviously it is impossible to assess the former at all precisely; the latter may be gauged with some approach to definiteness.

Bülow's corps was not well enough together to advance from the wood of Frischermont against the French right

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. pp. 21–22.

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wing until 4.30 P.M. It is true that Napoleon knew of the advance of that corps a little before 2 P.M., but he paid little heed to the news. General Foy's journal, first published in 1900, adds to the proofs already to hand that Napoleon, from the early morning and onwards, turned a deaf ear to the rumours of the advance of the Prussians, first, because he believed their army to be too badly shaken to attempt any serious attack for two days longer; and secondly, because he trusted in Grouchy's ability to take them *en flagrant délit* if they braved the perils of a flank march with that marshal hanging on their rear.[1] Such was Napoleon's fixed belief. It did not in the least correspond with the facts such as we have seen them to be; and his misconception, persevered in to the end, was the chief cause of his utter overthrow. But, for the present, that belief led him to trust the defence of his right to two divisions of Lobau's corps, 7800 strong, and two brigades of cavalry.[2] Such was the tenacity of these troops and of their leader that they held up against Bülow's two leading divisions for an hour and a half. But as the rest of Bülow's men joined in the fight, the French right wing (now swung round at right angles to their front) was gradually driven back, and about six o'clock lost part of the village of Planchenoit. At once Napoleon sent in his Young Guard, a trifle over 4000 strong, and these choice troops regained that all-important post, while Lobau prolonged his line to the north to strengthen the French line to the south of the angle pointing towards Smohain. The Emperor now thought all danger past on that side, for he was still ignorant that Pirch's corps was marching, under cover of the Frischermont Wood, to Bülow's aid. He therefore turned his attention once more to Wellington; and there followed the efforts which wrested La Haye Sainte from the King's German

[1] "Vie Militaire du Général Foy." Edited by M. Girod de l'Ain (Paris, 1900).

[2] Ollech (usually very correct in details) on p. 241 wrongly gives Lobau's corps as 10,000 strong, but one of his divisions, that of Teste, was put under Grouchy on the 17th for the pursuit of the Prussians, thus reducing it to 7800.

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Legion at 6.30 (M. Houssaye has proved that it cannot have fallen at an earlier time), and culminated in the attack of five (or perhaps six) battalions of the Imperial Guard on Wellington's right centre.

Now, what did the indirect aid afforded by Bülow's flank attack amount to? It diverted from the conflict with Wellington Lobau's small but excellent corps, the Young Guard, and two brigades of cavalry. According to Janin, who commanded one of the divisions under Lobau, that corps was about to be launched against Wellington's right when Bülow's advance altered the aspect of the battle on that side.[1] It is clear that things would have gone hard with Wellington had Lobau and the Young Guard added their weight to the French infantry attack at the close of the great cavalry charges. As it was, the onset of Bachelu's division and half of Foy's division (in all about 7000 men) was quickly repelled by the converging fire from Wellington's right centre. "C'était une grêle de mort," wrote Foy of this repulse, which Siborne and other historians have so little noticed.

This, then, was the value of Bülow's attack from Wellington's point of view. Between 4.30 and 6.30 it saved him the pressure of 14,000 excellent troops. But it did even more than this. Shortly before the final charge of the Old and Middle Guard against Wellington's right centre, the French had lost nearly the whole of the village of Planchenoit under the persistent vigour of the Prussian onsets. In order to retrieve matters on this side, Napoleon detached from his still formidable reserves two battalions of his guard; and these veterans cleared the village for a second time. He also left two more of these choice battalions in reserve facing Planchenoit, and three others on the plateau near La Belle Alliance. Thus, the renewed attacks of Bülow and Pirch had the effect of withdrawing seven battalions of the Guard from the final onset on Wellington. Granting that the Iron Duke made the utmost of his unexpectedly strong position and that the rank and file

[1] Janin, "La Campagne de Waterloo" (Paris, 1820), p. 34.

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met every onset with superhuman fortitude, it is difficult to see how they could have withstood the attack of twelve or thirteen battalions of the Imperial Guard.

Further, we must remember that the Duke always faced the fact that he might possibly be driven from the ridge of Mt. St. Jean before the arrival of the Prussians. When questioned in later years as to his course of action in that case, he replied: "There was always the wood to retire into." [1] His despatch of June 19 also shows that he always counted on the Prussians either to clinch the triumph or to paralyse the French pursuit if Napoleon gained the day; and in the phrases at its close he pays a generous tribute to the Prussian flank attack: "The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one." The accounts given by British officers in the "Waterloo Letters" contain few references to it. This is not suprising. They were wrapped up in the events passing immediately in front, and could scarcely see through the smoke-laden air the signs of fighting a mile and a half away at Planchenoit. In the same way the Prussian historians, Plotho and Damitz, following the narratives of their officers, dwelt almost exclusively on the Prussian side of the battle, and all but ignored the services of Wellington's troops. And thus among both peoples there have arisen impressions which have scarcely been dispelled by the fuller light of to-day. Only by a calculation such as has been attempted above can the effect of the indirect help afforded to Wellington by Bülow and Pirch be assessed at something like its true value.

Much uncertainty has rested on the subject of the aid directly afforded to Wellington's left wing by the arrival of Ziethen's corps late in the day. Unquestionably there has been a tendency on the part of some German historians to overrate its importance, by hazarding the assertion that the whole of that corps came up in time to take part in the battle. It should therefore be remembered that Ziethen's corps

[1] Sir W. Fraser, "Hic et ubique," p. 83.

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numbered at most only 18,120 effectives on the morning of the 18th; that after setting out as late as 2 P.M. from Wavre, it left behind part of one brigade to observe Grouchy's movements; and that its vanguard did not appear at Ohain, near Wellington's left, until after 6 P.M. The recently published "Reminiscences of a Staff-Officer" (Basil Jackson) show that the advance of their skirmishers at that time appeared to be intolerably slow. In fact, Jackson ventured to point out to a Prussian officer the urgent need of a speedier advance.[1] The evidence supplied by Sir Horace Seymour and Colonel Freemantle in the "Waterloo Letters" (pp. 20–22) shows that the Duke sent to ask for 3000 Prussians to make good his losses on the left. But Ziethen declined to "make a detachment."

The slowness of Ziethen's advance has always caused perplexity alike to British officers and historians. The riddle is solved, however, by General von Reiche, Chief of Staff of that corps, in his memoirs, the importance of which was pointed out to the present writer by the late Lord Acton. Reiche was with the leading brigade, that of General Steinmetz, consisting of two regiments of the line and one of Landwehr, as it was about to pass the place where the roads to Frischermont and Smohain diverge, when an order came from Blücher, then with Bülow, ordering Ziethen to help in the attack on Planchenoit, "as things were beginning to go badly there." On Reiche pointing out the urgent need of reinforcing Wellington, Blücher's aide-de-camp cut him short with the remark that he would be held personally responsible if he disobeyed the present order. On the other hand, Müffling, who had ridden up from Wellington's headquarters, loudly asserted that the day would be lost unless the column moved on to help Wellington. Reiche was in cruel perplexity, but finally ordered the head of the brigade, which had meanwhile moved forward, back to the fork in the roads. Most fortunately Ziethen rode up at that moment, and immediately decided to disobey the Staff

[1] "Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff-Officer." Edited by R. C. Seaton (Murray, 1903), pp. 54–55.

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order and move on to Wellington's assistance.[1] Reiche's narrative is so clear and circumstantial that I feel bound to accept this version of events. He had previously ridden forward to see how the battle was going; and on his return found that matters were worse than before. The Nassauers of Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar had just been driven by the French from the hamlet of Smohain, but on the approach of Ziethen's vanguard the assailants speedily retreated, as also a little later from Papelotte and La Haye hamlets. The leading brigade was thereafter able to act as connecting-link between the other Prussian forces facing Lobau and Wellington's weak left wing—a matter of some importance, as it enabled the final advance to be made in a solid, effective manner.

Reiche also claims credit for having planted two of his leading batteries, each of eight field guns, on the high ground above Papelotte; and when the artillery officers declined to fire because they could scarcely distinguish friends from foes in the smoke, he took the whole responsibility for their firing at the French (Durutte's and Marcognet's divisions), still struggling hard in the angle between the allied armies. Reiche claims that the fire of his sixteen guns was decisive. This may be doubted. The conditions were unfavourable to effective fire; eight of the guns were only 8-pounders, and it is questionable whether they were worked for more than half an hour. Colonel Freemantle states that he ordered one of the batteries to cease fire as it was among the British lines, and, apparently, endangered our men in front.[2] It should also be noted that out of Ziethen's whole corps scarcely more than one brigade took an active part in the fighting, and great as its services were at that angle they cannot be said to have decided the fate of the day.

Yet that claim is made by Müffling and by the German historian Damitz, who in this matter have been somewhat incautiously followed by Mr. Ropes.[3] Müffling states that the

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. p. 213. Ollech, p. 244.

[2] "Waterloo Letters," p. 22. [3] Ropes, pp. 340-341.

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French centre held firm even after the repulse of the Imperial Guard further to their left, and that Ziethen's guns alone broke it up. On this point the French are the best judges; and their opinion has always been that the sight of the bearskins of the Old Guard streaming down the slope determined the retreat.

> Le cri "La Garde recule" retentit comme le glas de la Grande Armee. Chacun sent que tout est fini. Les soldats de Donzelot et d'Allix aux prises sur les crêtes au-dessus de la Haye-Sainte . . . voient la Garde plier. Ils cèdent aussi le terrain conquis et redescendent au pied du côteau, entrainant dans leur retraite la division Marcognet. . . . Le mouvement de retraite gagne toute la ligne de bataille de la gauche à la droite. En même temps, les fantassins de Durutte [on the extreme French right] sont attaqués dans Papelotte et dans La Haye par les têtes de colonnes prussiennes débouchant du chemin d'Ohain. On crie "Sauve qui peut! Nous sommes trahis."[1]

Such is the conclusion of M. Houssaye, after an examination of the evidence on the French side. The testimony of British officers, in the "Waterloo Letters," as also of Basil Jackson in his "Reminiscences," is all in the same direction. While, therefore, it is unwise to dogmatise as to the side on which the French retreat began, the evidence that it began with the repulse of the Old and Middle Guard is overwhelming.

Still more certain is it that the Prussians did not capture Planchenoit until some time after the break up of the French front. The resistance of the Old and Young Guard at that point was so fierce and prolonged that the heroic survivors, on being driven out by the weight of numbers, were cut up *by British cavalry*, probably by the brigades of Vivian, Vandeleur, and Grant.[2] These facts completely dispose of the assertions of German historians, even including Ollech, that Wellington's advance on La Belle Alliance was a matter of form, and contributed little or nothing to the rout of the French army.

The French have always attributed their final rout to the timely and spirited advance of Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades of cavalry. Mounted on fresh horses, they were able

[1] Houssaye, "Waterloo," pp. 408–409.

[2] "Waterloo Letters," pp. 131, 138, 140, 149–150, 175–177.

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to overthrow the wearied remains of the French cavalry; Vivian's men also cut down the artillerymen at their guns, so that "from this moment not another cannon shot was fired." Vivian also states that not until his brigade had cut down some Prussians in the twilight did he give up the pursuit to them.[1] As to the part played by the glorious 52nd Regiment (Colborne's) there is no need to speak; the recent "Life of John Colborne, Lord Seaton," places it beyond dispute. We may add, however, that at nightfall Basil Jackson found the regiment on the right of the road beyond La Belle Alliance, leaving the left free for the Prussian advance, "formed up in line, as quiet and orderly as if at the termination of a review." As it stood there a Prussian officer, while leading his column on for that strenuous pursuit, stepped up to the colour-bearer of the 52nd and pressed the flag to his breast.[2]

Müffling, too, though he exaggerates the importance of Ziethen's advance, admits that Bülow's capture of Planchenoit came too late to lead to the results that might have been attained on that side. After stating that part of Pirch's corps had come up to join in the final attack on the village, he continues: "The enemy was dislodged from Planchenoit; cannon and prisoners were taken, and the remainder got into the same confusion with the same mass, which, near La Maison du Roi, was just rolling along the high road. Had it been possible to take the village an hour sooner, the enemy could not have retreated on the high road to Genappe."[3] In that case Napoleon and the mass of his army would have been cut off and compelled to surrender; for General Petit, who was with the last two squares of the Old Guard that stood firm, states that they were outflanked both on the right and on the left by the allied advance from Mt. St. Jean. It is well known that had the

[1] "Waterloo Letters," pp. 150, 157.

[2] Basil Jackson, *op. cit.* p. 57. Leeke, "Supplement to the History of the 52nd Regiment," p. 63.

[3] "Der Feldzug von 1815," von C. von M[uffling]. English edit. (1816), pp. 36–37.

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Prussians caught the Emperor, Blücher and Gneisenau were determined to shoot him as an outlaw. The loss of that hoped-for act of vengeance was the penalty which the Prussian Staff paid for its delays on the morning of that eventful day.

Materials are now to hand that will enable German historians to form a final judgment on the events of this momentous campaign; and if we may judge from the first instalment of Professor von Pflugk-Harttung's work, Germans will at last have an opportunity of learning the whole truth and nothing but the truth. While not altogether freeing Wellington from blame for the Prussian defeat at Ligny, he shows (p. 265) that Bülow's absence from the field of battle was far more blameworthy; and when he passes under review the details of the 18th, we may expect to see the popular German version greatly modified. The need of such a scholarly investigation is evident. Even after Ollech had done much to rectify the German version of Waterloo, a Prussian Staff-Officer, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, ventured to describe the close of the battle in the following terms:

> The stroke delivered by the [Imperial] Guards along the Brussels road to the left broke through the enemy's ranks as far as their last line; but here its strength was at an end, and they had to fall back. It was 8 o'clock. Already ruin stared the French right wing in the face. Simultaneously with the centre attack of the [Imperial] Guards, Reille and d'Erlon had also advanced; the latter had now taken Smohain and La Haye, when, about 7.30, a fresh Prussian corps [Ziethen's] appeared on the battlefield, threw itself at once upon d'Erlon's right wing and drove it back; Smohain, Papelotte and La Haye were regained. Taking advantage of this, Wellington, feeling himself relieved, ordered a general advance of his whole line.[1]

The same writer also repeated the charge of Wellington's breach of faith at Ligny—a charge already refuted by Ollech—and in every way sought to disparage the achievements of the Duke's army. The Kaiser's speech at Hanover shows that military circles in Germany are still imbued with the spirit that pervades the quasi-official work of Count Yorck of

[1] Count Yorck von Wartenburg, "Napoleon als Feldherr," Berlin, 1885–1886, 2 vols. (English edit. 1897), *ad fin.*

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Wartenburg. Is it not time that this one-sided view of the campaign of 1815 should cease? The Battle of Waterloo was nothing if it was not a combined effort on the part of the allies. The terms of Blücher's promise and the eager searching for the Prussian army by British staff-officers in the morning alike prove that Wellington expected direct help by noonday. Possibly he would not have faced the terrible risks of the day had he known that no direct help would arrive until the end of the battle. In any case, to assert that Blücher saved Wellington's army from destruction is as wide of the mark as to say that in a pugilistic encounter the right hand saved the left from a thrashing. Blücher's army, alike in numbers and cohesion, was fitted for striking the great blows. Wellington's motley following was by its very nature condemned to more defensive tactics. It is surely time, then, that our kith and kin on the Continent should recognise the marvellous skill of the Iron Duke in defending a position which had only one element of strength—that of being far stronger than it seemed from the ridge of La Belle Alliance—and the indomitable pluck which prompted him to deal telling blows at the end of a most exhausting struggle.

Two legends of Waterloo have already been dispelled. We Britons were long at fault in believing that the Prussians came up only at the finish and merely garnered the fruits of Wellington's toil. That travesty of fact has vanished. Thanks also to the painstaking investigations of M. Houssaye, our neighbours across the Channel no longer believe that 70,000 Frenchmen for ten hours held at bay 80,000 Prussians and the 70,000 troops of Wellington, until treason caused an unaccountable stampede. It seems, however, that the German legend of Waterloo still awaits the solvent of historical research.

J. Holland Rose.

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TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF CRABBE

READERS of Edward Fitzgerald's correspondence may remember his description of Crabbe's eldest son and biographer as "very like the father in face," full of enthusiasm for the study of philosophy and theology, for the beauty of flowers and the architecture of old churches, but decidedly hostile to poetry, which he contemptuously called "verse" and professed "to detest." During the twenty years that followed the publication of Crabbe's "Life and Works" in 1834, it would seem that the son "never read his father through," till Fitzgerald called his attention back to the neglected volumes. He even allowed some of the poet's letters and miscellaneous MSS. to be sold in his lifetime; others he gave away to friends, like Dawson Turner; and, at his death, a further division of Crabbe's original papers took place among his heirs. Documents so dispersed, never collected by pious care in public libraries, are not easily accessible to the student. Some of them, fortunately, have fallen into generous hands, and from their contents a few valuable pages may still be gleaned. A long poem in blank verse, entitled "Midnight," formerly in the possession of Dawson Turner, now belongs to Professor Dowden, who published the most interesting passage of it in the *Illustrated London News* of June 20, 1891. Various notebooks, containing much unprinted matter of unequal merit, are perhaps still to be sold at Mr. Edwards's, of High Street,

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Marylebone; and, above all, there are in the possession of Mr. John Murray five MS. volumes, bought in 1850, from one of which permission has been kindly given me to publish a tale in many stanzas, not unwelcome perhaps to the students of Crabbe.

I

From its place in the MS., close to the first draft of a complimentary effusion in honour of "Frederick, Marquis of Granby,[1] son of the Duke of Rutland," we may infer that the poem belongs to the year 1814. Crabbe was at that time Rector of Muston, a small village near Grantham, which he was very soon to exchange for Trowbridge in Wiltshire. He lived in the parsonage so carefully described by his son[2] and by Mr. Kebbel[3] as standing "a little to the north of the east end of the church" and overlooking a grave-yard adorned with "some fine elms," through whose leaves the narrow stream of the Devon could be seen slowly flowing towards a rustic stone bridge. A "gothic archway cut through a thick hedge" allowed the eye to wander over the flat landscape of the Vale of Belvoir, and to rest on the woods and massive structure of the Duke's Castle, statelier every year. When the setting sun shone on the blazing windows, the poet might forget, in the glory of that sight, the even tenour of his humbler themes, and think of a more romantic, more fanciful story. He might imagine such a character as the hero of this tale: a "jealous Squire," disappointed of his hopes by a more fortunate nephew now become "the proud Heir" of that castle, which "the unhappy man" would willingly see a prey to real flames. Remembering the scene of his own geological excursions, Crabbe would follow the steps of the gloomy wanderer through deserted quarries congenial to such a mood, through villages whose pleasant sounds increase the bitterness

[1] Born in 1813, died June 15, 1814. Crabbe's lines were intended for Lord Granby's baptism on January 4, 1814.

[2] "Life and Works," ed. 1861, p. 56. [3] "Life of Crabbe," p. 58.

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of hatred and despair. Suddenly, one evening, the Squire found himself confronted by an unknown personage, his nephew in disguise, who, after telling at length the story of their past lives, offered himself as an ally against himself, against that "Heir" whose conduct towards him he pretended to resent. The compact was no sooner made than it was repented of, for the "ally," so the Squire's sister said, had proved a traitor, had revealed the whole plot to the "Heir," who threatened in his rage to institute legal proceedings against the schemers. There was, added she, no safety but in flight. And so the carriage was ordered, and a long ride begun, which in the clear and frosty night brought the bewildered Squire to a noble castle, unrecognised till the end, when his nephew appeared, anxious to be reconciled to his uncle and to obtain his young cousin's hand. Thus were envy and hatred turned into concord and love; thus was a possible story of human passion graced with the freer inventions of fancy.

Many of the rhyme-royal stanzas in which this tale is written have all the strength and ease characteristic of Crabbe's best passages; others present not a few of his less commendable peculiarities: his verbal antitheses and restrictions, his occasional harshness; some were even left imperfect. Here and there an indispensable correction had to be made, in which cases the original readings have been given in the foot-notes. It will be observed that the last line of the stanza is an iambic hexameter in the beginning of the poem, and generally decasyllabic after line 84.

'Twas in a country of so fair a kind,
The boast of all residing in the place—
Where an unhappy man essay'd to find
A dull and gloomy walk, where he might trace
Signs of rude nature that a land deface;
But waste nor sterile wild could he explore,
Brown heath or shaking bog, wild fen or rushy moor.

At length he saw, well-pleas'd that he could see,
A large forsaken quarry, deep and wide,
Where grew no lively herb, no shady tree,

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But cold wet moss crept down the stony side.
Beneath were shallow shapeless pools, supplied
By many streams that from the rock ran slow,
And dropt with feeble sound, and join'd their track below.

He saw the ruins of a workman's shed,
That fill'd his mind with melancholy joy:
For ruin in his bosom comfort bred,
And all that seem'd man's labour to destroy.
Here found his melancholy thoughts employ.
T'escape from man's enquiring looks he tried,
And by himself to indulge his anger and his pride.

Here walk'd the moody man and comfort found;
But as he homeward took his silent way,
Without reflection he would gaze around
Where fell the sunbeams in the closing day,
A tall house gilding and its turrets grey:
The cheerful light on forty windows blaz'd
And sleeping envy wak'd, and kindling as he gaz'd:

"Oh! that this image of a fire I view
"Were fire indeed, pure, bright, destructive fire,
"That man's best efforts would in vain subdue,
"That from the base would to the roof aspire,
"That none within could from its force retire;
"But that proud Heir, that haughty, scornful slave,
"With all he loves, might yield his life that none could save."[1]

"There laughter echoes through the lofty room,
"Here Slander vouches her dull story true;
"There Whist her votaries wraps in welcome gloom,
"Here ivory globes obey the guiding cue,
"And day and night the same dull scenes renew.

[1] The text of these last two lines is proposed as a correction. The MS. has:

"But that proud Heir, and that disdainful Wife (Slave)
"With all they love, might yield what all would save, their life—

which last two words are erased. But "Wife," to whom "Slave" in the MS. evidently refers, is an impossible reading, as "the Heir" does not marry till the end of the tale.

Google

"Now would the fire-stream, waving from the towers,
"Change for more life the scene, and urge their languid powers!"

The gust of passion died away, and then,
Vile as they were, he wish'd them not to burn.
No! he would treat them like degenerate men
And idle women, who should live and learn
His rights and claims, and their true worth discern;
Abash'd, abas'd, dejected they should kneel
And then some portion of his mercy feel.

Winter now came, and to his favourite nook
He could no longer from his study creep.
Fix'd by the gout, now wearied with his book,
Or themes abstruse and meditations deep,
He curs'd the Hall and growl'd himself to sleep:
On metaphysics he his thoughts employ'd,
And what the timid fear'd, his mighty mind enjoy'd.

Three months he liv'd in sullenness and pain,
And many a bitter oath his damsels bore:
Then would he visit his lov'd pit again,
And when oppos'd, he like a ruffian swore—
For opposition made him rage the more:
Let one kind wish be heard that meant him good,
And though he saw the truth, the kindness he withstood.

He went suspecting, but came certain back:
His shallow pools, small springs and mosses fled—
For there he saw, and felt as on the rack,
Well-drain'd the soil, and on their fruitful bed
Firs and young oaks through all the valley spread:
No rude projecting banks were longer seen,
But all in order fit, all level, cut and clean.

His favourite hollow where he lov'd to stand,
To see the dewdrops glitter on the stone,
He could not now the certain place command:
Shades, caverns and the mossy seats were gone.
Rage now in wild tempestuous force came on:
Up the young oaks he tore with vengeful toil,
Invaders of his seats, usurpers of his soil.

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He saw not—seeing, he had scorn'd to stop—
A staring rustic on the hill above,
But wildly tugg'd at the assuming crop,
That his quick mind to sudden frenzy drove.
Then, doom'd the change of angry men to prove,
He ceas'd and look'd upon his trophies by,
Then turn'd with many a curse, and stifled many a sigh.

But now excluded from his favourite place,
He wander'd in a deep and spacious wood,
Where the tall timbers rose with too much grace,
And where, too gay a scene, a village stood,
For light and cheerful meditations food;
And all things seated in the view, design'd
To cherish friendly thoughts for all mankind.

Here walk'd the man dejected and forlorn,
Nursing corroding passions in his breast,
Scorning mankind, and thinking of their scorn,
Angry with some, indifferent to the best,
And feeling cold contempt for all the rest;
When with alarm, one evening, he espied
A tall companion stalking at his side.

"Who art thou, fellow?" he exclaim'd in haste—
"Thy friend," 'twas[1] answer'd, "if not tried, yet true"—
"Good friend, I pray, thy time no longer waste:
"I have no friendly work for thee to do,
"No man to cheat, no woman to pursue,
"And if my purse or person be thy aim,
"See! both are guarded from a robber's claim."

The Stranger smil'd like Cassius: "Come, forego,"
He cried, "this folly: know me for thy friend,
"Not loving thee, but being to thy foe
"A foe deep-sworn, whose vengeance cannot end.
"Assist my aim, and thee will I defend,
"And if each other we can boldly trust,
"We'll humble this usurper to the dust."—

[1] MS.: he answer'd.

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"Proofs," said the moody man: "be well explain'd
"This enmity to him, that profits me.
"What foe usurps thy right? and who has gain'd
"Thy proper goods, or what pertain'd to thee?
"Between us how can such resemblance be?
"Feel'st thou like Satan when from bliss he fell:
"Without a crime thy fall, and yet within thy hell!"—

"Be silent then, my friend, while I relate
"What has been done and suffer'd, and what more
"To do remains or suffer, till thy fate
"The comforts of thy better days restore,
"And thou be[1] lov'd and worshipp'd as before,
"No more to feel from that bleat day the sense
"Of proud contemptuous scorn and envious impotence.

"Wilt thou, all patience, of thy sufferings hear?"—
"Yes! this I promise: come, the tale pursue"—
"Nor fly in anger when I come too near
"Thy bosom's secrets, and thou seest how true
"I speak thy thought, and hold thyself in view?"—
"Nay, nay, begin: what pangs my bosom swell,
"Tell if thou canst: no, no! thou canst not tell."—

"Thy father was a Baron's younger son
"Of spirit bold, and Ferdinand his name:
"A hero-born, if ever there were one,
"But the true heir was timid, cool and tame:
"Yet was their love through all their lives the same,
"And ever while they held their earthly race,
"The elder gave unto the younger place.

"For he had lov'd and his beloved died:
"Therefore he sad and melancholy grew,
"And threw the business of the world aside,
"And pray'd his brother what was done to do,
"And him as lord both friends and strangers knew;
"To him friends, tenants, tradesmen, voters sought,
"Who entertain'd them, bargain'd, paid and bought.

[1] MS: are (? art).

Google

" Thy father wept o'er thee his only son
" And thy fair sisters, when thy mother died:
" Though young thou wert, thy reign was then begun,
" Thine uncle's joy, thy father's boast and pride.
" All for thy love and for thy favour vied:
" Few among men had prospects half so fair,
" To love and pleasure born, of wealth and title heir.

" Proud as thou wert, and this must be confess'd,[1]
" Still thou wert generous, gentle, just, sincere,
" Most kindly looking on the man oppress'd,
" To pride and pertness lofty and severe.
" Thy arm for insolence, for grief thy tear
" Was ready, and thy father's latest breath
" Bless'd thee, and sunk in calm but sudden death.

" And now thou wert thine uncle's only joy,
" His pride and hope, his comfort and delight:
" All words were witty from his darling boy,
" All motions graceful, and all deeds polite,
" And all thou didst was done extremely right:
" Thy every day, till twenty years were past,
" Scarcely one cloud, the slightest, overcast.

" But now it seem'd the loving pair must part:
" Thou and thy tutor must from England run
" To see abroad the glorious works of art,
" And be by arts inglorious here undone.
" But few the snares of crafty men can shun,
" And thy strong passions with thine uncle's weak
" Were just the subjects knaves desir'd to seek.

" Thou hadst left England but a little space,
" Thy sisters then some idle visits paid,
" When a new people in the Hall had place,
" A watchful set, and wary plans they laid
" For him, for thee, whom nature half betray'd:
" 'But eight and forty years thy race has run:
" 'At ten years older, Abraham had a son.'

[1] MS.: and this we must confess.

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"All this he heard repeated day by day,
"And childish he of children learn'd to prate:
"He lov'd to see the pretty lambs at play,
"Then sigh'd full simply at his quiet state:
"And from that time your fall from honours date.
"His friend the Doctor had a sister dear
"As his own life—'twas time she should appear.

"Nor was the wife unworthy of her fate—
"Let us be just—nor could her brother guide
"Her guarded[1] husband and his large estate.
"She would for him, a doctor, well provide,
"But never stoop'd she to his art or pride;
"And in due time she gave to prospects fair
"Thy foe and mine, this all-assuming Heir.

"Easy wert thou, and couldst with skill decide
"Which batch of claret had the relish true:
"Thou drank'st to love, and what could be denied
"To one whose prospects were so fair in view?
"A Northern squire possess'd of sisters two
"Gave one to thee and—wherefore, canst thou guess?—
"One to thy tutor—nay, thy wrath suppress—

"Needless thy wrath: thy wife was pure and chaste—
"What wouldst thou more?—and thou wert happy then:
"She sooth'd thy passions and thy carriage grac'd;
"With her well pleas'd, thou took'st thy daring pen,
"Like one the ruler, not the slave of men:
"'May all our pleasures with our years increase,
"'Give joy to me, to thee I give a niece!"

"This was the time the Doctor tied the knot
"Between the Baron and his virtuous spouse:
"Each had the pains and pleasures of this lot,
"And neither lov'd to hear the other's vows,
"Nor wanted insult angry thoughts to rouse:
"'Joy to my nephew I sincerely grant
"'And joy I claim: be happy in thine aunt.'

[1] *i.e.*, probably: her husband well guarded by her.

Google

"I see impatience frowning in thy look,
"And hurry on.—Derisive and in pain,
"Thee to Madras a sudden voyage took,[1]
"Urg'd by a friend and hopes of needed gain:
"Nor died thy wife till thou didst this obtain.
"Then, left with comfort, competence and wealth,
"Thou thought'st on England, some fair seat and health.

"Home thou would'st come: thy agent bought thee land,
"And pitch'd, he thought, upon a happy spot;
"Thine and thy cousin's house asunder stand
"Some two short miles,—but the scene to blot
"From view, thy orders place a grove and cot
"To hide from him, till thou canst seek around,
"And some more distant comfort may be found.

"I need not tell whom Death has swept away:
"Uncle and aunt are moor'd within the grave.
"Thy cousin, this proud Baron, has his day:
"But who shall him from death or sorrow save?
"Let him his brief and troubled honours have:
"We will to noble act at once proceed;
"His the poor show and ours the daring deed.

"Thou wouldst not see him—that was right and just:
"Was he not born and nurtur'd as a foe?
"Can we his pride, his scorn, his temper trust:
"Canst thou thy claim to heritage forego?
"Can peace exist between such rivals? No!
"All must with one or with the other side:
"Born in division, ye must all divide.

"War is begun, by game—a fruitful source;
'Pheasants were sweeter from the Baron's ground;
"Among his coverts it was best to course,
"And though the keeper with his deadly wound
"Stretch'd thy good dog, yet dogs as hares abound.
War is begun, and every neighbouring squire
"Must take a part, as country laws require.

[1] MS.: Thou to Madras thy sudden voyage took.

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" Bought at Bologna, for a lady kept
" My Lord a greyhound of the pigmy race.
" The high-pris'd beauty with him eat and slept,
" A favourite fondled, never in disgrace.
" Ah! poor Titania! straying from her place,
" Thy vengeance met her! Pity rose too late
" To check thy finger and delay her fate.

" But this is trifling.—Thou wouldst gain some land
" To thine contiguous: thine the land was made.
" But he who sold it now refused to stand
" To his own word, so much could gain persuade.
" And thy young rival more than value paid:
" Thine was no loss indeed, nor his a gain,
" But that his money could thy wish obtain.

" But soon occasion for revenge occurr'd.
" This simple Baron and a yeoman nigh
" Farms had exchang'd, but only pass'd their word,
" For a life-tenant cannot sell or buy.
" Aged was he, and when the man should die,
" The heir had promis'd he would part with all
" So great a man might choose his own to call.

" My Lord was young: he trusted to the word;
" But thou wert better studied in mankind,
" And went determin'd to forestall my Lord,
" Binding the fellow fast as law could bind.
" So with thy lawyer's skill, some flattering treat,
" Claret and cash, thou mad'st thy deed complete.[1]

" The yeoman died, and thy slow cousin sent
" To have his business by his agent done:
" 'Tis done,' the knave replied—and homeward went
" The steward vex'd to see thy works begun.
" Not one thing that the Baron wish'd, not one
" Did'st thou permit; but, far as thou couldst know,
" Grew all he wish'd to fall, fell[2] all he wished to grow.

[1] The fifth line of this stanza is wanting in the MS.
[2] MS.: fell'd.

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"His gravel road, as far as went thy power,
"Up tore thy plough! th' experimental land,
"To him belonging, in a luckless hour,
"Felt the destruction of a spoiler's hand,
"And in few weeks was lost what years had plann'd;
"And what increas'd the torment of his pride,
"He every day the wondrous change espied!

"This was thy triumph, for my Lord declar'd
"That he had rather lost a thousand pounds.
"The knave repentant in the trouble shar'd,
"Whilst thou in comfort took'st[1] thy daily rounds
"To see thy plans on the debated grounds:
"This was thy day;—ah! what has caus'd a change
"At once so sad, so total and so strange?"—

"My curious friend," replied the moody Squire,
"Grant I am sad—I pray thee, who art thou?
"If I advice, relief, revenge require,
"How shall I gain them? canst thou show me how?
"And if my secret wishes I avow,
"Canst thou assist me?"——"That, by Heav'n, I can,
"And gladly will," replied th' embolden'd man

"Hear then, my mystic friend, the very truth:
"Sadness and envy I together feel;
"There is no stain in this detested youth,
"No blot in him that would my anguish heal.
"His fancied virtues men's affections steal;
"My sisters praise him and my darling child
"Who loves her father has his foe beguiled.[2]

"Yet must I scorn him—I had truly been
"What he appears, had fortune smil'd on me.
"But I have far too much of nature seen
"With the poor judgment of the world t'agree:
"Oh! could I find him what I think to be!
"But oh! to hear these sisters speak his praise,
"That daughter look it, must my vengeance raise."—

[1] MS.: took.

[2] A bold inversion.

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"And let it," said the stranger, "let it rise,
"For I thy foe a hypocrite will prove:
"Upon my own fair wife he cast his eyes,
"And dar'd to win her to unholy love;
"And let me now thy resolution prove:
"Wilt thou assist a husband to destroy
"This bane to all my bliss, this cool abandon'd boy?"—

"Yes, prove the assertion—then demand the price,
"Secure of my assistance, pay, applause."—
"Here then behold an evidence of vice,
"Read of this breach of hospitable laws:
"'Tis the fair statement of my righteous cause,
"And we will prove this monster of our time
"An arch-impostor stain'd with many a crime.

"But be thou secret: it must not be known
"That I am aided, though my cause is just.
"But read this record where at length are [1] shown
"My proofs, my shame, and see what thou canst trust.
"'Tis this will bring his honour to the dust.
"Give the supply my station bids me ask,
"And we shall soon the specious wretch unmask."

More was explain'd—again the parties met,
And bonds produc'd, by legal knowledge penn'd:
The friend shall call five hundred pounds a debt,
Or in the cause then specified should spend.[2]
Thus was[3] their credit stak'd by either friend,
And thoughtless vengeance has been led to run
Into that open snare that weakness' self would shun.

One evening pass'd our Squire in spirits high:
Another came when he began to dread
That his new friend might to his foe apply,
And call down legal thunders on his head.
How could he tell if true the injur'd bed

[1] MS.: is.

[2] i.e., perhaps: The friend shall advance or be paid in advance £500 to be spent in the cause.

[3] MS.: were.

Google

Or treacherous spouse? A statement seeming just
From a strange party should have caus'd distrust.

Who was this stranger?—Not a being knew.
What was the story?—May be, as false as hell;
And he was bound to aid he wist not who,
Against a kinsman of whom none could tell
Aught to his shame, who wisely liv'd and well.
"Oh! I will fly," he cried, "my shame to save,
"Fly to the pole,—nay, madman! to the grave."

While thinking thus, his sister came and cried:
"Ah, brother, what this writing thou hast sign'd?
"My Lord has now two lawyers at his side
"Who have found lawless doing and will find
"Ways to distress thee—why wert thou so blind?
"Let me prevail, and for our credit's sake
"An instant journey from the village take."

The moody Squire was like a man condemn'd:
He saw himself the victim of a knave:
Piteous he look'd, he tried for speech, he hemm'd,
He cough'd, and cried at length: "Oh! curse the slave!
"No, I will stay and envious anger brave!"—
"If guiltless, do," she answer'd; "but if not,"
"Retire a while till the affair's forgot."—

"What have I done?"—"Say, hast thou not engag'd
"In a vile cause a villain to support?
"Thy kinsman read the bond, and was enrag'd,
"Swearing to shame thee in the open court,
"And make thy jealous gravity men's sport.
"Then by submission"——"Rather will I die!"—
"Take then thy flight, for thou must fight or fly."—

"Who was the villlain?"—"Not a creature knows;
"My Lord within his park the parchment saw:
"Some obscure wretch who by his conduct shows
"How easy 'tis an angry man to draw
"By his own will in jeopardy of law.
"But to my cottage! ere the midnight chime
"Mayst thou arrive, but let us lose no time."—

Google

"Was it the devil?" said the doubtful Squire,
"For on the point unsettled is my creed"—
"'Tis very like," she said, "but now retire;
"Here comes the coach I order'd for our need:
"And now begone, and reach my house with speed.
"The man has orders,—backward will I take
"My way, and peace by soft persuasion make."—

"No peace!" said he. "Was not I born the heir
"Of his proud title, of his boasted hall?
"And shall I bow to him with feeble prayer,
"Or at the feet of a usurper fall?
"And for a pardon on his mercy call?
"No! rather let me seek the vilest den
"That ever hid the most disgrac'd of men!"—

"Peace!" said the Lady, "or I still must say
"Thou hast some demon in thy rambles found!"[1]
No more they said.—He enter'd on his way;
And the wheels rattle on the stony ground,
Till he was whirl'd away in thought profound.
The star of even rose, the night was cold,
To feel unpleasant, pleasant to behold.

The full-orb'd moon majestic rose above;
The thin white clouds pass'd rapidly below,
And on the deep green lane and side-way grove
Shines a soft yellow light with sober glow:
Small streams on either side were heard to flow,
And flying clouds, trees, lanes, and dropping springs
Gave birth to thoughts of immaterial things.

"Not yet arriv'd!" our traveller cried in haste—
"Not yet, by seven good miles," replied the man,
And lash'd his steeds along the level waste,
Till the sad passenger to fear began
That he was victim to some dreadful plan.
Upon the flying steeds his glance he threw,
And there were moments when he thought they flew.

[1] MS.: Thou hast some fiend in the rambles found.

Google

With body harass'd and with mind oppress'd,
Our traveller sank into a troubled sleep,
And was awaken'd from imperfect rest
When slowly rising up an archway steep
Of a bold bridge extending o'er a deep
And rapid river:—certain was he now
They err'd, and "this the villain must allow."

"Villain!" he cried:—the driver turn'd about—
"I find no tokens of my well-known way"—
"Good Sir," he answer'd, "lay aside the doubt:
"There is no fear that I should go astray:
"I know my orders; these shall I obey:
"A little patience then, and you shall see
"A mansion fam'd for hospitality."

"See how the lights on yon far windows blaze:
"Now we are enter'd in a noble park."
The traveller look'd on all with timid gaze:
His eyes could see, his mind was in the dark;
Of all things known, not one could he remark.
'Twas all enchantment! and a fear would dwell
Within his heart which shame could not expel.

Now fly they past the tall and spiry fir,
Now by the wide-spread oak with foliage green,
That would not on the moon-light surface stir,
So soft the air, so still the shady scene,
So brilliant all above and all serene
Beneath,—all save the sorely[1] troubled soul
Of the sad Squire, whom dreams and doubts control.

Now o'er the lawn with rapid wheels they go,
Till they arrive before an ancient Hall.
Above, the lights yet shifted to and fro,
And the brisk footmen to each other call:
"It comes, it comes!"—alive, alert were all,
As if to some great feast a favourite guest
Had just arriv'd, more honour'd than the rest.

Through lofty rooms to one of smaller size
Our traveller went, but not with bosom light.
There soon a banquet pleas'd his outer eyes,

[1] MS.: all save the troubled soul.

by Google

But not a friend appear'd to bless his sight.
The cheerful glasses put his fear to flight,
But much he wonder'd at the still repast,
That seem'd as grave and sober as a fast.

He rang: a dwarf appear'd in livery neat;
He clean'd the board; then, turning to his guest,
Ask'd if it were his pleasure to retreat,
And he would guide him to his place to rest.
The recreant heart its instant dread confess'd:—
"Nay, bring me wine," he answer'd. Wine appear'd,
The lights augmented and the heart was cheer'd.

"Send me the driver," said aloud the Squire:—
"I know of none," he answer'd with a bow—
"Where is your master?"—"I must not inquire;
"He will of no such liberties allow."—
"Nay, haste and tell him I must see him now."—
"Sir, I have vow'd that I will not proclaim
"To living man his titles or his fame."—

"My hopeful lad, do, lay aside thy fears:
"Lo, here is silver—with this pencil write
"The name and title that your master bears,
"And add the guests expected here to-night.
"Now let me see—good Heav'n, have I my sight?
"How, 'Signor Don Diabolus,' and 'here
"Are only friends!'—You, villain, disappear!"

The dwarf is gone, the traveller sipp'd his wine;
He doz'd by fits, yet fearful, and his bed
His apprehension bade him still decline;
But wine to sleep dispos'd his weary head:
Dim grew the lamps, and o'er the room was spread,
Or he believed, a strong and strange perfume
That seem'd to suit his feelings and his gloom.

Whose was the vintage, I cannot explain:
The wine was pleasant—that he must confess;
Again he fill'd his glass, and yet again,
His sorrows' solace and his fears' redress.
And now he felt the friendly vapours press
The torpid brain, and now the eyelids close,
Till the whole man was lost in deep repose.

Google

Soundly he slept, not long, and by a dream
From sleep was rous'd, for he was in debate
If spirits spake to mortals, and the theme
Vex'd him e'en sleeping; loth he felt to state
The new opinions he imbib'd of late:
"Reason," he cried, "no doubt denies the thing,
"But who shall proofs against experience bring?"

Imagin'd laughter wak'd him to a view
More wonderful than dreams themselves create;
That tall strange man, if man indeed, he knew
By whom so tempted and disgrac'd of late.
Hither he fled: unmov'd the stranger sate,
Unfeeling, unabash'd, prompt to engage
With his companion's kindness or his rage.

The waking dreamer to believe his eyes
Was slow;—"avaunt!" he was about to speak:
He look'd at once both terror and surprise,
Dread and disdain, and we may judge him weak.
But who that sought the peace he came to seek,
And was so troubled in so strange a place
Could look unmov'd in such ambiguous face?

As when in elder times an errant knight
Through some enchanted castle forc'd his way,
And was astonish'd by some uncouth sight
Of that Enchanter whom he meant to slay,
And so awhile stood unresolv'd at bay,
For that the vile magician chang'd his shape
To every dreadful beast's, that so he might escape:

With equal dread and courage so began
The [1] Squire, and thus his visitor address'd,
Doubtful in truth if he were fairly man,
Or from the realms below a wandering guest,
Whom he should scorn, whose arts he should detest,
Nay, whom he scorn'd, but whose designs appear'd
Threatening and rash, and such as wisdom fear'd:

[1] MS.: and.

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"Art thou some fiend accurs'd or goblin damn'd,
"Com'st thou from hell? from heav'n thou could'st not come,
"Who hast my mind confus'd, my heart inflam'd
"By thought engender'd betwixt guilt and gloom,
"By visions wrought in fancy's darkest loom:
"Say, why didst thou my passive spirit draw
"To fight with justice and to sport with law?"

Calmly the Stranger said: "Did not we both
"In act unite? was not thy interest mine?
"Did we not pledge our credit and our oath
"That we to plague thy kinsman would combine,
"And for that purpose our agreement sign?
"True, I exchang'd our method,[1] that our strife
"Might end at once with his detested life."

"And think'st thou, wretch, my spirit to secure
"By threats of terror?" terrified he spoke;
"No longer, demon, I thy deeds endure,
"Compacts I spurn, agreements I revoke:
"No, my good kinsman, rather let the stroke
"Fall on my head, than I should form design
"Easy to make my life by sacrifice of thine."—

"Nay, let this folly," said the Stranger, "cease;
"Mine, I avow, shall be the dangerous deed:
"So let thy timid conscience rest in peace,
"And think to what fair titles you succeed."—
"No! rather may I dwell in deepest need,"
Replied our hero,—"stay me not! I go
"To warn a careless youth of his accursèd foe.

"How! wilt thou dare to stop me? wouldst thou lure
"My soul to peril? Not while sense remain![2]
"Ah! now I see what envious thoughts procure,
"And how the fiend will lay[3] his evil train:
"Henceforth, dear Lord, I am myself again,

[1] This probably means: "True, I have changed our first circuitous plan for a more expeditious one."

[2] This may perhaps pass as a subjunctive.

[3] MS.: "And how the fiend lays his evil train."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

" And I must thank thee, devil as thou art,
" For thus exposing to my view my heart."

So spoke the traveller, but he spoke in dread,
A prisoner doom'd in his dismay to see
A smile triumphant in the foe, that bred
Doubts if he ever should again be free
Till he complied,—and that would never be:
Then on the man, indignant and amaz'd,
He fix'd his eyes, and wonder'd as he gaz'd.

A huge black cloak fell flowing to the ground;
Black wig and whiskers black were seen no more:
But in this place, a handsome youth he found,
Where the magician dark had stood before.
A comely coat of British cloth he wore,
And to his guest he spoke with accent bland:
" Give me thy love, dear Kinsman, give thine hand.

" I know thy heart, was early taught to know:
" Envy, no native, must short time abide;
" Grafted by chance, it soon would cease to grow.
" To show thee to thyself we therefore tried,
" I and my female friends to me allied.
" Pardon the means we took: they prove to thee
" The worth that thou alone couldst never see.

" How long wert thou to all that I possess
" Unquestion'd heir, and an usurper I!
" I know what must upon your spirit press,
" And thus was purpos'd, was resolv'd to try
" To win thy love, or from thy hate to fly;
" And I have paid thee true and just respect,
" Though chance has made it insult or neglect.

" Purchase I made before I knew thy will,
" Nor meant that will or wishes to oppose:
" Thy chosen walk, so cold, so damp, so still,
" Though folly planted, from respect arose
" The hated change; but now, my tale to close,
" Be sure my efforts are to please his mind
" From whose decree I hope my peace to find.

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"Hark to our friends! with agile steps they move;
"See lights approach, and cheerful grows our view:
"This is my time, ah! let me now improve
"The important minute, now my wish pursue:
"Make me thy son! do more than kings could do:
"Show me thou canst my fate, my fault forgive
"And make it life to hope, and make it bliss to live!"

Our traveller thought—yet knew not what to think;
He sought for words, but knew not how to speak;
He seem'd to stand upon the dizzy brink
Of new existence, trembling, doubtful, weak,
For firmness seeking, when 'twas vain to seek;
For tears in spite of manhood and of pride
Display'd the softer feelings they[1] would vainly hide.

From the young Lord the traveller turn'd his head,
But to him gave an unreluctant hand.
Envy and all her train that instant fled,
That instant Love its native station gain'd.[2]
All pleasant thoughts were present, all that pain'd
To demons fled, and to the genial room
The laughing sisters with their niece are come.

"And where the wicked dwarf?" exclaimed the Squire:
His timid Julia for her pardon sued.—
"None join'd our plans, nor must our arts transpire;
"No menial mind we suffer'd to intrude"—
But here the story and the day conclude,
For all beside that to their fate belongs
Is all beside my part, nor subject for my songs.[3]

II

The second of these poems is to be found in one of the earliest MSS. of the "Posthumous Tales," composed about 1822. It therefore belongs to the Trowbridge period of

[1] *i.e.*, manhood and pride—"he" would have been clearer.
[2] The rhyme-scheme breaks here.
[3] MS.: For all beside that to their fate belong
Is all beside my part, nor subject for my song.

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Crabbe's life, when he was residing in the old Rectory, still to be seen in that town, honoured by all as a clergyman and a magistrate, surrounded by his younger son's loving family, and much sought after by affectionate friends. The following lines, in the four stress-metre, breathe the same spirit of contentment and repose which pervades the "Elder Brother's Story" and the pleasant conclusion of the "Tales of the Hall." A mellowness as of autumn has spread over the poet's last years.

O give me the hour that I love to spend,
When the heart is quite warm and the words are all free,
When I sit at my ease and converse with the friend
Who sits at his ease and converses with me;

When both yield attention that neither need crave,
When restraint is unfelt and reserve is away,
When our freedom is kind and our pleasure is grave,
And we feel we are glad nor desire to be gay;

When our words are unstudied and come from the heart,
And our converse is truly the flow of the soul,
When we need not the spirit that wine can impart,
Nor ask to assist us the flow of the bowl;

When the world for our subject we wander about,
With a smile for its folly, a sigh for its sin,
When all that imbitters our life is barr'd out,
And all that enlivens and graces, shut in.

That a poet who in his youth had written "in the metre of Spenser" and imitated Sir Walter Raleigh's famous song, who in his mature age had brilliantly succeeded in "Sir Eustace Grey" and dexterously handled Chaucer's favourite stanza, should nevertheless have persisted in cutting almost all his verses on the uniform pattern of the couplet, is indeed surprising. There can be no doubt, from the poems now first published, that in the retirement of his study, Crabbe would sometimes give an expression to the "music in himself" and yield to his undeveloped lyrical inspiration. His MSS. show

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that the first sketch of a tale was not unfrequently written by him in octosyllabic lines or in stanzas, and that in the course of the four or five successive re-writings characteristic of Crabbe's manner of composing, he would come back to the couplet form. It was not for want of power, nor because of his love for antithesis,[1] that he submitted to this monotony. He could pun and quibble in stanzas as well as in couplets. But he had a fatal indifference to the beauty of style; he had won his fame by poems written in the metre of Pope, the most polished form of verse according to Johnson and his contemporaries; he was naturally diffident, "always put," as Burke excellently said, "the worst face on his own qualifications." His timidity and want of artistic taste alone prevented him from doing full justice to poetical gifts richer than most of his readers suspect them to have been.

R. Huchon
(*Maître de conférences à la Faculté des Lettres de Nancy*).

[1] Canon Ainger's "Life of Crabbe," 1903, p. 33.

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PESCOCOSTANZO AND ITS LACE-MAKERS

IN the Italy of to-day the excursion to the Middle Ages is still an easy matter, and only those who wander far from the beaten highway know how full it is of charm, not only for the exuberance of artistic expression at every turn, but for the "sights and insights" into human nature that it brings. We need not go to Ruskin to learn that work, true *handiwork*, has qualities of sincerity and honesty, bears marks of temperament and character quite lacking in the mechanical activities, however much we may be indebted to these for that wider diffusion of certain standards of civilisation which is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Few communities are more eloquent of the personal value of work for the work's sake than the small, industrious, out-of-the-way Italian town, with its old-world mellowness and simplicity; yet nowhere is one more struck by the apparent contradictions of civilisation. Speculation as to the relation between the standard of cleanliness and that of social morality is very apt to assail one among other impressions, but it leads to no very positive conclusion, though most of us are on the whole persuaded that the outer sign and the inner grace generally develop along parallel lines. But life is strewn with anomalies, and a very common one is the fine artistic sense and skill of the Italian peasant inured to the coarsest forms of toil. Is it perhaps that instinct counts for so much in the gift of artistic faculty, and that the tendency of

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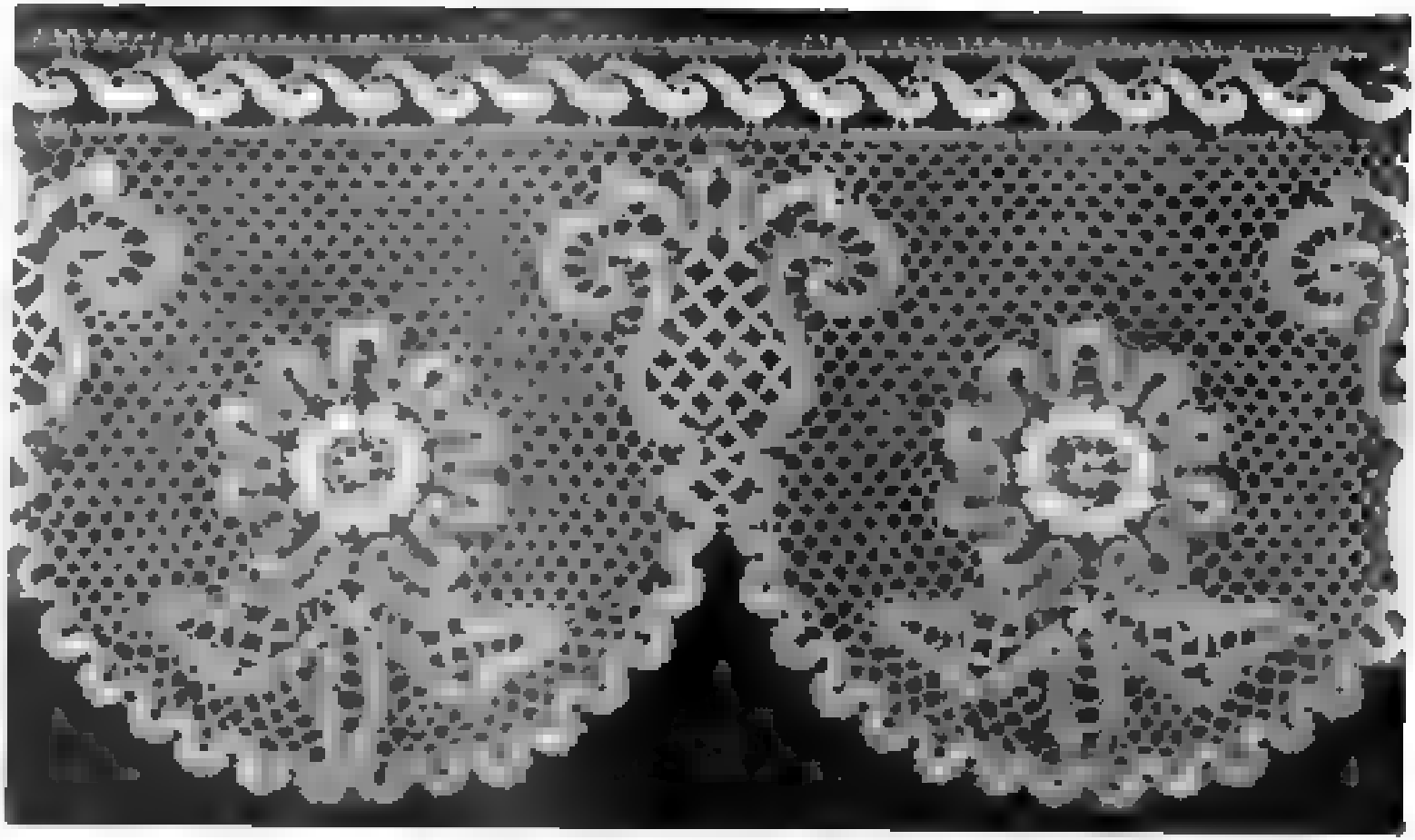

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a rise in the scale of intellectual and material equipment is away from the instinctive life? Such reflections pursue one as one crosses the streets of an Abruzzi town; the Abruzzesi are good masons and sculptors!

Pescocostanzo is a small town in the higher Abruzzi mountains—Provincia di Aquila—just emerging from the isolation of the Middle Ages, and with a keenly felt tradition of dignity and self-reliance. The picturesque town nestles against the eastern slopes of three mountains, spurs of the Maiella, which divide the plain of Pescocostanzo from the famous Piano delle Cinque Miglia, or Five-mile Plain, across which runs the high road built by Murat when King of Naples, and connecting Naples with Sulmona. The town is 1400 metres above tide level, and below it extend broad meadows, fragrant in spring with the sweet perfume of the narcissus. The origin of the town is uncertain, owing to lack of documents, but tombs belonging to remote antiquity have recently been discovered in its vicinity. Five hundred years ago, as a fief of the Marquisate of Pescara, Pescocostanzo enjoyed the protection of Vittoria Colonna, and in the church may still be seen the altar of coloured marble, which, together with many other existing monuments, testifies to the skill of the Pescolani artists trained in Rome to the love of Arts and Crafts, through the love of this wise and gentle lady. Vittoria Colonna's dominion was gladly accepted by the sturdy Pescolani, but they were naturally intolerant of the feudal or seigneurial yoke, and the fief having passed later into the hands of the Piccolomini, they pleaded so earnestly with Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, that in 1774 he bought the barony and bestowed its freedom upon Pesco; an incident unique in the history of this monarch. So it came to pass that Pescocostanzo erased from its shield the device which denoted feudal servitude, and on the new seal, still preserved in the archives of the University, appeared the coronet, a circle surrounded by two balls and three strawberry-leaves; a shield azure, with three mountains, dominated by the monogram P.C., and the superscription:

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"Universitas fidelissima Peschi Costantii — Utilis Suæ Dominæ." These arms are still used by the municipality.

Besides the numerous and learned Chapter of the College, which was the life and soul of the place in the olden days, its inhabitants might be divided into three classes—gentry, artisans, and peasants, the last either shepherds or tillers of the soil. The upper class derived its wealth from rent, and from the flocks and herds which grazed in summer on the uplands and in winter found free grazing land below on the "Gran Tavoliera" of Apulia. Although the number and importance of these flocks is greatly diminished, a characteristic sight is still in spring and autumn the long procession which winds over the "tratturo," or common, which has from time immemorial existed as the mountaineers' road from Sulmona to Brindisi.

The artisans, not forgetful of the traditions which they owed to the Lady of the Land, Vittoria Colonna, beautified the principal towns of the Abruzzi as well as their native city with their handiwork. But to-day, artisans, as well as shepherds and ploughmen, are emigrating to America in search of an honest livelihood, and the burden and heat of the day fall upon the women left behind to guard the hearth, bring up the children, and wait for better times. Trained according to the Scriptures to the spinning and weaving of flax and wool, and to domestic economy ("quaesiverunt lanam et linum et apprehenderunt fusum"), they labour night and day to supply the urgent needs of their small families, and are often obliged to sell for a pittance the fruit of their long vigils, the local market being very limited.

Within the last three years Pescocostanzo has found itself of more than local fame for the beautiful cushion laces which are the traditional "home industry" of its women. The training and skill in this charming art are common to all classes of Pescolane, from the great house to the cottage, from the grandmother who passes the summer days on her stone door-step, her cushion before her, and her many bobbins flying as

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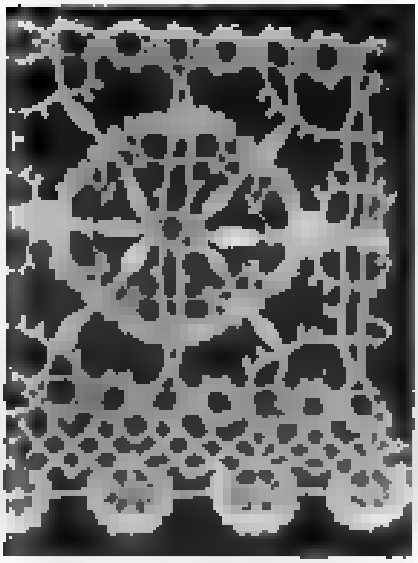

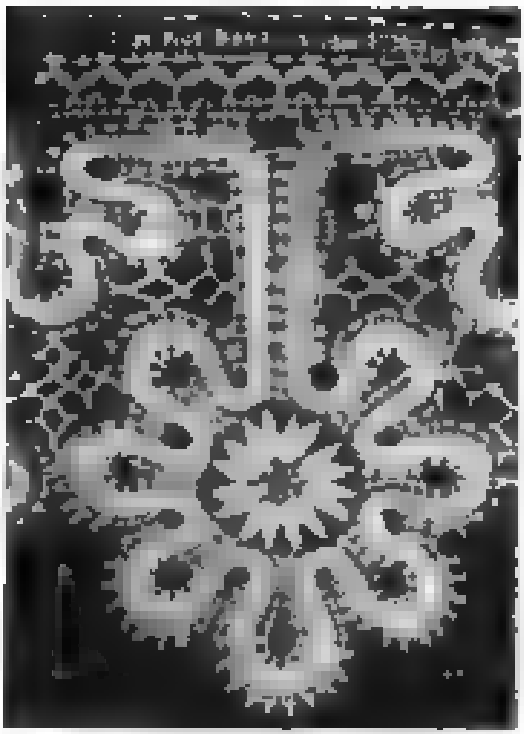

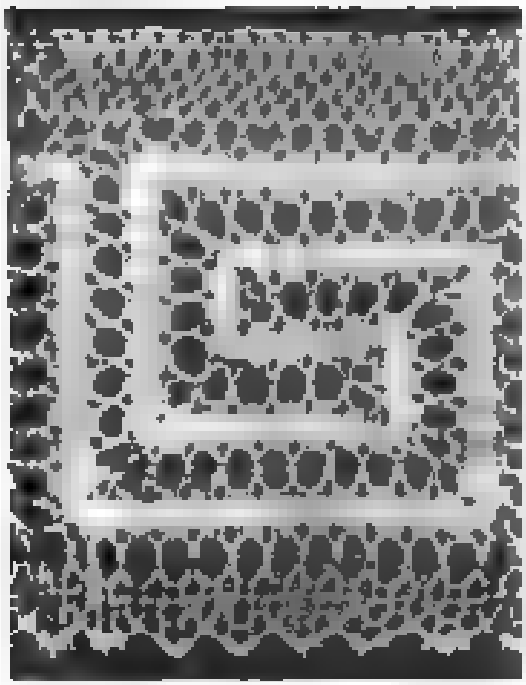

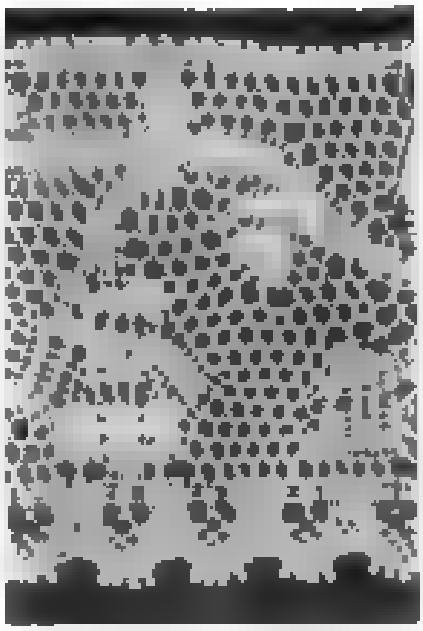

Pennsylvania cushion-lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, Rome 1911

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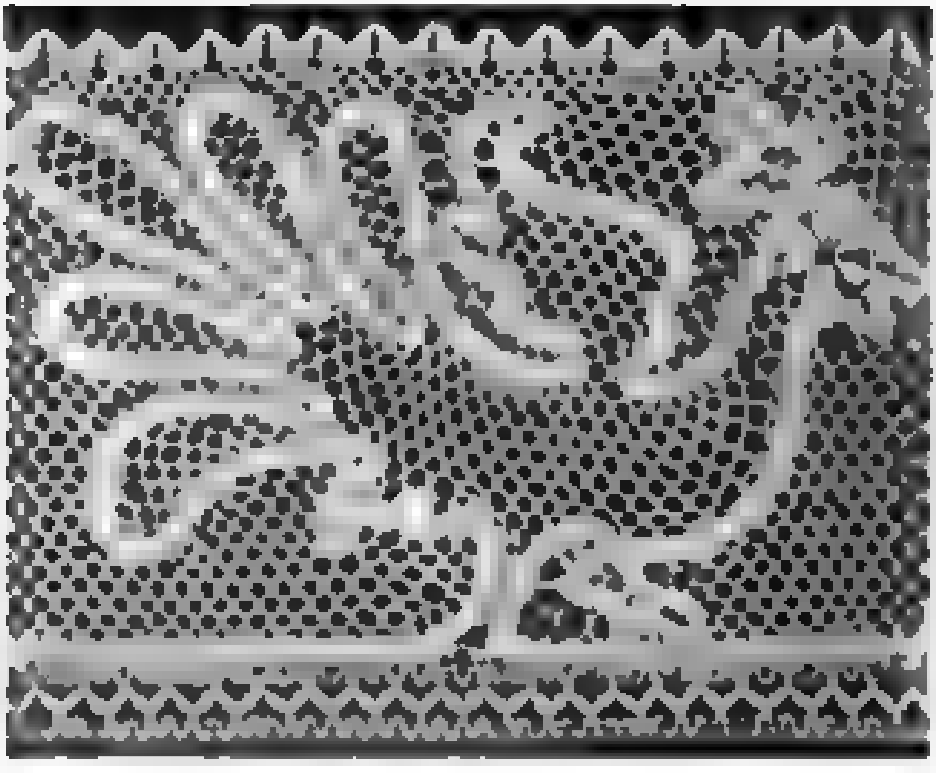

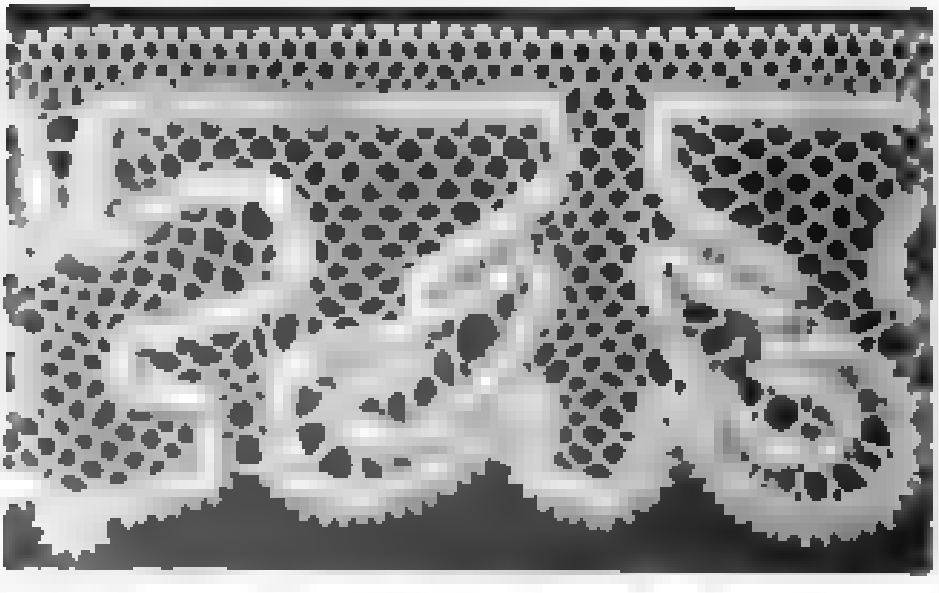

she joins in the gossip of her neighbours, to the ten-year-old maiden attending the elementary school. No Pescolana peasant feels herself ready for her wedding-day till she has prepared the lace for the homespun sheet, the "guardaletto," or flounce hung about the lower part of the bed, and the trimming for her kerchief and chemise.

In May 1902 the first Exhibition and Sale of Women's Work was opened in Rome under the patronage of their Majesties the Queen of Italy and the Queen-Mother. The exhibit from Pescocostanzo at once attracted interest and admiration, and was awarded a diploma of the first class. Last winter additional interest was given to the exhibit from Pescocostanzo by the beautiful embroideries and rugs loaned for the exhibition, and showing skill and taste also in these branches of industry. Several orders for the reproduction of some of the most characteristic of the rugs, with their quaint, half-Oriental, half-heraldic birds and beasts, have set the old looms once more in motion. Pescocostanzo indeed is only one of many remote corners of Italy to whose people the invitation to make themselves known through the Exhibition at the Piazza delle Terme came as the breath of a new hope.

As each tiny Italian city has an individuality of its own which strikingly separates it from its neighbours, so the work of the women of each district bears its characteristic imprint, and shows an organic connection with the surrounding life from which it came. Pescocostanzo bears the social stamp of Southern Italy, with its generosities, its singular lack of method, and its ceremonial courtesies. But this Southern tradition is here modified by the extreme rigour of the mountain winter, during whose long, cold months the life within the enclosure of the fortress-like houses has almost a cloistered character; a character which it does not entirely lose during the brief summer. Here one may still find humble, industrious women who, rarely leaving their homes, live in a world apart, absorbed in lace-making and its technical problems; the finding of a new "point;" the working out of an old design

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from fragments of paper carefully preserved in some old chest, and perpetuating the work of hands long since vanished. Life is largely made up of such interests.

To define these designs in which the idea is often barely suggested, implies an affinity of sentiment with the dreamer who first thought them out. And this feeling, together with the special manual facility of execution, seems almost an hereditary gift at Pescocostanzo. To these souls, enveloped in a mediæval silence, the lace-work offers almost the only outlet for the imagination, or for the inner religious feeling. How many are the dreams recorded in the lace! Here is the vision of the true and the beautiful; and in the work destined for the Church the loved symbols are traced with devout heart and pondered by spirits penetrated with mystic fervour. There rises to memory the demure vision of a maiden in peasant costume, her serious gaze looking out from beneath the folds of her white head-dress. It seems the face of a mediæval saint. She lives with two brothers, both members of the priesthood, and her life is divided between lace-making and the Church. The Orientals weave prayers into their carpets; but to these women their work is itself a form of prayer.

One should know the birthplace of a beautiful thing in order fully to realise all its poetry, so much of which has vanished, indeed, along the pathway of the centuries. Certainly these laces have an added charm for those to whom they evoke memories of that upland plain of the Abruzzi Apennines, with the great meadows surrounded by mountains, where one journeys easily afoot from one little village to another, with the exhilaration which, at 1400 metres above the sea, makes one insensible to distance or fatigue. Pausing here amid the treasures of the past, heirlooms brought forth one by one from their hiding-places in ancient houses, or from the treasure-chests of the sacristy, the hours fly by like moments in the excited sense of the nearness of bygone days in that old birthplace of feminine arts. And with what gentle harmony is the heart invaded on issuing forth from the calm and mystical twilight of the church, to find the

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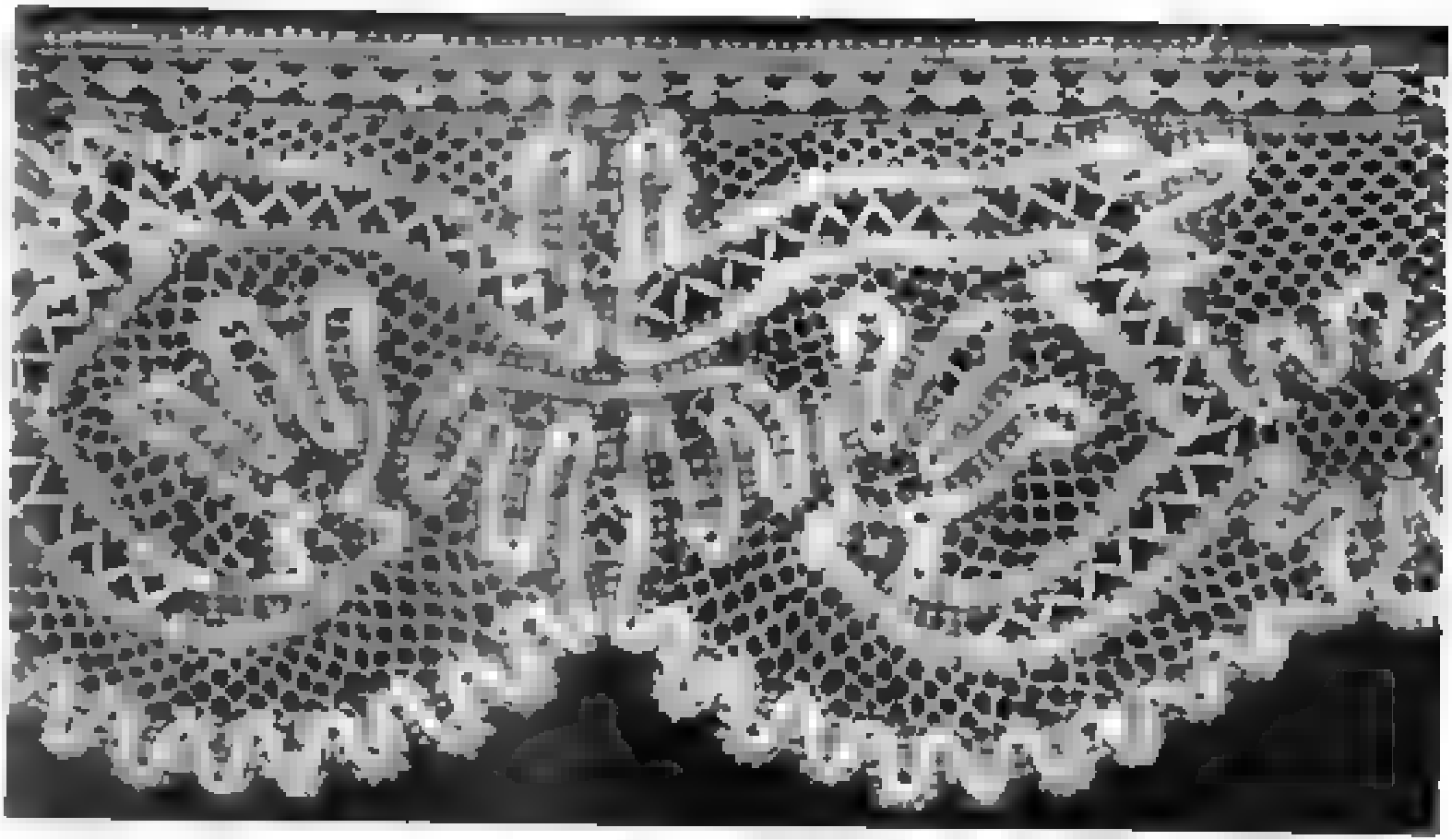
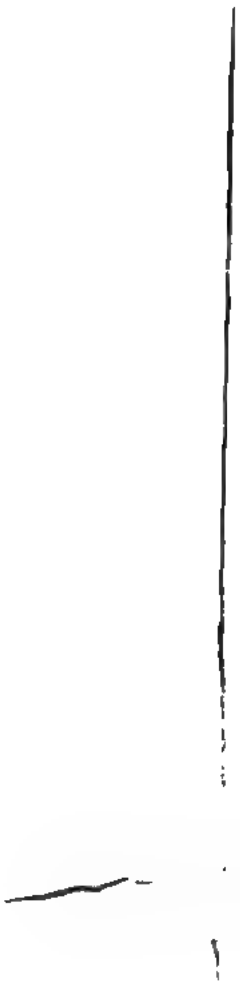


Ornamental medium lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, [illegible] 1907



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mountains all resplendent in the magic glow of a glorious autumn sunset; a light whose caressing glow falls like a benediction upon the tiny mediæval city, shut in between its hills, proud and independent. For although the solitude of these plains was disturbed four years ago by the railroad, the local life has been but little affected by the invasion, and Vittoria Colonna would, no doubt, find herself quite at home there to-day.

ETTA DE VITI DE MARCO.

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THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON

(A STUDY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

(*Concluded*)

WE stopped for a night at Palo Alto, our curiosity being excited by the fame of the "Leland Stanford Junior University."

Early in the exquisite morning our horses drew up on the grassy slope that rises to one side of the Stanford buildings. All around stood the Santa Cruz mountains, in the cool grey blue of the Californian distance. The rich grass of the ranch land in the valley was softened and shadowed by groves and single trees of the marvellous live oak, whose tortuous branches held above the grass the evergreen shade of many centuries. Before us, upon green levels, stood the University, singularly gorgeous in colouring and gracious in outline. It is well to see the buildings first from the slope above, as their somewhat remarkable plan is thus apparent. They consist of an inner and outer quadrangle. The inner court is six hundred feet long by almost half that width, and is surrounded by twelve lecture halls and a memorial church, joined by the continuous deep-arched cloister which forms the inner wall and by the continuous outline of the scarlet-tiled roof. These buildings are one story in height, and the quadrangle is entered by an arch

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whose Moorish tower is about fifty feet high. This inner quadrangle is completely finished, and lies within the much larger quadrangle which is in process of completion. The north and south façades of this outer quad are also built. The north façade is entered by an arch whose massive tower is twice the height of the inner tower. The elaborate buildings on either side of it are two stories high, and contain the library, assembly hall and science buildings. The cloister runs round the outside. Magnificent engineering buildings, power-house and workshops occupy the south façade. The material used is biscuit-coloured sandstone, rough-hewn or richly carved; the roofs always of scarlet tile. This completes the university buildings proper. Outside, on no fixed plan, stand the official dormitories, dining-rooms and "fraternity houses."

We were driven in front of the great entrance arch, and were told by our guide that it was erected, as were all the outer buildings except the memorial church, "by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, in memory of Leland Stanford, junior."

"And in whose memory is the Memorial Church?" we naturally asked.

"You see," our guide explained, "old Leland Stanford and his wife built the university in honour of their only child, who died young; and when the old man died, the sorrowing widow built the church in honour of him."

Just inside the arch there is a large group in bronze, representing Senator Stanford in a frock-coat, young Leland in a boy's loose jacket, and Mrs. Stanford in a Court dress of the fashion of another century. The lady is kneeling while the others stand, although the group offers no explanation of this. The arch itself is very imposing. Round the top of it is the far-famed frieze designed by St. Gaudens.

Our guide, after the manner of Californian guides, gave us a little lecture.

"This perfectly proportioned structure is one hundred feet in height, eighty-five feet in width, and thirty-six feet in depth. It is the largest arch in the world with the exception of one—

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the Arch of Triumph at Paris, France. The frieze, which runs all round it at a height of eighty feet, is the greatest sculptural masterpiece of its kind in the world, and is entirely original in design. It is composed of a procession of men and animals, double life-size; it represents the march of civilisation, beginning with Adam and Eve, and ending with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford."

But, as far as we could discern, Adam and Eve have no place on the beautiful frieze of St. Gaudens, in which the "march of civilisation" only begins with the discovery of America and ends with the development of California.

To those accustomed to grey old-world architecture, undoubtedly the most notable thing in the Stanford buildings and their setting is the colour. The low shelving roofs, lifting to the blue fires of the sky such red as may be seen in banks of the reddest flowers, the soft unweathered yellows of the rough stone, and, in the inner quad, the verdure of the octave of palm gardens, where gay parterres of annuals lay beneath stately tropical foliage—all this, contrasting with the cool dark shadows of the deep cloisters, appeared very novel and attractive. Next to this is the real magnificence of costly exteriors and interiors, which, if it renders some glaring faults of taste the more conspicuous, must cast a glamour over the mind of the impartial beholder. The entrance hall of the museum, with its staircases and galleries, is composed of polished marbles and ironwork screens blended in really exquisite taste. With the exception of some oriental carving and inlaid work, and some Indian utensils, which may easily be seen elsewhere, the curiosities and works of art are for the most part paltry, the most striking among them being Mrs. Stanford's best gowns, which are exposed to view in glass cases.

Very gorgeous and elaborate is the interior of the Memorial Church. Our guide informed us that on every hand we should perceive a wealth of chaste ornamentation. It is true that we almost staggered on perceiving the wealth of ornamentation. The stained windows, modern in design and colour, in many

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cases reproductions of Tissot's pictures, were, taken singly, fairly good; but their number and size, and the insistent character of each, would have robbed a much simpler and more severe building of the sense of rest. The decoration is Moorish, of the fifteenth century, with modifications and additions. The tiled pavement slopes down to the steps of the apse. The walls are decorated with mosaics, in which gold predominates. Coming to the apse it seemed to us impossible to regard it with anything but feelings of distress. Below three large coloured windows is a mosaic, a copy of the "Last Supper," from the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Above the window is a band of mosaics representing the praise of the angels, and, on either side, a row of prophets in brilliant raiment. Around, on the floor against the wall, stand the twelve Apostles, each depicted in well-known attitudes of typical activity. Whatever each may be doing—preaching, fishing, or waving the Cross—the general impression we derived was that the statues were trying to kick and cuff one another. In singular contrast of repose are three life-size statues in a row on the altar—the copy of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," with the Madonna and St. Joseph.

"I think," said the British Matron gently, her eye passing from one elaboration to another, "that the decorations of this building are nonconformist."

"Now," said our guide, "we turn our gaze upward into the dome."

As we did so we saw a truly beautiful dome; the lower part narrowed to a circle of about thirty feet in diameter, from which sprang a tower pierced with coloured lights; above this the dome was completed, both the upper and lower parts of it covered with rich mosaic, again representing the praise of the angels. The mosaic was good, reproducing the spirit and delicacy of fifteenth-century work; but, to our amazement, in the centre from the very top stared down upon us, in realistic painting, a huge human eye, shedding a luminous tear. The guide, who had been praising the mosaics, ended his peroration:

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"In the centre of the dome of this glorious church you will observe a human eye shedding a tear for Leland Stanford."

Hudsonia, usually the pink of propriety, here giggled.

Afterwards, as we sat in the quad, the British Matron said contentedly that the spirit had all gone out of her. "Just fancy," said she, "having £20,000 a year to spend on books for the library—over and above the yearly income from £6,000,000 available for anything else they want."

"They say the investments are yielding over seven per cent., and are safe," said Canadiensis. "Of course, as some of the interest will accumulate, it is impossible to conceive what the thing will grow to if the trustees are honest."

We were here joined by a young lecturer who had been apprised of our presence by a letter of introduction. He had lately come from the East to take temporary work, and was in no mood to be greatly enthusiastic about Stanford. He groaned over the monuments of domestic affection and grief.

"But," cried we, "had they been mediæval donors they would have had the family painted in a corner of the altar-piece."

"We have advanced since then," said he, sulkily.

"In our opinion," said we, "that is where the mistake comes in. You imagine the advance to be much greater than it is. You think that you are evolving, if not a new heaven, a new earth; whereas human nature as here manifested displays precisely the same characteristics as in the Dark Ages."

He burst out involuntarily, "It is the 'junior' I hate. I have to have 'Leland Stanford, junior,' at the head of all my letters; it is carved on the corner-stone of every building, and makes us the laughing-stock of the world. The first chance I get of another appointment in the East I shall assuredly return."

"It is the more absurd," added Hudsonia, with pretty seriousness, "because one always thinks of the 'junior' as referring to the University rather than to young Leland. I would return to the East, if I were you."

But we who did not come from the "charmèd East," which

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appears to be a locality on the coast of the Atlantic seaboard between Maryland and Maine, failed to see why these young people were not dazzled by the splendour of our present surroundings, and amused by the few crudities that marred the splendour.

Said the youthful don, "They had a service here in honour of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the place. One of their men wrote a poem. If you'll come to my house to lunch I'll read it to you, and then you'll know what University sentiment here is like."

After a very delightful lunch in a delightful villa, he read us dramatically the following poem, which had been recited at the anniversary function.

It began with a reference to the earlier buildings, the inner court completed before the schools were opened

There is a loveliness more fair
As it has softened to the air
Of many summers. Age doth trace
Such beauty with abiding grace.

("Age!" said Hudsonia.)

Oh, first arcade, red roof, and spread
Of consecrated court we tread.
Fair is the thought and fair the stone
The years have left their seal upon;
Fair were they ever: they arose
In symmetry and brown repose;
In beauty they were set apart;
To-day they lie at beauty's heart.

The poet then went on to refer to the earlier life of the place

Ten years! Sandstone as fair hath been,
Sandstone as brown shall be again;
Yet it is something to have pressed
Through halls of honour, then a guest
While honour was a name, and hope
Flew from high halyards, and the slope
Of hard emprise was still unwrought.
Aye, something to have held this thought

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When beauty wore a newer face
And love was younger in the place.
Ten years is not a lifetime, no:
But we who stand beneath the bow
Of promise, the first arch of faith,
Have somewhat measured beauty's path
Since then, and wonder seizes home
At what her measure hath become.

("That's a little abstruse," said we.)

Then came a suggestion of the inferior sacredness of the court still in process of erection:

New walls, new pavements, too, are dear;
New arches rising year by year;
Fair, fair as any, fair to please.
But, oh, they are not dear as these
First colonnades and walls of stone
With climbing ivy overgrown.

("There is only a little Japanese creeper," said Hudsonia, indignant.)

Ten years! O ready tongue to praise.
Oh eyes, upon whose crystal gaze
The years have gathered like hoar-frost:
O youth of things for ever lost.[1]

* * * *

But here the reader was checked by our laughter, and stopped by Hudsonia, who declared it to be "*too* ridiculous," and that she couldn't endure it.

"I assure you it was gravely read, like a prize poem." The scholar from the ancient University of Harvard was too distressed to laugh.

We wandered on towards San Francisco, our minds full of the big baby University. Being more ignorant than was fitting concerning the real distinction and learning of its President, we made inquiries, the answers to which betokened a mental horizon widely different from our own.

[1] *See* "Palo Alto Live Oak," October 1901.

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"What is his subject?" we asked a Stanford prize-man, who journeyed with us.

"Our Principal is well posted on every subject," was the reply.

"But, of course, he can't have specialised in them all."

"There's not one in which you would catch him at a loss," replied the young man proudly.

Puzzled, we repeated these remarks to a school teacher in San Francisco, but, to our surprise, he was not amazed.

"That's about it," he said. "Jordan is an all-round man; that's what the President of a university ought to be. I guess there's very few things you'd find Jordan ignorant of."

However, after the schoolmaster discovered that we could not consider such versatility compatible with profound learning, he said:

"Of course, if you come to that, he has a speciality—I believe it's seals."

We knit our brows. "Do you mean historic seals, such as are appended to national documents?"

"No," said he, "I mean the fur-bearing aquatic."

Leaving the crowded streets of San Francisco we crossed the bay, and settled ourselves beside the State University of California, in the beautiful suburb of Berkeley.

This comparatively ancient university has at present about four thousand undergraduates. It was founded thirty-four years ago; Stanford, at the end of its first decade, has about fifteen hundred. It is easy to understand that there is much rivalry.

It was the end of the summer term, and the newly graduated students acted a farce in public, in a natural amphitheatre of the hills. We understood that the spectators numbered about ten thousand. It was in this farce that we heard about "one poor man" who once had three children; two of them were yet alive, but one had—"gone to Stanford!"

We had hitherto noticed that when any one had been indicated to us as holding a responsible position in any of the

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learned professions, it had usually been added vaguely, "he is from the East." In this Berkeley farce an able-bodied man applied for a situation to sweep the University halls, and the highest recommendations as to skill and efficiency availed him nothing with the officials until they discovered, with a shout of relief, that he "came from the East." This humorous touch suggested that the young West, which has till recently meekly revered the "culture" of the Eastern States, is beginning to jeer at its own sentiment of dependence.

We looked round with a good deal of curiosity upon the immense audience. As it was yet early in the afternoon, and they were drawn from a mercantile population, the greater part were women. They were all fashionably dressed. What gold exists in the West is commonly beaten into leaf and spread over the surface. Fastidious neatness was everywhere, and much real taste, the fashions more Parisian than those we had left in London. Unlike a London gathering, few had an air of distinction, while very few indeed were dowdy. The latent force of this vast body of interested women, the mothers of the coming generation, can hardly be over-estimated. They had come from all the cities round—from wealthy drawing-room, from shop counter and busy workroom — every young woman who could take a half-holiday was there, to see realised the career to which she looked forward for her children. Here there was no distinction of "town and gown," for the mental discipline of the schools is considered the best preparation for every avocation.

The State system of education is far-reaching and well-organised, the University being closely linked with the high schools of the State. A hundred of the latter are yearly examined and reported on by university men, and the leaving examination at such schools as are reported efficient is allowed to excuse the entrance examination of the University. Thus the standard of Californian high schools has been raised, and the whole system of education co-ordinated. In the University

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the standards for the arts and science degrees are not low, and the courses of applied science are very varied, including medicine, pharmacy, engineering, agriculture, dairying, and a College of Commerce modelled on the German plan.

In the course of the next day or two we saw the same vast and brilliant audience at the various functions which marked the close of the summer term. These closing functions in American language are called "commencement exercises." We can only state and cannot explain the name. When invited to be present we expected to see a performance with dumb-bells and the cross-bar; what we heard was extemporary prayer, oratory, and original poems.

On the Sunday, what was called a "bacchalaureate sermon" was preached in a neighbouring Presbyterian church. The select preacher had a broad outlook over the course of the world's history, as will appear from the following extracts from his sermon. He stood upon a platform amid a bank of flowers, and gave out his words with careful enunciation, putting an almost equal emphasis on each syllable, but speaking fast, not slow, and in a curiously businesslike way, without emotional expression. We quote from notes taken at the time.

The text was: "After the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua."

The preacher began by stating that God uses no one man or system exclusively. "God," he said, earnestly, "has different words for different ages. God spake to Moses and then to Joshua; God spake to David and then to St. Paul; God spake to Luther and then He spoke to Jonathan Edwards; to Henry Ward Beecher, to Philip Brooks, and to Horatio Stebbings."

The lethargy often produced by an afternoon sermon left us. We sat with ears pricked.

"I will proceed to say in what I think the voice of religion differs in this age from other ages. People say, 'I wish I were

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back in the ages of faith.' This is an age of faith, but it is not an age of credulity. This is an age of intellectual accuracy, and intellectual modesty. We have ceased to build vast dogmas upon stray passages in Hebrew literature taken out of their context."

Here followed a succinct account of the principles of the higher criticism. While he went over the familiar ground our attention wandered somewhat.

Again we listened. "We look back," said the preacher, "to the ages which formulated the Creeds, the Augsburg and Westminster Confessions, with exaggerated reverence. Look more clearly, my brethren, and see. These men who had so much to say for their belief, what did they do for the salvation of the world? Did they go out into the slums of their cities and raise the masses? Did they travel to China and India to convert the heathen? My brethren, they did nothing. They were content to sit at home and feel pious satisfaction in the fate of the lost. We are more careful in this age to say less, and to believe more vitally what we dare to say. There is in our bosoms a more or less distinct wish that many things which the religion of former ages has dared to say might be quietly laid aside without controversy, and forgotten. But it has been reserved for this questioning, critical, sceptical age to begin the conquest for Christianity, not only of all heathen lands, but of all the departments of civilised life. It has been reserved largely for this country of ours to work out the Christian principles of true brotherly love, equality and freedom, and to send forth more missionaries to the heathen than any other nation.

"This is an age when the emphasis of religion is laid upon process rather than upon crisis. In former times there was always the insistence upon some crisis by which a man must pass from death to life. It was the storm of emotion or the miracle of a sacrament. Now we look to the oftentimes slow formation of the character of Jesus Christ in a man, and call that 'salvation.' We do not underrate the occasional trans-

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formation that a storm of emotion may work in a man's soul, but we look mainly to process. As to the sacraments, we are not credulous; but baptism is still in use, and it is a useful and convenient symbol.

"In this age we do not appeal to self-love by offering the rewards of the hereafter, or threatening its punishments. These motives have ceased to move men much. Tertullian, a worthy man of the third century, and one of those called 'the fathers of the Church,' has a passage in which he describes the heaven of the righteous. He sees them sauntering upon the battlements of the Holy City in the cool of the evening, and looking down upon the souls of the damned who are writhing in fire below; and as they gaze upon those wretches, agonised and tortured, they sing renewed praises to God for the perfection of their own salvation."

The preacher here eyed his audience in an oratorical pause.

"Does that picture take any grip of you as an incentive to serve God?" Then he went on with easy cheer, "If any company of Christians here were looking over the battlements of heaven at the tortures of the lost, would they not exclaim —'Let us organise an expedition of relief'?"

After this we drove away over the quiet hills in the mellow glory of the afternoon. Our minds were full of an expedition to the Inferno, with an American fire brigade and ambulance corps, "the worthy man of the third century" standing aside and looking askance.

"And is Horatio Stebbings a local deity?" asked Hudsonia.

"I think," said the British Matron, "that the preacher's review of the Christian ages must have expressed the perspective in which they are seen just now by the scholars of the West. No one in the congregation seemed amused. Humour depends on the sense of proportion, and theirs was not violated. They are building a tower," she added, "and would be hindered by laughter if they saw themselves in their true relation to

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human history. Their blindness is their strength, and who can say that their tower will not please the Almighty and reach to heaven?"

"Do you think it will?" asked Hudsonia, with a dreamy light in her eyes.

"I should not like to prophesy, my dear. It may go on till it holds a lamp that lights the world." She added meditatively, "As a Christian I am glad that they still find baptism 'useful and convenient.'"

Lady Wheatfields asked, "What could the preacher have meant by saying to such a congregation that the promise of future rewards and punishments could not move them? No one here makes any secret of personal or partisan ambition; their eagerness to stand first is seen everywhere."

"I think," said Hudsonia, "that, knowing his congregation have ceased to believe in the material nature of future rewards and punishments, he has not discovered that the real reason why they are not moved by the promise of their spiritual counterparts is that they cannot conceive of the spiritual as real."

"Their failure and his mistake are not local," said we.

"At any rate," said Lady Wheatfields, whom we called Canadiensis, "I have learned something from the University sermon; I have found the fallacy which we came to seek."

She was a handsome and clever woman, who always took the whole British Empire under her wing. We applauded her following pronouncement:

"Our friend at San Diego said that they could buy all our greatest men; but they can't, for it will be hundreds of years before they know which men are the greatest."

Beautiful for situation is the University of California. It lies on a steep hillside, and overlooks the splendid bay into which the ships of all nations come. The outer circling walls of the bay are chains of noble hills. On one side of the far portal the city of St. Francis stands, its towers and spires sparkling in the sun. When the light has passed from the

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city the white fishing sails of the purple ocean hasten and come in numbers out of the sunset in at the Golden Gate.

The buildings of this University are to be in keeping with the glory of its surroundings, the wonder of the world. The plans of these scholastic halls have already been chosen from a worldwide competition, and what is to hinder their building? For many a season this University has been turning out by the score the millionaires of the coming years, who will return and share their wealth with the mother of their minds. This they have been taught to do, and what is taught in the schools of the West is well taught and well worth teaching.

When we turned eastward we left behind us one of the loveliest lands in the world—a land where climate and education seem to combine to produce sweetness of temper, nimbleness of mind and limb, and earnestness of purpose. As we summed up our experiences we agreed that where we had come into social relation with the people we could feel only admiration, that in our business dealing we had found good heart, good faith, and good sense in every service rendered. We may have been unusually fortunate; but we were inclined to suppose that this youngest giant, in whose veins runs the old chivalry of Spain and the new chivalry of the great lone lands, is learning that subtle wisdom of the true economist that two who would make a bargain have but one interest.

L. Dougall.

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FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XX

THE RÉVEILLÉ

A BAND of five-and-twenty Ojibways came filing down through the woods to the shore of Lake Ontario, at the point where the City of Toronto now stands. Back beyond the Lake aux Claies they had passed many lodges inhabited by women and children only, and had heard everywhere the same story: the men were all gone southward to Fort Niagara to take counsel with the English. This, too, was the goal of the Ojibways' journey, and Menehwehna hurried them forward.

Fort Rouillé by the waterside stood deserted and half ruined. They had hoped to find canoes here to carry them across the lake to Niagara; but here, too, all the male population had stampeded a week ago for the south, and those who wanted canoes must make them. This meant two days' delay, but it could not be helped. They fell to work at once, cutting down elm-trees by the shore and stripping off their bark, while the children gathered from the lodges and stood at a little distance, watching.

It was by no desire of his own that John made one of the embassage. As rumour after rumour of British successes came westward to Michilimackinac, and the Indians held long and anxious councils, he had grown aware that Meneh-

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wehna was watching him furtively, as if for a sign which could not be demanded in words.

"Menehwehna," said he at length, "what is all this talk of English vengeance? It is not the way of my countrymen to remember wrongs after they have won the battle."

"But who will assure my people of that?" asked Menehwehna. "They have heard that certain things were done in the south for which heavy toll will be taken."

"What matters that to your people, even if it be true? They were not at Fort William Henry."

"But again, how shall they tell this to the English and hope to be believed?"

"You cannot hide your heart from me, Menehwehna. You wish two things of me, and the first is my leave to tell your people that I am English."

"Without it I will never tell them, my brother."

"Did I ever suppose that you would? Well, as soon as you have told them, they will clamour for me to go to Fort Niagara, and at need to entreat for them. Now I say that there will be no need; but they will compel me to go, and you too will wish it. Have I not guessed?"

Menehwehna was silent a while. "For my people I wish it," he said at length; "but for my own part I fear more than I wish."

"You fear it because I go into great danger. By my countrymen I shall be rightly held a deserter; and, among them, for an officer to desert is above all things shameful."

"But," answered Menehwehna with a cheerful readiness which proved that he had thought the matter out, "if, as you say, the Governor receive us kindly, we will hide that you are English; to that every man shall give his oath beforehand. And, if things go ill, we will hand you back as our prisoner and prove that we have kept you against your will."

John shook his head, but did not utter the firm resolve of his heart—that even from ignominy no such lies should save him while he had a gun to turn against himself. "Why

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do you fear then, Menehwehna," he asked, "if not for me?"

"Do not ask, my brother!" Menehwehna's voice was troubled, constrained, and his eyes avoided John's.

"Ah, well," said John lightly, after regarding him for a moment, "to you at least I will pay some of my debt. Go and tell your people that I am English; and add—for it will save talk—that I am ready to go with them to Fort Niagara."

. . . . . .

By dawn on the third day at Fort Rouillé three canoes lay finished and ready, each capable of carrying eight or nine men; and, pushing off from the Toronto shore, the embassage paddled southward across the lake.

They came late that evening to a point of land four miles from Niagara on the north side of the river mouth. Approaching it, they discerned many clusters of Indian encampments, each sending up its thin column of smoke against the sunset-darkened woods: but night had fallen long before they beached their canoes, and for the last three miles they paddled wide of the shore to skirt a fleet of fishing-boats twinkling with flambeaux, from the rays of which voices challenged them. The Ojibways answered with their own call and were made welcome. A common fear, it seemed, lay over all the nations—Wyandots and Attiwandaronks from the west and north of Lake Erie, Nettaways and Tobacco Indians from around Nottawasaga Bay, Ottawas and Pottawatamies from the far west—who had not yet made their peace with the English. But Menehwehna, whose fear of arriving too late had kept him anxious throughout the voyage, grew cheerful again.

They landed and pitched their camp on a spit of land close beside their old friend the Ottawa chief from L'Arbre Croche, to whose lodge Menehwehna at once betook himself to learn the news. But John, weary with the day's toil, threw himself down and slept.

A touch on his shoulder awakened him at dawn, and he

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opened his eyes to see Menehwehna standing above him, gun in hand and dressed for an expedition.

"Come," commanded Menehwehna, adding, as John's gaze travelled around upon the sleepers, "We two, alone."

John caught up his gun, and the pair stepped out into the dawn together. An Indian path led through the forest to the southward and Menehwehna took it, walking ahead and rapidly. Twice he turned about and looked John in the face with a searching gaze, but held on his way again without speaking. They walked in a dawn which as yet resembled night rather than day; a night grown diaphanous and ghost-like, a summer night surprised in its sleep and vanishing before their footfall. The flicker of fire-flies hurrying into deeper shades seemed, by a trick of eyesight, to pass into the glint of dew. The birds had not yet broken into singing, the shadows stirred with whispers, as though their broods of winged and creeping things held breath together in alarm. A thin mist drifted through the undergrowth, and at intervals the path led across a clearing where, between the pine-trunks to the left, the lake itself came into view, with clouds of mist heaving on its bosom.

These clearings grew more frequent until at length Menehwehna halted on the edge of one which sloped straight from his feet to a broad and rushing river; and, stepping aside, watched John's eyes as they fell on Fort Niagara.

It stood over the angle where the river swept into the lake; its stone walls terraced high upon earthworks rising from the waterside, its towers already bathed in sunlight, its foundations standing in cool shadow. Eyes no doubt were watching the dawn from its ramparts; but no sign of life appeared there. It seemed to sleep with the forests around it, its river gate shut close-lidded against the day, its empty flag-staff a needle of gold trembling upon the morning sky.

Menehwehna had seated himself, his gun across his knees, upon a fallen trunk; and John, turning, met his eyes.

"Do we cross over?"

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"To-day, or perhaps to-morrow. I wished you to see it first."

"But why?"

"Does my brother ask why? Well, then, I was afraid."

"Were you afraid that I might wish to go back? Answer me, Menehwehna—by whose wish am I here at all?"

"When I was a young man," answered Menehwehna, "in the days when I went wooing after Meshu-kwa, I would often be jealous, and this jealousy would seize me when we were alone together. 'She is loving enough now,' I said; 'but how will it be when other young men are around her?' This thought tormented me so that many times it drove me to prove her, pretending to be cold and purposely throwing her in the company of others, who were glad enough—for she had many suitors. Then I would watch with pain in my heart, but secretly, that my shame and rage might be hidden."

John stood for a moment eyeing him in wonder. "For what did you bring me this long way from Michilimackinac?" he asked. "Was it not to speak, if need were, for you and your nation?"

"For that, but not for that only. Brother, have you never loved a friend so that you felt his friendship worthless to you unless you owned it all? Have you never felt the need on you to test him, though the test lay a hundred leagues away. So far have I brought you, O Netawis, to show you your countrymen. In a while the fort yonder will wake, and you shall see them on the walls in their red coats, and if the longing come upon you to return to them, we will cross over together and I will tell my tale. They will believe it. Look! Will you be an Englishman again?"

"Let us turn back," answered John wearily. "That life is gone from me for ever."

"Say to me that you have no wish to go."

"I had a wish once," said John, letting the words fall slowly as his eyes travelled over the walls of the fort. "It seemed to me then that no wish on earth could be dearer.

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Many things have helped to kill it, I think." He passed a hand over his eyes and let it drop by his side. "I have no wish to leave you, Menehwehna."

The Indian stood up with a short cry of joy and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"No, my friend," John continued in the same dull voice; "I will say to you only what is honest. If I return for you, it is not for your sake."

"So that you return, Netawis, I will have patience. There was a time when you set your face against me; and this I overcame. Again there was a time when you pleaded with me that I should let you escape, and still I waited, though with so small a hope that when my child Azoka began to listen for your step I scolded her out of her folly."

"In that you did wisely, Menehwehna. It is not everything that I have learned to forget."

"I told her," said Menehwehna simply, "that, as the snow melts and slides from the face of a rock, so one day all thought of us would slip from your heart and you would go from us, not once looking back. Even so I believed, but the spring came and the summer and I began to doubt; and, as I questioned you, a hope grew in my heart, and I played with it as a dog plays with her pups, trying its powers little by little, yet still in play, until a day came when I discovered it to be strong and the master of me. Then indeed, my brother, I could not rest until I had put it to this proof." He lit his pipe solemnly, drew a puff or two and handed it to John. "Let us smoke together before we turn back. He that has a friend as well as wife and children needs not fear to grow old."

John stretched out a hand and touched the earthen pipe-bowl. His fingers closed on it—but only to let it slip. It fell, struck against the edge of the tree-stump and was shivered in pieces.

Across the valley in Fort Niagara the British drums were sounding the *réveillé*.

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He did not hear Menehwehna's voice lamenting the broken pipe. He stood staring across at the fort. He saw the river-gate open, the red-coats moving there, relieving guard. He saw the flag-staff halliards shake out the red cross of England in the morning sunlight. And still, like a running river rolled the music of British drums.

"Netawis!"

Menehwehna touched his arm. At first John did not seem to hear, then his hand went up and began to unfasten the silver armlets there.

"Netawis! O my brother!"

But the ice had slipped from the rock and lay around its base in ruin, and the music which had loosened it still sang across the valley. He took a step down the slope towards it.

"You shall not go!" cried Menehwehna, and lifting his gun pointed it full at John's back. And John, who had learnt something of the Indians' quick sense, knew that Menehwehna's finger was on the trigger. He walked on unregarding.

But Menehwehna did not fire. He cast down his gun with a cry and ran to clasp his friend's feet. What was he saying? Something about "two years."

"Two years?" Had they passed so quickly? God! how long the minutes were now! He must win across before the drums ceased . . .

He halted and began to talk to Menehwehna very patiently, this being the easiest way to get rid of him. "Yes, yes," he heard himself saying, "I go to them as an Indian and they will not know me. I shall be safe. Return now back to my brothers and tell them that, if need be, they will find me there and I will speak for them."

And his words must have prevailed, for he stood by the river's edge alone, and Menehwehna was striding back towards the wood. A boat lay chained by the farther shore and two soldiers came down from the fort and pushed across to him.

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They wore the uniform of the Forty-Sixth, and one had been a private in his company, but they did not recognise him. And he spoke to them in the Ojibway speech, which they could not understand.

From the edge of the woods Menehwehna watched the three as they landed. They climbed the slope and passed into the fort.

CHAPTER XXI

FORT AMITIÉ LEARNS ITS FATE

That Spring, three British generals sat at the three gates of Canada, waiting for the signal to enter and end the last agony of New France. But the snows melted, the days lengthened, and still the signal did not come; for the general by the sea gate was himself besieged.

Through the winter he and his small army sat patiently in the city they had ruined. Conquerors in lands more southerly may bury their dead with speed, rebuild captured walls, set up a pillar and statue of Victory, and in a month or two, the green grass helping them, forget all but the glory of the battle. But here in the north the same hand arrests them and for six months petrifies the memorials of their rage. Until the Spring dissolves it, the image of war lives face to face with them, white, with frozen eyes, sparing them only the colour of its wounds.

General Murray, like many a soldier in his army, had dreams of emulating Wolfe's glory. But Wolfe had snatched victory out of the shadow of coming winter; and, almost before his army could cut wood for fuel, the cold was upon them. For two months Quebec had been pounded with shot and shell; her churches and hospitals stood roofless; hundreds of houses had been fired, vaults and storehouses pillaged, doors and windows riddled everywhere. There was no digging entrenchments in the frozen earth. Walls, six feet thick, had

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been breached by artillery, and the loose stones, so cold they were, could hardly be handled.

Among these ruins, on the frozen cliff over the frozen river, Murray and his seven thousand men settled down to wear the winter through. They were short of food, short of fuel. Frost-bite maimed them at first; then scurvy, dysentery, fever, began to kill. They laid their dead out on the snow, to be buried when spring should return and thaw the earth; and by the end of April their dead numbered six hundred and fifty. Yet they kept up their spirits. Early in November there had been rumours that the French under Lévis meant to march on the city and retake it. In December deserters brought word that he was on his way—that he would storm the city on the twenty-second, and dine within the citadel on Christmas Day. In January news arrived that he was preparing scaling-ladders and training his men in the use of them. Still the days dragged by. The ice on the river began to break up and swirl past the ramparts on the tides. The end of April came, and with it a furious midnight storm, and out of the storm a feeble cry—the voice of a half-dead Frenchman clinging to a floe of ice far out on the river. He was rescued, placed in a hammock, and carried up Mountain Street to the general's quarters; and Murray, roused from sleep at three o'clock in the morning, listened to his story. He was an artillery-sergeant of Lévis' army; and that army, twelve thousand strong, was close to the gates of Quebec.

The storm had fallen to a cold drizzle of rain when at dawn Murray's troops issued from the St. Louis gate, and dragged their guns out through the slush of the St. Foy road. On the ground where Wolfe had given battle, or hard by, they unlimbered in face of the enemy and opened fire. Two hours later, outflanked by numbers, having lost a third of their three thousand in the short fight, they fell back on the battered walls they had mistrusted. For a few hours the fate of Quebec hung on a hair. But the garrison could build now; and, while Lévis dragged up his guns from the river, the

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English worked like demons. They had guns, at any rate, in plenty; and, while the French dug and entrenched themselves on the ground they had won, daily the breaches closed and the English fire grew hotter.

April gave place to May, and the artillery fire continued on the heights; but as it grew noisier it grew also less important, for now the eyes of both commanders were fastened on the river. Two fleets were racing for Quebec, and she would belong to the first to drop anchor within her now navigable river.

Then came a day when, as Murray sat brooding by the fire in his quarters in St. Louis Street, an officer ran in with news of a ship of war in the Basin, beating up towards the city. "Whatever she is," said the general, "we will hoist our colours." Weather had frayed out the halliards on the flag-staff over Cape Diamond, but a sailor climbed the pole and lashed the flag of St. George beneath the truck. By this time men and officers in a mob had gathered on the ramparts of the Château St. Louis, all straining their eyes at a frigate fetching up close-hauled against the wind.

Her colours ran aloft; but they were bent, sailor-fashion, in a tight bundle, ready to be broken out when they reached the topgallant masthead.

An officer, looking through a glass, cried out nervously that the bundle was white. But this they knew without telling. Only—what would the flag carry on its white ground? The red cross? or the golden fleurs-de-lys?

The halliards shook; the folds flew broad to the wind; and, with a gasp, men leaped on the ramparts—flung their hats in the air and cheered—dropped, sobbing, on their knees.

It was the red cross of England.

They were cheering yet and shouting themselves hoarse when the *Lowestoffe* frigate dropped anchor and saluted with all her twenty-four guns. On the heights the French guns answered spitefully. Lévis would not believe. He had brought his artillery at length into position, and began to knock the

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defences vigorously. He lingered until the battleship *Vanguard* and the frigate *Diane* came sailing up into harbour; until the *Vanguard*, pressing on with the *Lowestoffe*, took or burned the vessels which had brought his artillery down from Montreal. Then, in the night, he decamped, leaving his siege-train, baggage, and sick men behind him. News of his retreat reached Murray at nightfall, and soon the English guns were bowling round shot after him in the dusk across the Plains of Abraham; but by daybreak, when Murray pushed out after him, to fall on his rear, he had hurried his columns out of reach.

Three months had passed since the flying of the signal from the *Lowestoffe*, and now in the early days of August three British armies were moving slowly upon Montreal, where Lévis and Governor Vaudreuil had drawn the main French forces together for a last resistance.

Murray came up the river from Quebec with twenty-four hundred men in thirty-two vessels and a fleet of boats in company, followed by Lord Rollo with thirteen hundred men drawn off from dismantled Louisbourg. As the ships tacked up the river, with their floating batteries ranged in line to protect the advance, bodies of French troops followed them along the shore—white-coated regiments of infantry and horsemen in blue jackets faced with scarlet. Bourlamaque watched from the southern shore, Dumas from the northern. But neither dared to attack, and day after day through the lovely weather, past fields and settlements and woodlands, between banks which narrowed until from deck one could listen to the song of birds on either hand and catch the wafted scents of wild flowers, the British wound their way to Isle Sainte-Thérèse below Montreal, encamped, and waited for their comrades.

From the south came Haviland. He brought thirty-four hundred regulars, provincials, and Indians from Crown Point

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on Lake Champlain, and moved down the Richelieu, driving Bougainville before him.

Last, descending from the west by the gate of the Great Lakes, came the commander-in-chief, the cautious Amherst, with eighteen hundred soldiers and Indians and over eight hundred bateaux and whale-boats. He had gathered them at Oswego in July, and now in the second week of August had crossed the lake to its outlet, threaded the channels of the Thousand Islands, and was bearing down on the broad river towards Fort Amitié.

And how did it stand with Fort Amitié?

Well, to begin with, the Commandant was thoroughly perplexed. The British must be near; by latest reports they had reached the Thousand Islands; even hours were becoming precious, and yet most unaccountably the reinforcements had not arrived.

What could M. de Vaudreuil be dreaming of? Already the great Indian leader, Saint Luc de la Corne, had reached Côteau du Lac with a strong force of militia. Dominique Guyon had been sent down with an urgent message of inquiry. But what had been La Corne's answer? "I know not what M. de Vaudreuil intends. My business is to stay here and watch the rapids."

"Now what can be the meaning of that?" the Commandant demanded of his brother.

M. Etienne shook his head pensively. "*Rusticus expectat* . . . I should have supposed the rapids to be in no danger.'

"Had the Governor sent word to abandon the fort, I might have understood. It would have been the bitterest blow of my life——"

"Yes, yes, brother," M. Etienne murmured in sympathy.

"But to leave us here without a word! No; it is impossible. They *must* be on their way!"

In the strength of this confidence Dominique and Bateese had been despatched down the river again to meet the reinforcements and hurry them forward.

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Dominique and Bateese had been absent for a week now on this errand. Still no relief-boats hove in sight, and the British were coming down through the Thousand Islands.

Save in one respect the appearance of the fort had not changed since the evening of John à Cleeve's dismissal. The garrison cows still grazed along the river-bank, and in the clearing under the eastern wall the Indian corn was ripe for harvest (M. Etienne suggested reaping it; the labour, he urged, would soothe every one's nerves). Only in Sans Quartier's cabbage-patch the lunette now stood complete. All the *habitants* of Boisveyrac had been brought up to labour in its erection, building it to the height of ten feet, with an *abattis* of trees in front and a raised platform within for the riflemen. Day after day the garrison manned it and burned powder in defence against imaginary assaults, and by this time the Commandant and Sergeant Bédard between them had discussed and provided against every possible mode of attack.

Diane stood in the dawn on the *terre-plein* of the river-wall. The latest news of the British had arrived but a few hours since with a boat-load of fugitives from the upstream mission-house of La Galette, off which an armed brig lay moored with ten cannon and one hundred men to check the advance of the flotilla. It could do no more.

The fugitives included Father Launoy, and he had landed and begged Diane to take his place in the crowded boat. For himself (he said) he would stay and help to serve out ammunition to Fort Amitié—that was, if the Commandant meant to resist.

"Do you suppose, then, that I would retire?" the Commandant asked with indignation.

"It may be possible to do neither," suggested Father Launoy.

But this the Commandant could by no means understand. It seemed to him that either he must be losing his wits or the

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whole of New France, from M. de Vaudreuil down, was banded in a league of folly. "Resist? Of course I shall resist! My men are few enough, Father, but I beg you to dismiss the notion that Fort Amitié is garrisoned by cowards."

"I will stay with you then," said the Jesuit. "I may be useful, in many ways. But Mademoiselle will take my place in the boat and escape to Montreal."

"I also stay," answered Diane simply.

"Excuse me, but there is like to be serious work. They bring the Iroquois with them, besides Indians from the West." Father Launoy spoke as one reasoning with a child.

Diane drew a small pistol from her bodice. "I have thought of that, you see."

"But M. de Noel——" He swung round upon the Commandant, expostulating.

"In a few hours," said the Commandant meeting his eyes with a smile, "New France will have ceased to be. I have no authority to force my child to endure what I cannot endure myself. She has claimed a promise of me, and I have given it."

The priest stepped back a pace, wondering. Swiftly before him passed a vision of the Intendant's palace at Quebec, with its women and riot and rottenness. His hand went up to his eyes, and under the shade of it he looked upon father and daughter—this pair of the old *noblesse*, clean, comely, ready for the sacrifice. What had New France done for these that they were cheerful to die for her? She had doled them out poverty, and now, in the end, betrayal; she had neglected her children for aliens, she had taken their revenues to feed extortioners and wantons, and now in the supreme act of treachery, herself falling with them, she turned too late to read in their eyes a divine and damning love. There all the while she had lived—the true New France, loyally trusted, innocently worshipped. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." . . . Father Launoy lowered his gaze to the floor:

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he had looked and learned why some nations fall and others worthily endure.

All that night the garrison had slept by their arms, until with the first streak of day the drums called them out to their alarm-post.

Diane stood on the *terre-plein* watching the sunrise. As yet the river lay indistinct, a broad wan-coloured band of light stretching away across the darkness. The outwork on the slope beneath her was a formless shadow astir with smaller shadows equally formless. She heard the tread of feet on the wooden platform, the clink of side-arms and accoutrements, the soft thud of ramrods, the voice of old Bédard, peevish and grumbling as usual.

Her face, turned to the revealing dawn, was like and yet curiously unlike the face into which John à Cleeve had looked and taken his dismissal; a woman's face now, serener than of old and thoughtfuller. These two years had lengthened it to a perfect oval, adding a touch of strength to the brow, a touch of decision to the chin; and, lest these should overweight it, had removed from the eyes their clouded trouble and left them clear to their depths. The elfin Diane, the small wood-land-haunted Indian, no longer looked forth from those windows, no search might find her captive shadow behind them. She had died young, or had faded away perhaps and escaped back to her native forests.

But she is not all forgotten, this lost playmate. Some trick of gesture reappears as Diane lifts her face suddenly towards the flag-staff tower. The watchman there has spied something on the river, and is shouting the news from the summit.

His arm points down the river. What has he seen? "Canoes!"—the relief is at hand then! No: there is only one canoe. It comes swiftly and yet the day overtakes and passes it, spreading a causeway of light along which it shoots to the landing-quay.

Two men paddle it—Dominique and Bateese Guyon.

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Their faces are haggard, their eyes glassy with want of sleep, their limbs so stiff that they have to be lifted ashore.

The Commandant steps forward. "What news, my children?" he asks. His voice is studiously cheerful.

Dominique shakes his head.

"There is no relief, Monsieur."

"You have met none, you mean?"

"None is coming, Monsieur. We have heard it in Montreal."

CHAPTER XXII

DOMINIQUE

"MONTREAL?"

While they stood wondering, a dull wave of sound broke on their ears from the westward, and another, and yet another —the booming of cannon far up the river.

"That will be at La Galette," said the Commandant, answering the question in Dominique's eyes. "Come up to your quarters, my children, and get some sleep. We have work before us." He motioned the others to fall back out of hearing while he and Dominique mounted the slope together. "You had audience, then, of the Governor?" he asked.

"He declined to see us, Monsieur, and I do not blame him, since he could not send us back telling you to fight. Doubtless it does not become one in M. de Vaudreuil's position to advise the other thing—aloud."

"I do not understand you. Why could not M. de Vaudreuil order me to fight?"

Dominique stared at his seigneur. "Why, Monsieur,—seeing that he sends no troops, it would be a queer message; he could not have the face."

"Yet he must be intending to strike at the English coming from Quebec, *hein?*"

"They are already arrived and encamped at Isle Sainte

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Thérèse below the city, and another army has come down the Richelieu from the south and joined them."

"It is clear as daylight. M. de Vaudreuil must be meaning to attack them instantly, and therefore he cannot spare a detachment—you follow me?"

"It may be so, Monsieur," Dominique assented doubtfully.

"'May be so'! It must be so! But unhappily he does not know of this third army descending upon him, or, rather, he does not know how near it is. Yet to win time for him we must hold up this army at all costs."

"It is I, Monsieur, who am puzzled. You cannot be intending——"

"Eh? Speak it out, man!"

"You cannot be intending to await these English!"

"Name of thunder! What else do you suppose? Pray, my dear Dominique, use your wits; we have to gain time—I tell you—time for our friends below at Montreal."

"With twenty odd men against as many thousand! Oh, pardon me, Monsieur, but I cannot bring my mind to understand you."

"But since it gains time——"

"They will not stay to snap up such a mouthful. They will sail past your guns, laughing; unless—great God, Monsieur! If, in truth, you intend this folly, where is Mademoiselle Diane? I did not see her in any of the boats from La Galette. Whither have you sent her, and in whose charge?"

"She is yonder on the wall, looking down on us. She will stay; I have given her my promise."

Dominique came to a halt, white as a ghost. His tongue touched his dry lips. "Monsieur!"—the cry broke from him, and he put out a hand and caught his seigneur by the coat-sleeve.

"What is the matter with the man?" The Commandant plucked his arm away and stood back outraged by this breach of decorum.

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But Dominique, having found his voice, continued heedless. "She must go! She *shall* go! It is a wickedness you are doing—do you hear me, Monsieur?—a wickedness, a wickedness. But you shall not keep her here; I will not allow it!"

"Are you stark mad, Dominique Guyon?"

"I will not allow it. I love her, I tell you—there, I have said it! Listen again, Monsieur, if you do not understand: I love her, I love her—oh, get that into your head! I love her, and will not allow it!"

"Certainly your brain is turned. Go to your quarters, sir; it must be sleep you want. Yes, yes, my poor fellow, you are pale as a corpse! Go, get some sleep, and when you wake we will forget all this."

"Before God, Monsieur, I am telling you the truth. I need no sleep but the sleep of death, and that is like to come soon enough. But since we were children I have loved your daughter, and in the strength of that love I forbid you to kill her."

The Commandant swung round on his heel.

"Follow me, if you please."

He led the way to his orderly room, seated himself at the table, and so confronted the young man, who stood humbly enough, though with his pale face twitching.

"Dominique Guyon, once in my life I made a great mistake; and that was when, to save my poor son's honour, I borrowed money of one of my *censitaires*. I perceive now what hopes you have nursed, feeding them on my embarrassments. You saw me impoverished, brought low, bereaved by God's will of my only son; you guessed that I lay awake of nights, troubled by the thought of my daughter, who must inherit poverty; and on these foundations you laid your schemes. You dreamed of becoming a *gentilhomme*, of marrying my daughter, of sitting in my chair at Boisveyrac and dealing justice among the villagers. And a fine dream it seemed to you, eh?" He paused.

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"Monsieur," Dominique answered simply, "you say some things that are true; but you say them so that all seems false and vile. Yes, Monsieur, I have dreamed dreams—even dreams of becoming a *gentilhomme*, as you say; but my dreams were never wicked as you colour them, seeing that they all flowed from love of Mademoiselle Diane, and returned to her."

He glanced towards the window, through which the pair could see Diane pacing the *terre-plein* in the sunlight. The sight kindled the elder man to fresh anger.

"If," said he harshly, "I tried to explain to you exactly how you insult us, it would be wasting my time and yours; and, however much you deserve it, I have no wish to wound your feelings beyond need. Let us come to business." He unlocked a drawer and drew out three bundles of notes. "As my farmer you will know better than I the current discount on these. You come from Montreal. At what price was the Government redeeming its paper there?"

As he unfolded them, Dominique glanced at the notes, and then let his gaze wander out through the window.

"Is Monsieur proposing to pay me the interest on his bonds?"

"To be sure I am."

"I do not ask for it."

"Devil care I if you ask or not! Count the notes, if you please."

Dominique took a packet in his hands for a moment, still with his eyes bent absently on the window, fingered the notes, and laid them back on the table.

"Monsieur will do me the justice to own that, as his farmer, I have given him good advice in business. I beg him to keep these notes for a while. In a month or two their value will have trebled, whichever Government redeems them."

The Commandant struck the table. "In a few hours, sir, I shall be a dead man. My honour cannot wait so long; and,

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since the question is now of honour, not of business, you will keep your advice to yourself. Be quick, please; for time presses, and I have some instructions to leave to my brother. At my death he will sell the seigniory. The Government will take its quint of the purchase-money, and out of the remainder you shall be paid. My daughter will then go penniless, but at least I shall have saved her from a creditor with such claims as you are like to press. And so, sir, I hope you have your answer."

"No, Monsieur, not my answer. That I will never take but from Mademoiselle Diane herself."

"By God, you shall have it here and now!" The Commandant stepped to the window and threw open the casement. "Diane!" he called.

She came. She stood in the doorway; and Dominique—a moment before so bold—lowered his eyes before hers. At sight of him her colour rose, but bravely. She was young, and had been making her account with death. She had never loved Dominique; she had feared him at times, and at times pitied him; but now fate had lifted her and set her feet on a height from which she looked down upon love and fear with a kind of wonder that they had ever seemed important, and even her pity for him lost itself in compassion for all men and women in trouble. In truth, Dominique looked but a miserable culprit before her.

The Commandant eyed him grimly a moment before turning to her.

"Diane," he said with grave irony, "you will be interested to learn that Monsieur Dominique Guyon here has done you the honour to request your hand in marriage."

She did not answer, but stood reading their faces.

"Moreover, on my declining that honour, he tells me that he will take his answer from you alone."

Still for a few seconds she kept silence.

"Why should I not answer him, papa?" she said at length, and softly. "It is not for us to choose what he should ask."

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She paused. "All his life Dominique Guyon has been helping us; see how he has, even in these few days, worn himself in our service!"

Her father stared at her, puzzled, not following her thought. He had expected her to be shocked, affronted; he did not know that Dominique's passion was an old tale to her, and as little did he perceive that in her present mood she put herself aside and thought only of Dominique as in trouble and needing help.

But apparently something in her face reassured him, for he stepped toward the door.

"You prefer to give him his answer alone?"

She bent her head.

For awhile after the door had closed upon the Commandant, Dominique stood with eyes abashed. Then looking up and meeting the divine compassion in hers he fell on his knees and stretched out both hands to her.

"Is there no hope for me, Ma'amzelle?"

She shook her head. Looking down on him through tears she held out a hand, and he took it between his palms and clung to it, sobbing like a child.

Terrible, convulsive sobs they were at first, but grew quieter by degrees, and as the outburst spent itself a deep silence fell upon the room.

A tear had fallen upon his clasped knuckles. He put his lips to it and, imprisoning her fingers, kissed them once, reverently.

He was a man again. He stood up, yet not releasing her hand, and looked her in the face.

"Ma'amzelle, you will leave the Fort? You will let Bateese carry you out of danger? For me, of course, I stay with the Seigneur."

"No, Dominique. All New France is dying around us, and I stay with my father to see the end. Perhaps at the last I shall need you to help me." She smiled bravely. "You have been trying to persuade my father, I know."

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"I have been trying to persuade him, and yet—yet—Oh, I will tell to you a wickedness in my heart that I could not tell even to Father Launoy! There was a moment when I thought to myself that even to have you die here and to die beside you were better than to let you go. Can you forgive me such a thought as that?"

"I forgive."

"And will you grant one thing more?"

"What is it, Dominique."

"A silly favour, Ma'amzelle—but why not? The English will be here soon, perhaps in a few hours. Let me call Bateese, and we three will be children again and go up to the edge of the forest and watch for our enemies. They will be real enemies, this time; but even that we may forget perhaps."

She stood back a pace and laughed—yes, laughed—and gaily, albeit with dewy eyes. Her hands went up as if she would have clapped them. "Why, to be sure!" she cried. "Let us fetch Bateese at once!"

They passed out into the sunlight together, and she waited in the courtyard while Dominique ran upstairs to fetch Bateese. In five minutes' time the two brothers appeared together, Bateese with his pockets enormously bulging—whereat Diane laughed again.

"So you have brought the larder, as ever! Bateese was always prudent, and never relied on the game he killed in hunting. You remember, Dominique?"

"He was always a poor shot, Ma'amzelle," answered Dominique gravely.

"But this is not the larder?" Bateese began to explain with a queer look at his brother.

"Eh?"

"Never mind explanations! Come along, all three." Dominique interposed and led the way. They passed out by the postern unobserved—for the garrison was assembled within the lunette under the river wall—and hurried towards the shade of the forest.

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How well Diane remembered the old childish make-believe! How many scores of times had they played it together, these three, in the woods around Boisveyrac!—when Dominique and Bateese were bold huntsmen, and she kept house for them, cooking their imaginary spoils of the chase.

"We must have a fire!" she cried, and wandered off to gather sticks. But when she returned with the lap of her gown well filled, a fire was already lit and blazing.

"How have you managed it so quickly?" she asked, and with that her eyes fell on a scrap of ashes. "Where did you get this? You have been lighting with paper, Bateese!—and that's not playing fair."

Bateese, very red in the face, stooped in the smoke and crammed another handful upon the blaze.

"They were papers, Ma'amzelle, upon which Dominique and I for a long time could not agree. But now"—he turned to Dominique—"there is no longer any quarrel between us. Eh, brother?"

"None, Bateese; none, if you forgive."

"What did I tell you?" cried Bateese triumphantly. "Did I not always tell you that your heart would be lighter, with this shadow gone? And there was never any shadow but this, none—none!"

"That is all very well," whispered Diane; "but you two have no business to own a secret to-day, even though it makes you happier."

"We have burnt it for a propitiation, Ma'amzelle, it no longer exists." Bateese cast himself on his back at full length in the herbage and gazed up through the drifting smoke into the tree-tops and sky. "A-ah!" said he with a long sigh, "how good God has been to me! How beautiful he has made all my life!" He propped himself on one elbow and continued with shining eyes: "What things we were going to do, in those days! What wonders we looked forward to! And all the while we were doing the most wonderful thing in the world, for we loved one another." He stretched out a

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hand and pointed. "There, by the bend, the English boats will come in sight. Suppose, Dominique, that as they come you launched out against them, and fought and sank the fleet single-handed, like the men in the old tales——"

"He would save New France, and live in song," Diane put in. "Would that not content any man, Bateese?" She threw back her head with a gesture which Dominique noted; a trick of her childhood, when in moments of excitement her long hair fell across her eyes and had to be shaken back.

"Ma'amzelle," he pleaded, "there is yet one favour."

"Can I grant it easily?"

"I hope so; it is that you will let down your hair for us."

Diana blushed, but put up a hand and began to uncoil the tresses. "Bateese has not answered me," she insisted. "I tell him that a man who should do such a feat as he named would live in song for ever and ever."

"But I say to you humbly, Ma'amzelle, that though he lived in song for ever and ever, the true sweetness of his life would be unknown to the singers; for he found it here under the branches, and, stepping forth to his great deed, he left the memory for a while, to meet him again and be his reward in Heaven."

"And I say to you 'no,' and 'no,' and again 'no'!" cried Diane, springing to her feet—the childish, impetuous Diane of old. "It is in the great deed that he lives—the deed, and the moment that makes him everlasting! If Dominique now, or I, as these English came round the bend——"

She paused, meeting Dominique's eyes. She had not said "or you," and could not say it. Why? Because Bateese was a cripple. "Bateese's is a cripple's talk," said their glances one to another, guiltily, avoiding him.

Dominique's gaze, flinching a little, passed down the splendid coils of her hair and rested on the grass at her feet. She lifted a tress on her fore-finger and smoothed it against the sunlight.

"There was a war once," said she, "between the Greeks

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and the Persians, and the Persians over-ran the Greeks' country until they came to a pass in the mountains where a few men could stand against many. There three hundred of the Greeks had posted themselves, despising death, to oppose an army of tens and hundreds of thousands. The Persian king sent forward a horseman, and he came near and looked along the pass and saw but a few Greeks combing their hair and dressing it carefully, as I am dressing mine."

"But what happened, Ma'amzelle?"

"They died, and live in song for ever and ever!"

She faced them, her cheeks glowing, and lifted a hand as the note of a sweet-toned bell rose upon the morning air above the voices of the birds; of the chapel-bell ringing the garrison to Mass.

The two young men scrambled to their feet.

"Come!" said Diane, and they walked back to the Fort together.

(*To be continued*)

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